

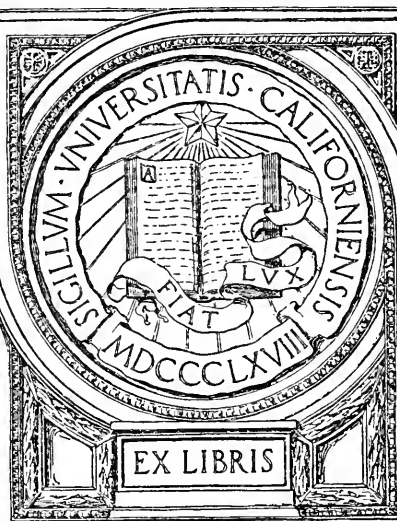


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DOUGLAS JERROLD, 1845
(From an etching by Kenneth Meadows)

DOUGLAS JERROLD

DRAMATIST AND WIT

BY

WALTER JERROLD

WITH PORTRAITS AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS

IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL II.

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CHAPTER XII

AN “ANNUS MIRABILIS” OF WORK — “MRS. CAUDLE” — “TIME WORKS WONDERS” — PLATFORM AND STAGE

1845

WITH the year 1845 we reach what may be regarded, from the point of view of work accomplished, the *annus mirabilis* of Douglas Jerrold's career. It began with the publication in volume form of *Punch's Complete Letter Writer*; it saw the inception, course and completion of the most popular series which the author contributed to *Punch*—the work which has made his name familiar to thousands unacquainted with any other of his writings—it saw the production of what is by many regarded as the most brilliant of his comedies. Then, too, he was writing week by week an incessant succession of articles, *jeux d'esprit* and comments on current affairs in *Punch*—sometimes as many as a dozen in a single weekly number, and he had also undertaken a new and ambitious magazine, himself contributing month by month an instalment of a long novel—*St. Giles and St. James*¹—and monthly comments in the shape of the

¹ *Collected Writings*, vol. i.

*Hedgehog Letters*¹ on matters of the moment in that epistolary form of which he had such ready and varied command.

Douglas Jerrold's Shilling Magazine marked a very definite stage in the history of periodical literature, for its price, boldly made part of its title, indicated the breaking away from the orthodox half-crown then charged for such monthly miscellanies—and fifteen years before Thackeray started the *Cornhill* at the new price, though many writers have carelessly written of that as “the first of the shillings.” The new venture met with a reception so cordial—both from press and public—as to augur well for the future of the undertaking. From Cambridge came the words: “In the name of commonsense we thank Mr. Jerrold for this attempt—a successful one as we hope and trust—to rescue the public from the mass of half-crown rubbish, miscalled periodical literature; and in its stead to give us a good article, or rather good articles, at a popular price.” From Yorkshire: “We have long admired the writings of Douglas Jerrold. He is a hearty and sincere writer. Earnestness is his leading characteristic. He exposes class selfishness with a pen of fire; and loves to strip off the mask of hypocrisy and fraud. And when he has laid hold of some hollow windbag of cant, with what infinite gusto he rips it up. Meanwhile, he sympathizes most keenly with the poor, the suffering and the struggling

¹ *The Barber's Chair and the Hedgehog Letters*, 1874.

classes; and it is mainly with the view of keeping awake the public attention to their condition that the present magazine has been started." From Gloucester: "The magazine opens with the commencement of a tale *The History of St. Giles and St. James*, the first portion of which is written with a vigour and intensity of description which we have seldom seen equalled, much less surpassed." From Scotland—with a double insistence upon value for money which must have tickled the editor: "Anybody who wants a shilling's worth of amusement will naturally go seek it here. Douglas Jerrold will not disappoint them. Nobody writes purer English. Every one must admire his manner, his pathos, and his philanthropy. Such another handful of original matter cannot be had at the price."

From all sides came a chorus of welcoming praise that cannot have failed to delight the writer, who was finding a new field for the expression of his strong opinions on social and political matters—and it may be said that the political chiefly interested him for its reaction on the social.

The magazine claimed his earnest attention—he rejects a friend's article, while admitting its excellence, because it is "not shillingish," so strictly does he seek to maintain the purpose—and apart from the editorial supervision had each month to prepare an instalment of his novel in that hand-to-mouth system of the time. In the first number of *Punch* for the year

1845, too, he commenced anonymously those *Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures* which began at once to be talked about, and soon to create a furore, and on their authorship becoming known to extend their writer's reputation as widely as that of Dickens himself. The popularity of the *Lectures* sent the circulation of *Punch* up it is said by leaps and bounds, and Margaret Caudle and the lectured Job became familiar in all mouths. I have been told that "injunctions were taken out to prevent copies of *Punch* being sold at street corners to the sound of trumpets." The *Lectures* were adapted for the stage by more than one writer on the look-out for a theme sure of being a "draw," the Caudles re-appeared in all sorts of forms—even in relief—from John Leech's picture of the couple in bed—on stone-ware gin-bottles, and so forth.¹ It has been recorded that week by week the newsagents would ascertain whether there was "another Caudle" in before deciding upon how many of the journals they would require—they were not often disappointed, for from the first week in January until the second week in November, when the last "lecture" appeared, there were but eight weeks in which *Punch* came out without Mrs. Caudle.

If it be true that imitation is the sincerest

¹ Within recent years I have seen Mrs. Caudle utilized for the purpose of advertising soap and liver pills! While some years ago a penny edition of the *Lectures* was published to advertise another article of domestic usefulness.



A "CAUDLE" BOTTLE

(The two sides of a double-ware bottle of the time when the "Caudle Lectures" were appearing in vogue, from a specimen in the possession of the Author)

form of flattery, then were the *Lectures* flattered in most fulsome fashion, for—presumably while they were still appearing in *Punch*—they were lifted, slightly altered and vulgarized, and published in eight-page pamphlet form with the crudest of wood blocks and accompanying coarse verses as weak in rhythm as they were wild in rhyme. The title given to this “catch-penny” piratical perversion was *Mrs. Cuddle’s Bedroom Lectures*.¹

While the *Lectures* were still appearing in *Punch* they were at least twice dramatized, for during the summer one version made by C. Z. Barnett was produced at the Princess’s Theatre, and I possess a copy of another by Edward Stirling which was given at the Lyceum; while Sterling Coyne is said to have made yet a third. At the Lyceum Robert Keeley most effectively personated Mrs. Caudle. Stirling’s version appears to have been the only one printed, and it consists largely of an ingenious running together in dialogue form of sentences from the lectures—with, of course, a goodly monopoly of the talk given to Mrs. Caudle herself. “The Caudle Duet” was versified from *Punch* and sung at Rosherville Gardens, and “Mrs. Caudle’s Quadrilles” were “composed and dedicated to Douglas Jerrold, Esq., by J. H. Tully.”

¹ A copy of the part containing Lectures, or Lessons, 10 to 15 has recently been added to the British Museum Library, where it is tentatively dated “1850!” I think that it is most probable that *Mrs. Cuddle* was more immediately contemporary with *Mrs. Caudle*.

In course of time the *Lectures* were translated into most Continental languages, while within the last few years several of them have been published in the universal language, Esperanto. Jerrold's name came to be known as that of the author long before the series was completed. A scrap from a letter written in May runs: "I wish you would suggest to Jerrold for me as a Caudle subject (if he pursue that idea), 'Mr. Caudle has incidentally remarked that the housemaid is good-looking.'"

Busy as this year was to prove it was also to be a tragic one in the memory of Douglas Jerrold, for on February 15 his dear friend, perhaps the oldest in friendship of all his intimates, died in the most melancholy circumstances. In the preceding December Laman Blanchard had lost his wife, and, worn down by sorrow and ill-health, he committed suicide, leaving a young family of two or three children. The blow was a very severe one to Jerrold, for the friendship had been long, close and sincere. Laman Blanchard, a graceful and tender poet, was evidently a lovable man and one with a large circle of friends:

"Gentle and kind of heart—of spirit fine;
The 'Elia' of our later day—the sage
Who smiled the while he taught and on the page
'Mid wisdom's gold bade gems of wit to shine,"

as one of those friends wrote in a memorial sonnet. There was much kinship of spirit between Jerrold and Blanchard, though the

latter lacked the impatient fervour of his friend, the ready zeal for running atilt at anything that he regarded as unjust or unworthy. In each was a deeply tender strain, though the world has refused to believe it of the satirist. The loss of his first literary friend, the friend with whom he had hoped and struggled in the early days of apprenticeship, was severely felt by Douglas Jerrold. More than twenty years had passed since, a couple of high-spirited youths, they had discussed the possibility of going out to enlist under Lord Byron in his fighting on behalf of Greek Independence.

I have heard that Jerrold and Blanchard made a compact that if it were given to the dead to appear to the living the one who died first should revisit the other, and that Jerrold went out at night on Putney Common and solemnly invoked the spirit of his friend, but without success. In May of this year another poet-friend was lost when Thomas Hood's brave life untimely closed.

West Lodge, Putney Common, the house most associated with Jerrold's memory, was described as being on the very hem of the green common, apparently the very utmost house of the very utmost suburb of London. It was still the last house on the hem of the common when it was demolished a few years ago to make way for a hospital, and the utmost suburbs had then spread many miles further up the valley of the Thames. In

this house the study, "into which you entered" as one visitor put it, "almost directly from a very comfortable sitting-room, was itself a most comfortable apartment, well sized, well lit, well furnished, and the walls well covered with books;" books, however, which the author insisted upon having within ready reach, the shelves being carried no higher than permitted of easy access to the highest volume, the wall-space above being occupied with pictures and busts. There it was that much of *St. Giles and St. James* and *The Caudle Lectures* were written, and much also of the work of the next few years, for it was in that pleasant old house, surrounded by the Common and with an attractive garden at the back, that he made his home for the longest term. There he was visited by many of his friends. Always a hard worker, he maintained in his life as a successful author the habits which he had formed during the severe period in which he was making good the lack of systematic education. His mornings were devoted to work in the study, work with which nothing was allowed to interfere, and which was punctuated rather than interrupted by his wife or his daughter Polly quietly taking in a glass of sherry and biscuit and putting them by his side in the midpart of the morning. After lunch if there were visitors in the house the author was free to be with them, to go rambling on the Common or on excursions further afield, or it might be engagements in town that drew him forth.

In the evenings generally he retired again to his study or would, as his children were growing up, play cribbage or other games with them—rigorously pegging to himself, as my father has told me, the points overlooked by his opponent in counting up “hand” or “crib.”

Varied work was engaging his attention. The editing of a magazine, the supplying it with a goodly instalment of a novel month by month, the writing of one of Mrs. Caudle’s nightly orations each week, and the preparation of a new play, might of themselves have seemed sufficient, but there was no diminution in the author’s miscellaneous contributions, from long political articles to two- or three-line brevities, to the columns of *Punch*, with whose career he was this year indissolubly connected in the public mind. The editing of a magazine necessitated the reading of matter submitted and the corresponding with anxious writers, or at least with those whose contributions proved acceptable. In James Hutchison Stirling, a Scots doctor who had gone as assistant surgeon to great ironworks at Merthyr Tydvil, he “discovered,” as the literary slang goes, a young writer who was to achieve fame as a philosophical thinker, “a man of genius, rugged and uncontrollable, yet genius that could not be mistaken for anything else,” as Lord Haldane has recently put it.¹ Stirling has himself recorded that it was the purpose

¹ In a preface to *James Hutchison Stirling: His Life and Work*, by Amelia Hutchison Stirling, 1912.

breathed in the prospectus of the *Shilling Magazine* which moved him to the writing of his first article and sending it to the editor. "In a few days after the despatch of my paper I was surprised by the receipt of a small note in a hand unknown to me—in a hand altogether unexampled in any correspondence I had yet seen. In motion evidently facile, fluent, swift—swift almost as thought itself—it was yet as distinct in its peculiar decisive obliquity as if it had been engraved—sharp and firm in its exquisitely minute fineness as if the engraving implement had been the finest of needles." That note ran as follows :

" January 24,
" West Lodge, Putney.

" SIR,—I have pleasure to inform you that your paper, *The Novelist and the Milliner*, will appear in the next number.

Should you feel inclined to favour me with other papers, it would be desirable that I should have them as early as possible in the month.

" Yours faithfully,
" DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Two months later and the editor was expressing more fully his appreciation of his new contributor in accepting the proposal of a further article (*The Novel Blowers, or Hot-pressed Heroes*, in the May number of the magazine) :

" March 19,
" West Lodge, Putney Common.

" DEAR SIR,—It will give me much pleasure to receive anything at your hand—your articles on the

influence of novelism, certainly. I, however, feel it necessary to the increasing influence of the magazine (and it *is* increasing) to give as great a variety as possible to the contents. A reader will be attracted to a paper—with a new title—which, if carrying the same heading from month to month, he might turn from as monotonous. The ‘To be continued’ is, in my opinion, the worst line a magazine can have, if more than once in the same number. We, too, are limited for space; and must fight, as much as possible, with *short swords*. I merely say this much, in the hope of inducing you to vary the titles of the papers you contemplate. I am very much struck with the peculiar freshness and vigour of your first paper; it had thought and sinew in it.

“What you write of the iron district is melancholy enough—but, I suppose, all in good time. What each of us has to do in his small sphere, is to hasten the advent of that ‘all’ to the best of his means.

“Yours faithfully,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

This must indeed have been a gratifying letter for a contributor known but by a single article to receive, a letter in which may be recognized something of the cordial generosity of the writer towards a beginner in the field of letters. When the recipient met his editor later it was to have his impression of his character strengthened, and still later on he was to pay his tribute to Douglas Jerrold in the first part of a volume of cordial discriminating literary essays.¹

¹ *Jerrold, Tennyson and Macaulay, with Other Critical Essays*, 1868.

In the spring of this year Douglas Jerrold returned once more to the stage after a long gap that was to be followed by a gap yet longer. It was on April 26, 1845, that there was produced at the Haymarket Theatre his five-act comedy, *Time Works Wonders*, a play which is regarded as one of the best of his writings for the stage, in that though there is sparkling dialogue throughout there is also a pleasantly unfolded story. There is, of course, something of a satiric basis in the contrasting of the old family of Sir Gilbert Norman and the new one of the retired trunk-maker, Goldthumb, something of romance in Sir Gilbert's falling in love with the girl for whose sake his nephew is banished, and in the love of Goldthumb's son Felix for the delightful Bessy Tulip, and something of the farcico-pathetic in the sparing to matrimonial ends of Miss Tucker, the old governess, and the tutor, Truffles. In the opening scene Felix and Truffles have arrived at a country inn and called for dinner :

Felix. When I started, I had in my pocket—

Truffles. It is no matter. Our present business is only with the balance. (*Enter Jugby with wine.*)

So ! the grape. (*Drinks.*)

Felix. Will it do ?

Truffles. Oh, highway tippie. Drink it from a vinegar cruet, and 'twould pass without suspicion.

Jugby. Oh, sir, oh ! The heads of nobility stop here for that sherry.

Felix. 'Twill do for me : good or bad, I know little of wine.

Truffles. Sir, it pains me to hear that any man's education has been so neglected. Well, what follows the trout? Any hashed venison?

Jugby. No venison, sir; none nearer than the park, and that's alive.

Felix. Oh, a rump steak.

Jugby. Only one butcher, sir; and he doesn't kill till Saturday.

Truffles. Well, broil a fowl. You've plenty of fowls?

Jugby. Dozens, sir; but just now they're all sitting.

Felix. Pshaw! Can't have a fowl?

Jugby. You may if you please, sir: but if you take the parent I must charge you for the chickens.

Truffles. We left the banquet, sir, to you; and we're to have nothing but trout, and trout, too, caught by my friend? Fellow, do you think a gentleman is to be indebted only to his own exertions for his own dinner?

Jugby. I've some beautiful bacon, sir. Such pink and white! Streaked, sir, like a carnation.

Truffles. Bacon!

Jugby. Ladies of title come here to eat our bacon. Now, sir, if you'd like some eggs and bacon—

Felix. Delicious! let's have it.

Truffles. Eggs and bacon! Is there such a dish? Well, for once I'll submit to the experiment. And landlord, I stay here to-night. Good beds, I hope: eh? Real goose?

Jugby. Oh, sir! People, sir, who can't get any rest at home, come here only to sleep with us.

(Exit Jugby.)

Felix. Well, I thank my stars, I can eat anything.

Truffles. I am shocked to hear it, sir; for in that case half the beauties of creation are lost upon you.

Felix. Are they so? Then why have I stolen

from Oxford? Why, this morning, I heard the lark's first song—saw the first red light of day—and as I gulped the morning air, sweetened from blade and bush, felt drunk—

Truffles. Drunk, sir?

Felix. With happiness, that with such a world about us, poor men, despite of all, have rich estates and nature's truest title to enjoy them.

Truffles. Yes, the luxury of starving."

Clarence Norman has eloped with Florentine from Miss Tucker's school, and Florentine has insisted upon having the company of Bessy. Postboy troubles lead to their stopping at the inn, and there the runaways are recaptured by Miss Tucker—who sees in Prof. Truffles her old flame. Florentine, being persuaded that her marriage with Clarence would be his ruin, returns his picture with the message that she has gone home at her own wish. Five years have elapsed before the second act, five years in which Clarence has wandered disconsolately abroad; Florentine having inherited money, is living in a cottage with her whilom governess, Miss Tucker, as companion; and the cottage is in the neighbourhood of Sir Gilbert's mansion, while the prosperous trunk-maker, Goldthumb, has retired and taken Parsnip Hall, having sent Felix to Batavia to turn merchant. There is a pleasant imbroglio when Florentine, believing herself forgotten by her one-time lover, is persuaded to promise to marry his uncle, and when Felix returns married to Bessy and pretends to be a ship's

officer bringing messages from the (supposed) absent son to Goldthumb, the Spartan parent who expatiates upon his wonderful boy Felix but will not hear of his being allowed to return home. The straightening out of the little tangle forms a delightful comedy, in which the characters are admirably delineated and their conversation full of pith and point. The retired trunk-maker, newly arrived, calls upon Sir Gilbert Norman :

“ *Goldthumb.* Your servant, Sir Gilbert. I take the freedom of a neighbour to wait upon you. Perhaps you didn't know that I'd hired Parsnip Hall ?

Sir Gilbert. The glad intelligence is only now revealed to me. Parsnip Hall is, doubtless, greatly honoured. (*Aside.*) My ear never yet deceived me; he has the true counter-ring of a shopkeeper.

Goldthumb. As I'm now pretty rich, my wife declares I must keep a valet; and you know what a wife is, Sir Gilbert.

Sir Gilbert. I can guess, by vulgar report.

Goldthumb. Women are all alike. When they're maids, they're mild as milk, once make 'em wives, and they lean their backs against their marriage certificates, and defy you.

Sir Gilbert. And Mrs. Goldthumb illustrates this marriage truth ?

Goldthumb. Never was woman fuller of illustrations. Not that she always has her way; for example, now, she'd drag me into foreign parts if I would. Bless you! she talks as coolly of blue Italy as of a blue tea-pot.

Sir Gilbert. And she is not equally familiar with both ?

Goldthumb. Heaven love you, no ! So, for a time, I've come here to Hampton ; as I'm determined, before we travel, to see everything at home—everything, from the top of Snowdon to the bottom of a coalpit. For, as the poet says—

Sir Gilbert. Poetry ! And does the master of Parsnip Hall entertain the divine art ?

Goldthumb. For more than thirty years I was up to my elbows in it. (*Aside.*) He hasn't heard that I was a trunk-maker. And the poet, speaking of wives, says—he says—ha ! I've forgotten the lines, but I remember the paper perfectly.

Sir Gilbert. The frequent fate of poetry with some people : insensible to its inspiration they only dwell on its rags.

Goldthumb. Rags ! Oh, ha ! the paper ! Yes, it can't be otherwise, you know. (*Aside.*) A very nice gentleman, this. Well, I was going to say, before I quit England—

Sir Gilbert. (*Aside.*) I would he'd quit England first.

Goldthumb. I want to see all to be seen. For as you say in one of your beautiful Parliament speeches—

Sir Gilbert. My speeches !

Goldthumb. Ha ! Sir Gilbert ! they don't make such speeches now.

Sir Gilbert. Is it possible ? Have you met with my speeches ?

Goldthumb. Upon my honour, you never published one that it didn't somehow fall into my hands.

Sir Gilbert. (*Aside.*) This is strange yet gratifying. Here have I quitted Parliament in despair—valued my efforts as at best painstaking failures, and still to find them touching the public heart and—well, I feel 'tis not vanity to say, this is gratifying. . . . And you have really dipped into my little orations ?

Goldthumb. Dipped in 'em! I've hammered over 'em for hours. And so, I think, I know whole sentences of 'em.

Sir Gilbert. (*Aside.*) Now this might be a lesson to the impatience of fame. Here is a man—uncultivated, perhaps, but of strong natural powers—elevated, dignified by what I have uttered! Truths, like seeds, find their way into strange places. There may be thousands like this honest man, and I know nothing of 'em.

Goldthumb. Don't you recollect that speech of yours, with that beautiful thing, where you speak of—Britannia majestically sitting on her polished trident?

Sir Gilbert. Pardon me: although I have been in Parliament, I hope I have never placed my country in so painful a position.

Goldthumb. Oh, I'll swear to Britannia and the trident, too; though, perhaps, I may have put 'em wrong together. Ha! yours were beautiful speeches! I've always said it; 'twas a disgrace upon the country you sold so few.

Sir Gilbert. Sir!

Goldthumb. But you've one comfort—they've travelled, I can tell you. Ha! ha! you may thank me for that."

At length Sir Gilbert recognizes that his speeches have travelled—as linings of trunks! Clarence returns home and professes himself so firm a convert to his uncle's social philosophy that he is prepared to accept the bride chosen for him by avuncular care—only to learn later that not only is Florentine not married as he had supposed, but that she is living near. It is not necessary to follow out the course of

the story, but a further passage may be quoted illustrating the dramatist's management of his dialogue, in a scene between the ardent old school-mistress and the reluctant tutor who has too long kept a watch entrusted to his hands :

“ *Truffles*. Madam — Miss Tucker. (*Aside*.) My tongue tastes like brass in my mouth; and for the first time, brass I can make little of. Madam, seven variegated years have passed since in friendly conference we met.

Miss Tucker. Is it so long, sir ?

Truffles. Yes, madam, I can look at you, and say full seven years. You may remember this watch ?
(*Producing it.*)

Bessy. Oh, as a child I've seen the inside of it a thousand times. It's jewelled, and goes upon what they call a—a duplicate movement.

Truffles. (*Aside*.) It has gone so once or twice.

Miss Tucker. Well, sir ?

Truffles. I have in vain, madam, sought you to return it to you. Every year I have hoarded this repeater with—I may say—growing interest.

Miss Tucker. (*Aside*.) Ha ! the same honey in his syllables.

Truffles. It brought you hourly to my mind.

Miss Tucker. I shall forgive him all.

Truffles. For like you it was of precious workmanship.

Bessy. (*Aside*.) And like her, I remember, striking every quarter. (*Retires.*)

Truffles. And like you it—it—(*Aside*)—it bore the marks of time upon its face. Take it, madam, and if it went upon a thousand jewels, let it go upon a thousand and one, and hang it at your heart.

Miss Tucker. Oh, sir, I—I feel I ought not to take it.

Truffles. (Aside.) I feel so too, but I know you will. *(She takes it.)* I said so.

Miss Tucker. Seven years! Can it be seven years?

Truffles. Every minute of it: you may trust the watch—it keeps time like a tax-gatherer. *(Aside.)* That ugly business well off my hands, and luckily before a witness, too, I feel so honest that I'll swagger.

Miss Tucker. Seven years! Both our hearts have had many thoughts since then. When we last met, professor—

Truffles. When we last met, ma'am, my heart was like a summer walnut—green and tender; now I can tell you it's plaguey hard in the shell.

Miss Tucker. (Aside.) Hard in the shell! Would he freeze my tenderness? Oh, that I could laugh like Florentine! Ha! ha! no doubt. Hard, shrivelled, mouldy, and not worth cracking—I've known 'em so.

Truffles. Very true, ma'am, not to be eaten by any woman—with salt or without it. A glorious safety!

Miss Tucker. His every word's a Whitechapel needle to my soul—but he shall not see it. Ha! ha! ha! to be sure. We *do* change. What we rather like one time, we abominate another.

Truffles. Yes; for the things themselves change so too. Now, I'm fond, very fond of nice, plump, ripe grapes; but I can't abide 'em when they're shrivelled into raisins.

Miss Tucker. Raisins! *(Aside.)* He means me. Ha! ha! ha! *(Aside.)* I shall end in a spasm. Bessy—*(She runs down)*—nothing. You should only hear the professor—so droll—ha! ha!—so very, very droll.

Bessy. (Aside to her.) Don't laugh in that way;

it's cruel. It's punishing nature, and only for wanting to cry.

Miss Tucker. Cry ! I shall expire with enjoyment. Oh, you—you witty man ! No—not another word. Thank you, sir, for my repeater. 'Tis at your hands an unlooked-for blessing ! Not a word, I pray. Raisins ! ha ! ha ! ha ! (*Aside*) the walnut-hearted barbarian. Raisins !

(*Exit with Bessy into garden.*)

Truffles. Humph ! Strange is the love of woman : it's like one's beard ; the closer one cuts it the stronger it grows : and both a plague. She has no money, and I can't afford to go gratis. Well, if she should break her heart, I think I could survive the calamity. That watch has been ticking seven years on my conscience. 'Tis gone, I can now look without qualms at a church clock and a policeman."

There are many terse, pertinent bits of humour, wit and wisdom scattered throughout the play :

" It seems but a few weeks since she was a wild thing running about in a pinafore, and eating bread and butter. . . . Yes ; and you'll think the innocent creatures will go on eating it for years to come, when somebody whispers ' bride-cake '—and down drops the bread and butter."

" If a poor man talks reason, you gentlemen call it impertinence."

" Quite—quite a genius. How he'll ever get his bread and pay his way, heaven knows ! "

" When minds are not in unison, the words of love itself are but the rattling of chains that tells the victim it is bound."

“As we know nothing certain of her, it’s only nat’ral to think the worst.”

“True love never reckons, but jumps at once to the sum total.”

“The highest families have had their bend sinister. Indeed sometimes the bend has been to them their best support. Just as, now and then, carpenters get their greatest strength in crooked timber.”

“It’s never comfortable waiting for dead men’s shoes—they so often pinch when one gets ’em.”

The play added another to Jerrold’s many stage successes. Shortly after its production the author journeyed to Birmingham to fulfil an engagement which he must have accepted with much trepidation, as he was not at all experienced in platform appearances. This was to take the chair at the annual *conversazione* of the Birmingham Polytechnic Institution, as Charles Dickens had done in the previous year. This seems to have been the first occasion on which Jerrold occupied such a position, and though he made two or three efforts to overcome his platform-nervousness he never did so with any real success, and it was with great reluctance that he allowed himself to be persuaded into such a position again. It was on May 7, 1845, that he visited Birmingham, and on the way to the hall of the Institution was met by “operatives in the fancy trade,” who through their spokesman presented him with a gold ring with an onyx shield, and read to him the following address:

“DEAR SIR,—Representing as we do the operatives engaged in the Birmingham fancy trades, we take the opportunity of your visit to Birmingham to express to you our admiration of your character and writings, embodying as they do sentiments of justice, exposure of tyranny, and defence of that class to which we ourselves belong: expressed, too, in that extraordinary style of satire, pathos and truth to which no other writer has ever yet approached. We beg to offer, as a mark of our esteem, a humble tribute to your worth, the intrinsic value of which, though small, we have no doubt will be accepted with the same feelings that it is offered, namely, those of kindness and affection, proving that the working men can feel kind and grateful to the kind and talented advocate of their often miserable position; and, owing to the progress of education thereby giving to them the means of reading works like your own, they are enabled to appreciate the kindness of one that has so long and so ably contended for their welfare.

“That you may long enjoy health, happiness and prosperity is the prayer of ourselves and those we represent.

“S. F. NICKLIN,

“JOSEPH STINTON,

“JAMES WOLLEY,

“CHARLES PALMER.”

It was the first occasion on which the author had received any such public tribute, and he was deeply moved as he told the deputation so in a few words of thanks. The episode which might have been but a pleasing incident to one more experienced in public appearances,

touched Jerrold so as to add yet more to the extreme nervousness with which he approached his duties as chairman. And the nervousness was not that of the actor who can master it and use it to the ends of his oratory, it was that which—for he was not skilled in disguising his feelings—was manifest to those around him. A contemporary account of the meeting said :

“ In Douglas Jerrold there is the plain simplicity of a child, with all the mental reserve of careful thought. As he rose to speak he was timid and overpowered; not from any feeling of vainglory—for he seems far above any such feeling—but from the force of an overwhelming sense of a burst of public kindness and heartfelt appreciation of his good deeds—his talented and benevolent actions—for which, on his first public appearance before such a company, he was not at all prepared.”

As chairman it fell to him to be the first to address the mass of people who thronged the hall and who had received him with overwhelming acclamation. He rose and sought to overcome that awful feeling, which some never can overcome, of facing a crowd, every individual in which is awaiting the thing to be said. It was but a hesitating speech that he succeeded in uttering, a hesitating speech, and one brought to an abrupt conclusion :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen, already embarrassed by the novelty of my position—for I am unskilled in the routine of public meetings—the welcome which you have just awarded me renders me even less

capable of the duty which your partial kindness has put upon me. But I know—I feel that I am among friends—and, so knowing, I am assured in the faith of your indulgence. Ladies and gentlemen, when I look throughout this hall, thronged as it is by the most valuable class of the community, I cannot but think that the great, the exalted cause which we meet here to celebrate this evening is strongly beating at the hearts of the men and women of Birmingham. Happily the prejudice has gone by, with a good deal of the lumber of those ‘good old times’ which certain moral antiquaries affect to deplore (though why I know not, except, indeed, it is because they are old, just as other antiquaries affect to fall into raptures with the ruse of the thumbscrew or the steel boot, although it strikes me they would be very loath to live, even for a minute, under the activity of either)—the prejudice is happily gone by which made it necessary to advocate the usefulness of institutions for the education of the masses. Ladies and gentlemen, this is my first essay in public, and I feel so overcome, not only with your welcome here now, but with the welcome I have previously received, that I really feel quite unnerved and unable to proceed. I am sorry, most sorry, that it should have fallen to your lot to have experienced the first of my deficiencies; but so it is: I cannot help it. So far as I have gone I thank you for listening to me; but I assure you at the present time I am quite unable to proceed any further.”

Others were on the platform supporting the chairman who were far more experienced in the command of ready speech for a crowded audience, men such as the Rev. George Dawson, to whom the platform was as it were

the natural place in which they could best find self-expression. George Dawson, Richard Spooner (member of Parliament for Birmingham), and the mayor, rose and addressed the meeting, and each but added to the embarrassment of the chairman by fresh tribute to his talents. At length he rose again and braced himself afresh to the unaccustomed ordeal :

“Ladies and Gentlemen, if before I suddenly felt myself unable to give expression to my thoughts, how can I now be expected to remedy that defect, absolutely oppressed as I am by a sense of the unworthiness of the encomiums which have been heaped upon me? I cannot—I will not attempt to do it. But here, standing with all my deficiencies upon my head, I feel most strongly that the time will come—shall come, if I know anything of myself—when I will prove myself more worthy of the tolerance I have received at your hands. Some mention has been made of a certain periodical with which I am unworthily connected, and it is really out of justice to others that I ought for some moments to consider that topic. It is the good fortune of every one—good fortune I will not say—it is, however—the fortune of every one connected with that periodical to receive, at times, a great deal more praise than is justly his due. I am in that predicament this evening. I could wish that two or three of my coadjutors were here that the praise which is so liberally bestowed on that work might be shared among them. Mrs. Caudle! Your honourable member has said he does not believe there is a Mrs. Caudle in all Birmingham. I will even venture to go further than he: I do not think there is a Mrs. Caudle in the whole world. I

really think the whole matter is a fiction—a wicked fiction, intended merely to throw into finer contrast the trustingness, the beauty, the confidence, and the taciturnity of the sex. Ladies and gentlemen, I most respectfully thank you again for the tolerance with which you have borne me. I can only again repeat the conviction that the time will come when I shall be more able to give expression to my gratitude—to my sense of your kindness—than I feel myself now enabled to do.”

Douglas Jerrold is said to have felt mortified at the way in which he had failed as a public speaker, and to have returned somewhat disappointed with himself from Birmingham, though resolved, we may well believe, to overcome the platform-nervousness which attacks some men when called upon to address a public gathering.

In June came one of those excursions in the company of a few fit friends in which he delighted. Charles Dickens and his family were coming home after a lengthy sojourn in Italy, and Douglas Jerrold, John Forster, and Daniel Maclise set out in company to meet the party at Brussels and spend a week with them before all returned home together. They “passed a delightful week in Flanders,” Brussels, Antwerp and elsewhere—but unfortunately there are no particulars of the excursion other than the words of Dickens written a dozen years later :

“We all travelled about Belgium for a little while and all came home together. He was the delight of

the children all the time, and they were his delight. He was in his most brilliant spirits, and I doubt if he were ever more humorous in his life. But the most enduring impression he left upon us who were grown up was that Jerrold, in his amiable capacity of being easily pleased, in his freshness, in his good-nature, in his cordiality, and in the unrestrained openness of his heart, had quite captivated us."

A note from Jerrold written the day after his return to Putney barely refers to the excursion which must have come as a delightful interlude of recreation in a very busy year.

" July 4 [1845],
" West Lodge, Putney.

" DEAR SIR,—My absence from home must account for my tardy reply to your letters. Herewith I forward what, I fear, has no value whatever save that which it may derive from your partiality. Will you oblige me by giving my remembrances to Mr. and Mrs. Francis Clark?

" As an admirer of Mr. Dickens, you will be glad to hear that I met him in excellent health a few days since at Brussels, returning with him to London yesterday.

" Yours faithfully,
" DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Who the " admirer of Mr. Dickens " was to whom this note was addressed does not appear. Back at Putney again the author was busy writing for *Punch*, with his magazine, and his serial story, but with all this work was also finding time for play. Probably during the stay in Belgium the project later to take

shape as the "Splendid Strollers" had been discussed and the merits of various pieces in which the strollers should appear canvassed. Certainly within three weeks of the return, as we learn from Forster, the play had been fixed upon, the parts cast, and negotiations for a theatre entered into.

"We had chosen *Every Man in his Humour*, with special regard to the singleness and individuality of the 'humorous' portrayed in it; and our own company included the leaders of a journal [*Punch*] then in its earliest years, but already not more renowned as the most successful joker of jokes yet known in England, than famous for the exclusive use of its laughter and satire for objects the highest or most harmless which makes it still so enjoyable a companion to mirth-loving right-minded men. Mac-lise took earnest part with us, and was to have acted, but fell away on the eve of the rehearsals; and Stanfield, who went so far as to rehearse *Downright* twice, then took fright and also ran away; but Jerrold, who played Master Stephen, brought with him Lemon, who took *Brainworm*; Leech, to whom Master Matthew was given; A Beckett, who had condescended to the small part of William; and Mr. [Percival] Leigh, who had Oliver Cob. I played Kitley, and Bobadil fell to Dickens."¹

Jerrold had, as has been seen, made his appearance on the stage nearly ten years earlier, but the work of the actor did not fascinate him as it did his friend Charles

¹ *The Life of Charles Dickens*. By John Forster, Book V, chap. i.



“ SPLENDID STROLLERS ”

John Forster as *Kibely* ; John Leech as *Master Matthew* ; Douglas Jerrold as *Master Stephen* ;
Charles Dickens as *Captain Bobadil* ; in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in His Humour*.

(From drawings by Kenny Meadows)

Dickens—and it may well be believed that it was Dickens's magnetic enthusiasm which finally kept the remarkable company together and led to its notable triumphs. When Maclise and Stanfield fell away Jerrold's enlisting of four of "the *Punch* men" must have proved most helpful. Dickens, in appealing to George Cattermole, the artist, to take the part which Clarkson Stanfield had abandoned, said that Stanfield had already as much as he could manage in attending to the scenery and carpenters. Rehearsals went merrily on and the performance was duly announced to take place at Miss Kelly's Theatre on September 20. Jerrold, writing to Mrs. Cowden Clarke a few days before that date, said :

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—In haste I send the accompanying. 'Call no man happy until he is dead,' says the sage. Never give thanks for tickets for an amateur play till the show is *over*. You don't know what may be in store for you—and for *us* !

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play—(or try to play).

"Yours faithfully,
"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

The performance, and those which succeeded it, have been dealt with in books on Dickens and elsewhere, so that here it may be as well to keep mainly to the one actor with whom this volume is concerned. It was, indeed, a remarkable cast, and the contemporary newspapers gave many personal notes on the actors :

“ Douglas Jerrold is idolized by the philanthropist for his unflinching advocacy of the rights and amelioration of the poor; by the moralist for the magnitude of the truths conveyed in his bitter and relentless sarcasm; by the less thoughtful public for the plenitude and pungency of his wit ”; “ Mr. Douglas Jerrold is one of the most powerful supporters of *Punch* and the first comic dramatist of the day ”; such are representative of the personal notes which told of the distinguished performers.

When the play was produced it proved a most gratifying success, and the criticisms were of the most laudatory character.

Said one writer, “ Mr. Dickens makes the ‘ stricken deer ’ [Bobadil] the veriest hangdog and craven that can be imagined; a sneaking, pitiful fellow, above whom even Master Stephen of the stolen cloak towers heroically. Having mentioned this gull, we may briefly state that Mr. Douglas Jerrold played his humours to perfection, not only directly where he has something to say or do, but in the nicest byplay of look, gesture, and attitude.” Jerrold’s performance met, indeed, with the heartiest treatment. His was, said one critic, “ as a conception the truest and most original of them all ”; another, “ Jerrold’s, indeed, was one of the best personations of the night ”; another that he “ exhibited remarkable finish and meaning in his by-play—that part of the actor’s business often so unaccountably neg-

lected on the stage." The writer of the notice in *The Times* and the *Annual Register* summed his performance up thus: "Mr. Jerrold's Master Stephen was a fine study; the conception of the by-play was perfect. The only objection was that the real intelligence of the man could not be completely concealed in the 'country gull.'" "

But if Jerrold had the ability of the actor he had no abiding taste for the footlights and did not make many appearances with the company in the success of which Charles Dickens took so great a pride. In November the play was given a second time, at the St. James's Theatre, for the benefit of the Sanatorium, when Prince Albert and the Duke of Cambridge were among the audience. At Christmas the company presented for the benefit of Miss Kelly, and at her theatre, Fletcher's *Elder Brother*, when "Douglas Jerrold gave to the faithful servant Andrew just the kind of quaint gravity natural to a shrewd quick-witted man of plain sense and earnest feeling, who had acquired a reverence for learning through love for his master."

John Forster was the one member of the party who seems to have troubled to keep the congratulatory letters which he received, and from those letters a few words may here be cited. Said Bryan Waller Procter: "The play was excellent—*i. e.* it was admirably got up, and Kitley, Bobadil, Master Stephen, and Brainworm topped their party to perfection."

John Oxenford, the dramatic critic of *The Times*, wrote, "How capitally you acted—you and Dickens, and Lemon, and Jerrold—Jerrold incalculably better than before. But what an audience! Never did I see such frigidity. I should have given them a wipe had I not feared to damage the cause." George Lillie Craik: "I think, too, there was a subtle charm in the intermixture of the substance with the shadow—the radiation of the Dickens, the Forster, the Jerrold, the Leech, amongst the Bobadil, the Kitley, the Master Stephen, the Master Matthew, etc. . . . How admirable Master Stephen's side-acting was. The feeling of the character oozed out of him at every point of his frame—legs and arms, hands and feet, shoulders, chin, nose, eyebrows, tips of the ears, as well as spoke in his voice and flashed from his eyes." George Raymond: "If Jerrold would play Sir Andrew Aguecheek he would be about the best on the stage."

If the amateur performers were to be thus praised there was not to be lacking an opposite note, for on a further performance being announced a year later there appeared what purported to be an "Advertisement Extraordinary" in some periodical, in the course of which it was said: "Every resorter to the stalls and boxes will be expected to purchase a copy of either *Dombey*, *Punch* or *Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*; as next to benevolence it is in aid of those works the chief actors appear!"

During this autumn Jerrold made a second venture as a public speaker, when he accepted an invitation to be present at a great soir ee of the Manchester Athen eum held in the Free Trade Hall. By then, says Charles Knight, who was present :

“ It was almost universally known ” who was the author of the *Caudle Lectures*, “ so that when Douglas Jerrold rose in the Free Trade Hall to address an assembly of three thousand people, the shouts were so continuous that the coolest platform orator might have lost for a moment his presence of mind. I looked upon the slight figure bending again and again, as each gust of applause seemed to overpower him and make him shrink into himself. Mr. Sergeant Talfourd was in the chair, and had delivered an eloquent address which the local reporters called ‘ massive,’ and which by some might have been deemed ‘ heavy.’ The audience was perhaps somewhat impatient even of the florid language of the author of *Ion*, for they wanted to hear the great wit who sat on the edge of the platform, and whose brilliant eye appeared as if endeavouring to penetrate the obscure distance of that vast hall, the extremity of which he might possibly have calculated his somewhat feeble voice would be unable to reach. When the moment had at last arrived in which he was called upon to give utterance to his thoughts, he hesitated, rambled into unconnected sentences, laboured to string together some platitudes about education, and was really disappointing, even to common expectations, until the genius of the man attained the ascendancy. Apostrophizing the enemies of education, he exclaimed : ‘ Let them come here and we will serve them as Luther served the Devil—

we will throw inkstands at their heads.' The effect was marvellous not only upon his hearers but upon the speaker. He recovered his self-possession and succeeded in making a tolerable speech."

Again was Jerrold a victim to rheumatism—possibly the low-lying site of his house made him suffer more particularly during these years at Putney. On December 12, 1845, he wrote to Henry F. Chorley, an able if somewhat irascible man of letters who never attained to popularity, though long a familiar figure in literary circles :

"MY DEAR SIR,—I should have answered yours a day or two since, but I can't write well in bed, whereto my old fiend rheumatism had nailed me. I've just shaken him off. I waited that the enclosed might grow to larger amount; that it has not done so this month is wholly the blunder of the printer. On Saturdays I am always compelled to dine in the City. I fear that we must defer our chat at your fireside until after Xmas : for what with the magazine, with *Punch*, a new comedy, etc., etc.—I am made pretty well a slave to the 'dead wood.'

"Yours faithfully,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

In the autumn of 1845 was published a poem which met with a cordial reception, though it has, it may well be believed, since become forgotten, or remains known only to those who stroll into the byways of literature, a poem which is mentioned here because it seems that it was Douglas Jerrold who first

recognized its merits and was instrumental in finding its publisher. This was *The Purgatory of Suicides*, by Thomas Cooper, the Chartist. Cooper was a self-educated man who, having apprenticed himself to a Gainsborough shoemaker at the age of fifteen, set himself to learn Latin, Greek, Hebrew and French, so that in 1829 he was able to become a schoolmaster, and later a country journalist. In 1840 he returned to his native Leicester, and became leader of the local Chartists. In 1842 he was arrested on a charge of conspiracy and sentenced to two years' imprisonment. Out of his imprisonment grew the "prison rhyme" of *The Purgatory of Suicides*—in which are given the utterances of suicides from Sardanapalus to Castlereagh—which he brought to London and for which, judging by his own account, he vainly sought a publisher—he had gone for assistance to this end to Disraeli, Forster and Harrison Ainsworth without effect—until a friend gave him an introduction to Jerrold. Cooper's story of the circumstance may be given as testimony to Douglas Jerrold's readiness to help a fellow author :

“ ‘ Under the postern of Temple Bar, I ran against John Cleave ; and he caught hold of me in surprise.

“ ‘ Why, what's the matter, Cooper ? ’ he asked ; ‘ you look very miserable, and you seem not to know where you are ! ’

“ ‘ Indeed, ’ I answered, ‘ I am very uneasy ; and I really did not see you when I ran against you. ’

“ ‘ But what is the matter ? ’ he asked again.

“ ‘ I owe you three-and-thirty pounds,’ said I; ‘ and I owe a deal of money to others; and I cannot find a publisher for my book [*The Purgatory of Suicides*]. Is not that enough to make a man uneasy?’ ”

“ And then I told him how I and Macgowan had just received a refusal from the publishing house in the Strand (Chapman & Hall). More I needed not to tell him; for I had told him all my proceedings from the time I left prison, and ever found him an earnest and kind friend.

“ ‘ Come along with me,’ said he; ‘ and I’ll give you a note to Douglas Jerrold; he’ll find you a publisher.’ ”

“ ‘ Do *you* know Douglas Jerrold?’ I asked.

“ ‘ Know him!’ said the fine old Radical publisher; ‘ I should think I do. I’ve trusted him for a few halfpence for a periodical, many a time, when he was a printer’s apprentice. If he does not find you a publisher, I’ll forfeit my neck. Jerrold’s a brick!’ ”

“ So I went to the little shop in Shoe Lane, whence John Cleave issued so many thousands of sheets of Radicalism and brave defiance of bad governments in his time; and he gave me a hearty note of commendation to Jerrold, and told me to take it to the house on Putney Common. I went without delay, and left Cleave’s note, and the part of the *Purgatory* which Macgowan had printed, with Mrs. Jerrold, and intimated that I would call again in three or four days.

“ I called, and received a welcome so cordial, and even enthusiastic, that I was delighted. The man of genius grasped my hand, and gazed on my face, as I gazed on him, with unmistakeable pleasure.

“ ‘ Glad to see you, my boy!’ said he; ‘ your poetry is noble—it’s manly; I’ll find you a publisher.’ ”

Never fear it. Sit you down !' he cried, ringing the bell; ' what will you take ? Some wine ? Will you have some bread and cheese ? I think there's some ham—we shall see.'

" It was eleven in the forenoon : so I was in no humour for eating or drinking. But we drank two or three glasses of sherry ; and were busy in talk till twelve.

" ' I had Charles Dickens here last night,' said he, ' and he was so taken with your poem that he asked to take it home. I have no doubt that he will return it this week, and then I will take it into the town, and secure you a publisher. Give yourself no uneasiness about it. I'll write to you in a few days, and tell you it is done.'

" And he did write in a few days, and directed me to call on Jeremiah How, 132, Fleet Street, who published Jerrold's *Cakes and Ale*, etc., etc. Mr. How agreed at once to be my publisher."

Before the close of the year *The Purgatory of Suicides* was duly published by Jeremiah How. The book had a gratifying reception, enjoying the distinction of running into several editions, and as one critic—probably William J. Linton—said :

" A Government should take heed when its ' gaol-birds ' sing such songs—coming to such a conclusion as this—

" Well, let me bide my time ; and then atone

For that *real* crime, the failing to arouse

Slaves against tyrants—I may yet, before life's close."

Surely ' there is something rotten ' when ' felony ' discourses thus."

Another publication must be mentioned here, though the subject is dealt with more fully in an earlier volume. It was towards the close of this year that Alfred Bunn, having long been one of the pet "butts" of *Punch*, enlisted some helpers and retaliated by the publication of *A Word with Punch*, No. 1, "to be continued if necessary." This publication was got up as a colourable imitation of *Punch*, and in it the writers principally attacked Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon and Gilbert à Beckett, the three men who were most widely known in connection with *Punch*. There had been various changes on the journal since the start of the paper about four years earlier, changes not always so amicably arranged, it would seem, as to preclude the possibility of ill-feeling. Thus when Bunn set about having a hit at the chief *Punch* men, in quite excusable resentment of the incessant gibes at himself, he found ready helpers. Albert Smith, who had left *Punch* in the beginning of 1844, "in consequence of being unable to agree with Mr. Mark Lemon," is said to have been one of these helpers in preparing the letterpress of the attack, while the woodcuts were produced under the care of Ebenezer Landells, who had not only been one of the prime movers in founding *Punch*, but had at one time been the principal proprietor. There was perhaps more of the bludgeon than the rapier employed in this satirizing of the satirists, but the skit served Bunn's purpose, for *Punch* thereafter resisted

the temptation to make fun of him and his poetry. One of Bunn's assistants in the matter both with letterpress and pictures was a youth who was destined to win a notable place for himself as a journalist—George Augustus Sala. Sala's own account indicates that he had a goodly share in the production of *A Word with Punch*—though he had not completed his eighteenth year at the time of its publication. His story of the business runs :

“ I drew on wood a series of caricatures, which were certainly of a nature not very complimentary to the editor of *Punch* and his staff. For example, Douglas Jerrold, who was characterized as ‘ Wronghead,’ was drawn with a body of a serpent, wriggling and writhing in a very unhandsome manner. . . . In addition to the crime of which I was really guilty, that of having drawn Lemon, Jerrold and A Beckett as a potboy, as a snake, and the Enemy of Mankind respectively, I was also debited with having further co-operated with the ‘ poet’ Bunn by writing a considerable quantity of the letterpress for the *Word with Punch*. As for Jerrold, I do not think that he cared much about the skit. I heard that he once alluded to me as ‘ a graceless young whelp,’ which possibly at the time I was; but we afterwards grew to be very good friends.”

The same season that saw *A Word with Punch* saw also another of the hunch-backed humorist's victims turn. This was James Silk Buckingham, traveller, member of Parliament and starter of the *Athenæum*, who had

founded a literary and social club, the British and Foreign Institute, which *Punch* persistently ridiculed as the "Literary and Foreign Destitute." He published an *Appeal Against Punch* in which he pointed out that Jerrold had at his own request been elected a member of the Institute, but had refused to take up his membership. This was because "he understood that the Institute was conducted very differently from what had been promised." Acknowledging a copy of the *Appeal*, one of those against whom it was levelled wrote :

"West Lodge, Putney Lower Common,
"Nov. 20, 1845.

"SIR,—I have to acknowledge the receipt of a copy of your *Appeal Against 'Punch.'* A sense of justice will, assuredly, dictate a most elaborate notice of the document.

"I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Towards the close of this year Mary Cowden Clarke¹ completed the great work by which she is likely longest to be remembered—that *Concordance to Shakespeare* which was the loving task of many years—and duly received congratulations, brief but hearty, from her friend Jerrold :

¹ Mrs. Cowden Clarke wrote many pleasant reminiscences of her and her husband's friendship with Douglas Jerrold in *Recollections of Writers*, and also in her letters to Robert Balmanno which were published (in America only) as *Letters to an Enthusiast* in 1902.

“ West Lodge, Putney Common,
“ December 5 [1845].

“ MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I congratulate you and the world on the completion of your monumental work. May it make for you a huge bed of mixed laurels and banknotes.

“ On your first arrival in Paradise you must expect a kiss from Shakespeare—even though your husband should *happen* to be there.

“ That you and he, however, may long make for yourselves a Paradise here, is the sincere wish of—

“ Yours truly,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Two years later, apropos of an honour then done to Mary Cowden Clarke in recognition of her loving Shakespearean work, Douglas Jerrold wrote in his newspaper :

“ We may add of our own knowledge that in consequence of a Queen presiding over us as in Shakespeare’s time Mrs. Cowden Clarke intended to dedicate the work [the *Concordance*] to her present Majesty; and so, as we think, to bestow a compliment, but it was refused. It would surely not have been so with the Queen who delighted in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*.”

This chapter may close with the sequel to an anecdote that belonged to Jerrold’s *Earnest* days of thirty years earlier. We saw that the sailor who had been left in charge of the boy while the Captain was ashore had, under cover of going to make some small purchases, taken the opportunity to desert. It was somewhere about this year

of 1845 that the whilom "volunteer," walking eastward along the Strand, was suddenly struck with the form and face of a baker who, with a basket of bread on his back, was examining something in a shop window. There was no mistake, despite the lapse of years, and walking sharply to the baker's side Jerrold rapped him sharply on the shoulder, saying—

"I say, my friend, don't you think you've been rather a long time about that fruit?"

The deserter's jaw fell. Thirty years had not destroyed the fear of punishment. He remembered both the fruit and the boy-officer who had wished for it, for he exclaimed: "Lor'! is that you, sir?" while that one-time officer, never so little of a boy that he could not enjoy a joke, went laughingly on his way.

CHAPTER XIII

“ THE DAILY NEWS ”—“ DOUGLAS JERROLD’S
WEEKLY NEWSPAPER ” — LETTERS — THE
WHITTINGTON CLUB

1846—1847

THE year 1845 had been a remarkable one in the working life of Douglas Jerrold, a year in which he had returned to the stage with one of the most notable of his long series of comedies, in which he had contributed to *Punch* that work which had done most to stamp his popularity, and in which he had started a new magazine that bid fair to be a considerable success, and had written for it a large part of his longest novel. The following year was to be scarcely less remarkable, and was to emphasize the author’s passage to that work with which his later years were to be more especially occupied. The growth of the newspaper as an influence of public opinion was becoming more notable, and it was, perhaps, a natural development that the “ purpose ” which had inspired the starting of *Douglas Jerrold’s Shilling Magazine* should look to the wider field of journalism.

During the closing months of 1845 there had been matured a project for starting a new daily

paper with Charles Dickens as editor, Douglas Jerrold as sub-editor, and John Forster, Richard Hengist Horne (as "Irish Commissioner"), and other of the circle of friends on the staff. That paper—the *Daily News*—duly commenced on January 21, 1846, and started on its long and honourably prosperous career. The task of producing a daily paper was not suited to either Dickens or Jerrold. Within three weeks the former, "tired to death and quite worn out," relinquished the editorship. How long Jerrold remained I cannot say for certain, but it was probably less than three months, for the following note to Forster—who had succeeded Dickens in the editorship—evidently indicates his breaking with the paper :

" April 19.

" MY DEAR FORSTER,—The ' therefore valueless ' is my own inference, not your words. At your wish, I have written to B[radbury] & E[vans], for whom I have so much regard that I regret the necessity (which your letter places upon me) of quitting them in their time of stress,

" Ever yours, my dear Forster,

" D. JERROLD."

Douglas Jerrold's connection with the journal—like that of Dickens and Forster—was commemorated when the present offices in Bouverie Street were built, by the placing of his bust among the sculptured ornamentation where those " heads of the people " who stood for journalistic Liberalism in the mid-part of

the nineteenth century are to be seen to-day by the upward-looking passers along this busy street of newspaperdom.

Dickens was already wearying of the task when, but a little more than a week after the *Daily News* had been started, he wrote to Forster saying that he had been revolving plans for quitting the paper: "Shall we go to Rochester to-morrow week (my birthday), if the weather be, as it surely must be, better?" That the weather justified Dickens's expectations may be gathered from Forster's brief description of the week-end trip which was made to the district which some years later was to be that of Dickens's home. The party that went to Rochester consisted of Dickens, his wife and sister, Daniel Maclise, Douglas Jerrold and John Forster; they made their headquarters at the Bull Inn, spent the Saturday in visiting the ruins of the Norman castle, Watts' Charity (which was later to be the centre of the touching story of Richard Doubledick) and the Chatham fortifications, and the Sunday in Cobham Church and Cobham Park.

The magazine and *Punch* appear to have been Jerrold's chief occupation during the early part of this year, but the experience on the *Daily News* had perhaps something to do with setting his mind towards the establishing of a newspaper which should give him a free opportunity of expressing himself on the social and political matters of the day. *Punch*

afforded a certain limited opportunity, and the magazine gave the chance for enunciating general principles, but he needed some vehicle which should permit of instant treatment of subjects as they arose, and that already he was looking towards a paper of his own we may gather from a remark of Thomas Cooper's, that in the spring of 1846 Douglas Jerrold was talking of the starting of a new weekly journal. He appears to have contemplated making a commencement in the following year, but the prospect of being forestalled in the project caused it to be begun in the summer.

In the spring of this year we get a glimpse of Douglas Jerrold at home at Putney from James Hutchison Stirling, who then visited him at West Lodge for the first time. Stirling had been, in modern journalistic parlance, "found" by Jerrold for his magazine, and he says that his host received him with, "Why, I had you in mind this very day," and proceeded to speak of the projected newspaper. The writer went on to describe his host's appearance with some particularity :

"Jerrold surprised me by the exceeding shortness of his stature, which was aggravated also by a considerable stoop. I do not think he could have stood much over five feet. He was not thin, meagre or fragile to my eye, however. His foot seemed a good, stout, stubby foot, the hand not particularly small; and he had quite a stout appearance across the chest. Then the face was not a small one : he had a particular broad look across the jaw, partly owing,

probably, to the complete absence of whisker. The upper lip was long, but the mouth remarkably well formed; flexible, expressive, moving in time to every thought and feeling. I fancied it could be sulky, and very sulky too. But I said as much when I described his character as Scotch: for what Scotchman—ourselves inclusive—is not sulky? His nose was aquiline and *bien accusé*. His blue eyes, *naïf* as violets, but quick as light, took quite a peculiar character from the bushy eyebrows that overhung them. Then the forehead, well relieved by the masses of brown hair carelessly flung back, was that of genius—smooth and round, and delicate, and moderately high; for gigantic brows, colossal fronts, are the perquisites only of milkmen and greengrocers.

“Altogether, the stature excepted, Jerrold’s physique was such as any man might be proud of, and corresponded very admirably to the rapid, frank, free soul that worked within it. He was closely, smoothly shaved, and showed not a vestige of whisker. He was well, and even, I thought, carefully clothed; his linen scrupulously clean, and the trousers strapped quite trimly down on the patent-leather boot.”

After this description of the appearance of Douglas Jerrold as seen by a sympathetic visitor meeting him for the first time, we may recall the same visitor’s impression of his character, as it largely bears out that of those who knew him intimately, though differing from that often gathered by those who have judged that because a man could be sharp on occasion he was a veritable porcupine.

“He was as open, cordial and unaffected as if it was an old friend he was receiving, and not a person

comparatively unknown to him. He moved, talked, laughed in the most perfect spontaneity of freedom. There was not a particle of 'snob' in him; not a breath of the *bel air qui s'apprend si vite*, and of which some of his contemporaries—and even those who have distinguished themselves the most by felicitous persiflage of said *bel air*—are yet signal examples. No; Douglas Jerrold was no 'snob'; he was a child of nature, as free, and frank, and unconstrained, and so as graceful as a child. He did not seem, as some do, to mutter 'gentleman' to himself, and stiffen himself up into the due attitude and aspect. He seemed never to *think* of being a gentleman, never to *try* to be a gentleman, and yet—though it cannot be said, perhaps, that he had all that delicacy of feeling that results only from that quality of respect for others and respect for one's-self which only the true gentleman possesses in sweet equilibrium within him—he can be very warrantably named, gentleman. It is to be considered, also, that these two species of respect thus in calm neutrality of union, but with graceful oscillation now to this side and now to that, hardly finds a favourable bed in the breast of a literary man; for a literary man generally feels himself all too specially an *ego*, a particular and peculiar 'I,' and dreams ever of his own proper mission, to the disparagement frequently of that of all others.

“But be this as it may, there was not a pin's point of affectation in Douglas Jerrold: he was natural, simple, open as a boy. He chatted away, on the occasion I speak of, in the liveliest manner, gaily, frankly, unconstrainedly, and made no secret either of his thoughts and opinions, or of his predilections and antipathies. And I must not forget to add—for I have heard of accusations against him in this

respect—that the first time I called, he wrote out, quite unasked, and even as he chatted, a cheque, as compensation for two or three articles I had sent him. He gave me, also, a copy of *Clovernook*, showing me, with some pride, a translation of it in German, and expressing the decided opinion that it was his best work.

“During both visits, passages in his own history were as freely communicated as descriptions, anecdotes, and personal traits of his contemporaries. We talked of Carlyle: he could not say he liked his style, but honoured him, for he was a man thoroughly in earnest, and had at heart every word he wrote. Did Carlyle come out among them? Yes: he was not quite an anchorite. He had met him at Bulwer’s. They had talked of Tawell (the murderer of the day). He (Jerrold) had said something about the absurdity of capital punishments. Carlyle had burst out: ‘The wretch! (Tawell) I would have had him trampled to pieces under foot and buried on the spot!’ ‘But I (Jerrold) said, “*Cui bono—cui bono?*”’ This little anecdote made quite an impression on me. As Jerrold related it, his eye seemed to see again the whole scene; his features assumed the look they must have worn, and his voice the tone it must have possessed on the occasion; and he seemed again to be holding his breath, as if again taken suddenly by surprise. To me, too, the whole scene flashed up vividly: the vehement Carlyle, all in fuliginous flame, and the deprecating ‘*Cui bono?*’ of the astounded, not then vehement Jerrold; the stronger, broader conflagration appalling the weaker and narrower.”

That is, unfortunately, the only note of a meeting between Jerrold and Carlyle, though

both were at Charles Dickens's reading of the *Chimes* at Forster's rooms, and at the dinner which celebrated the commencement of the publication of *David Copperfield*.

In May, the dainty little volume of *Chronicles of Clovernook* was published, including five essays that had also appeared in the *Illuminated Magazine*, and a pleasant note from the Hon. Mrs. Norton acknowledged a copy of the book sent to her :

" *Chesterfield Street,*
" *May 20, 1846.*

" DEAR MR. JERROLD,—I ought, before now, to have thanked you for the *Chronicles of Clovernook* : a spot invented by the power who tormented Tantalus : and to which, I regret to think, there is no signpost to show the way. I am very much obliged to you for thinking of sending it to me, tho' I hope I should have had the good taste at all events to have read it.

" Do you not mean to have a *Punch-bowl* at the Duke of Buckingham's conduct in the matter of his daughter's marriage? The daughter is six-and-twenty; the man she has chosen, a *gentleman* in every sense of the word, of an old family and rich; no possible objection but that he has no title. The couple go to be married, and the Duke pulls his daughter away by main force from the vestry; the clergyman, who ought to have married them, so overcome by the Ducal arrival, that he will not perform the service at all : by which means other couples, who are totally disconnected with Dukes, are disappointed of their rightful union.

" I liked very much (nevertheless) the article on

Clerical Snobs : which reminded me of Charles Lamb's *Essays of Elia*.

“ Believe me, dear Mr. Jerrold,

“ Yours truly,

“ CAROLINE NORTON.”

It is probable that the fact that Jerrold was preparing to launch a fresh newspaper got about, for some one who had heard of it thought that it would mean his severing his connection with *Punch*, and hastened into print with the suggestion. Thus it came about that Douglas Jerrold felt called upon to address the following “ meek remonstrance ” to the editor of the *Liverpool Journal* in the matter of his London correspondent :

“ MR. EDITOR,—Some falsehoods may be made as like to truths as toadstools are like to mushrooms. And folks who really believe they have an excellent eye to choose the healthful from the poisonous fungus have, nevertheless, gathered and cooked the sham mushroom—and all with the best intentions—to the passing inconvenience of the partakers thereof.

“ Your London correspondent, Mr. Editor, has placed me in a like dilemma. He has—I am sure unwittingly—in his basket of metropolitan gathering, sent you certain toadstools with his mushrooms. Here is one; a very large toadstool indeed—

“ ‘ Douglas Jerrold is off *Punch* ! ’

“ Now, Mr. Editor, I can contradict this on, I believe, the very best authority—my own. And inasmuch as the erroneous statement has been very generally copied throughout the provincial papers,

I herewith—though solely in compliance with the wishes of others—formally and triply deny it.

“ Douglas Jerrold is *not* off *Punch*.

“ Has not been off *Punch*.

“ And will not be off *Punch*.

“ In truth whereof, I subscribe myself, Mr. Editor,

“ Your obedient, humble Servant,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The “wishes of others” were probably those of the proprietors of *Punch*, who would naturally feel that their property might suffer if it were believed that the pen which had given them the wide popularity of *Mrs. Caudle* were no longer at their service. As a matter of fact, when the production of the monthly magazine was added to that of his weekly newspaper, Douglas Jerrold’s regular contributions to *Punch* did not fall off in any way; indeed, before the close of the year he had contributed one short serial, *The Life and Adventures of Miss Robinson Crusoe*¹ and commenced another, *The English in Little*.

When the project of a weekly newspaper began to take shape the idea was that it should be started in the autumn or at the end of the year, but circumstances seem to have combined to make it advisable to begin at once. We gather this from references such as that in the following letter to Sabilla Novello, sister of that “tuneful daughter of a tuneful sire,” Clara Novello, and of Mary Cowden Clarke.

¹ Reprinted in *Douglas Jerrold and “Punch,”* 1910.

“ Putney Common,
“ June 18 [1846].

“ MY DEAR MISS NOVELLO,—I ought ere this to have thanked you for the prospectus. I shall certainly avail myself of its proffered advantages, and, on the close of the vacation, send my girl.

“ I presume, ere that time, you will have returned to the purer shades of Bayswater from all the pleasant iniquities of Paris. I am unexpectedly deprived of every chance of leaving home, at least for some time, if at all this season, by a literary projection that I thought would have been deferred until late in the autumn; otherwise, how willingly would I black the seams and elbows of my coat with ink, and elevating my quill into a *cure-dent*, hie me to the ‘*Trois-Frères!*’ But this must not be for God knows when—or the Devil (my devil mind) better. I am indeed ‘nailed to the dead wood’ as Lamb says; or rather, in this glorious weather, I feel as somehow a butterfly or, since I am getting fat, a June fly, impaled on iron pin, or pen, must feel fixed to one place, with every virtuous wish to go anywhere and everywhere, with anybody and almost *everybody*. I am not an independent spinster, but—‘I won’t weep.’ Not one unmanly tear shall stain this sheet.

“ With desperate calmness I subscribe myself,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

What the school prospectus sent may have been I cannot say. Possibly there was an idea of sending “my girl”—that is to say, the younger one, Mary Ann (Polly)—to a school in Paris.

Exactly a month after that letter was written to Miss Novello the literary project

took actual shape, for it was on July 18, 1846, that the first copy of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* was published. It was a well-planned journal of twenty-four pages—six months later enlarged to thirty-two, “the utmost limit allowed by the Stamp Law”—of the size of the *Saturday Review* or *Spectator* of to-day. At the moment at which it was started, Peel and the Conservatives had just resigned office and had been succeeded by Lord John Russell and the Whigs, the other “of the two parties, created and especially sent upon the earth, to rule its fairest corner, merry England.” Douglas Jerrold was prepared to welcome the Whigs in so far as they were prepared to fulfil their promises. He was a Radical, and looked with some doubt on the policies of both the great parties. The initial passage of his opening article might have been written at any moment during the past half-century, when use-and-wont have been threatened by anything in the shape of reform :

“Our journal has at least this good fortune; it is born in a season of gladness. It comes before the country at a time of holiday and hope : for present victory gives to us the assurance of future good. That giant iniquity, the Corn Laws, numbered with the wickednesses of the past, the heart of England beats with a new health. All men must feel their natures elevated by the conviction that from the present time we start, as a nation, on a new career of glory; the glory of teaching all the world a universal, humanizing truth : a better, brighter, more enduring

glory this than glories won by iron arguments from Woolwich Arsenal. It is from this time our blessed privilege to instruct the nations; to make them unlearn the dull and pompous gibberish that has hitherto been the tongue of commercial wisdom—and teach them to speak the simple words of common-sense. Happily, some have already set themselves to the new alphabet. And the lesson will go round; and the world be the wiser, the happier for the teaching, even though Lord Stanley and party predict the doom of England, and, in deepest anguish for the ruin of their national mother, passionately pick a Greenwich dinner. Beautiful, by the way, is the blending of the patriot with the stoic! Whenever England is destroyed—and considering how often this calamity has occurred, the British Lion ought certainly to give place to the British Cat—her political Jeremiahs neither rend their Saxony nor sprinkle ashes on their bursting heads; but straightway ship their woes, and steam to a tavern. ‘England, beloved England’—cries our modern patriot—‘is wiped from the world! Waiter—some burgundy!’”

While welcoming the Whigs, for their promises, Jerrold hinted that it would need some insistence to see those promises fulfilled—he had some very strong doubts as to the innate zeal of either of the ruling parties:

“We have, it seems, begun at the wrong end. We have punished the man, when we should have taught the child. We have built prisons where we should have founded seminaries. We have placed our hopes of social security upon the hangman, when we should have sought the schoolmaster.”

The paper, which combined with a succinct summary of the week's news, both parliamentary and general, outspoken comments on men and affairs, as well as series of articles of interest to serious-minded readers, "caught on," as the modern phrase runs, in most promising fashion. That it was indeed successful from the first is gathered from the editor-proprietor's letters. Indeed, six months later he announced the increase in the size of the journal thus :

"The Editor and Proprietor having, in his determinate appeal to those desirous of progressive movements, been responded to in a manner far beyond his most sanguine expectations, has determined to testify his sense of such support by adding gratuitously, one-third to his paper."

In the very first number of *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* appeared an article putting forth a project which had occurred to Jerrold during his visit to Manchester—followed for several weeks by others from the pen of Angus B. Reach, developing the idea—on the desirability of a central club and lecture centre for the clerks and assistants of London, a "Whittington Club," in which the young citizens and citizenesses of London could meet in friendly fashion, could attend lectures, and have social gatherings which should at once serve to broaden and deepen their lives. The way in which the scheme was taken up and took practical shape will be seen later.

Among the people whom Jerrold enlisted as helpers on the paper were Frederick Guest Tomlins, who appears to have acted as sub-editor; Thomas Cooper, the Chartist, author of *The Purgatory of Suicides*, who was sent off as commissioner to describe "The Condition of the People of England"; James Hutchison Stirling, Angus Bethune Reach, and Eliza Meteyard, who is perhaps best remembered to-day as the biographer of the Wedgewoods. Miss Meteyard—for whom her editor found the pleasant pseudonym of "Silverpen"—wrote articles on the subject of social reforms, while week by week a writer whose *nom de guerre* was "Church Mouse," wrote a long series of "Church and State Letters"—which were begun in broad dialect, but after a time lapsed into ordinary language. These series gave an air of stodginess to the paper, but the leading articles—there were five or six a week—were pithy and witty and couched in no uncertain language of Radicalism, while in the third number Douglas Jerrold added to the other serial work that he was doing—*St. Giles and St. James* in his magazine, and *Miss Robinson Crusoe* in *Punch*—a weekly comment on things of the moment under the title of *The Barber's Chair*¹ cast in that dialogue form in which his pen seems to have run most readily. The paper, added to the magazine and *Punch* work, must have kept him most rigorously at the desk, and we get a hint of its being

¹ *The Barber's Chair and the Hedgehog Letters*, 1874.

too much in the following note to Henry Chorley :

“ August 8 [1846].

“ MY DEAR CHORLEY,—‘ I begin to be weary ’ of pen and ink—I’ve had within this month so much of it. Let this be my bad excuse for delay of answer. To business.

“ We propose to give to the end of present opera season £2 per week for the musical matters. Then comes the recess—then comes with it your absence and with it a dearth of musical news. On your return, we may be able to make another arrangement, either weekly or by the article, for contributions *not* musical : for, I fear that the mass of our readers is too utilitarian to care much for music or theatres ; at least so several letters somewhat curtly say.

“ The Bentinck matter will, I fear, be too stale—and has been touched upon. I have not the August No. of magazine at hand, or would cheque you : this, however, in a day or two. I calculate upon the continuation, in spirit I mean, of Belgravia.

“ Yours truly,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

On the same day on which he wrote thus to Chorley, Jerrold had also to acknowledge a pleasant gift received from Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, friends who always cherished for him a warm affection. The gift took the form of busts of Shakespeare and Milton, with the brackets for supporting them made after a design by Michael Angelo :

“ Putney,

“ August 8 [1846].

“ MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I know not how best to thank you for the surprise you and Clarke put

upon me this morning. These casts, while demanding reverence for what they represent and typify, will always associate with the feeling that of sincerest regard and friendship for the donors. These things will be very precious to me, and, I hope, for many a long winter's night awaken frequent recollections of the thoughtful kindness that has made them my household gods. I well remembered the brackets, but had forgotten the master. But this is the gratitude of the world.

“I hope that my girl will be able to be got ready for this quarter; but in a matter that involves the making, trimming and fitting of gowns or frocks, it is not for one of my benighted sex to offer a decided opinion. I can only timidly venture to believe that the young lady's trunk will be ready in a few days.

“Pandora's box was only a box of woman's clothes—with a Sunday gown at the bottom.

“Yours truly,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The recent establishment of the newspaper meant much added hard work to the Editor, and he was taking a keen interest in the founding of a club for the young men and women of London, which some months later was to come into being. He had delegated the routine work to Angus B. Reach, who dealt with the subject week by week in the journal, but the scheme must have meant claims upon the time of the projector. The work on the paper, judging by the early success of the venture, bid fair to be well repaid. Thackeray, desirous of providing for the future of his daughters, was to turn to lecturing that he might make such a sum as he hoped; his

older friend and *Punch* confrère, sought a similar end by other means, which for a time bid fair to prosper, but which in the sequel left the venturer sadly hampered instead of helped towards the end he had in view.

In August or early September Jerrold snatched a short holiday, made necessary by overwork, and visited the Channel Islands, confident that his paper was on the way to being well established. In September he wrote as follows to Benjamin Webster—for whom he was evidently under promise to write a further play :

“ *West Lodge, Putney Common,*
“ *September 23 [1846].*

“ MY DEAR WEBSTER,—Your first letter came when I was ill, from home. And from day to day I have been about to call upon you in answer to it and the second. When I returned to town, too, I learned from Lemon that you had left for Bath. And this week I have been so nailed to the desk that I could not follow up my intentions of dropping in at the Adelphi.

“ I have been (to my annoyance) much delayed in the comedy. First the *Daily News*—which my acquaintanceship with the proprietor was the *sole* inducement for me to join—and next my own paper; which it was not my intention to start before Xmas (long after completion of play)—but I was precipitated into the venture (a most prosperous one as it has turned out) by circumstances that menaced me with anticipation from another quarter. I know these are scarcely *valid* excuses for the delay of the piece—but they are some extenuation.

“ I have much of the comedy done—but fragmentary. But—to take the longest day—I fear it will be (with my magazine story to close in the next two numbers—about six weeks or a couple of months ere the *Catspaw* will be fit for the stage. I am very sorry for this delay—but I have been a little comforted by an assurance made to me by, as I believed, credible parties that you have by you three or four new plays, and that therefore it would not be of so great importance whether mine came first or second. However, I will lose no hour from the work, but complete it as speedily, and I trust as *effectively*, as lays in the power of

“ Yours truly,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Whether the *Catspaw* was “ fit for the stage ” within a couple of months may be doubted, as more than a couple of years were to pass before it actually made its appearance.

A few days after sending off that letter Jerrold received an offer from William Tait of Edinburgh, of *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine*—presumably with a view to its incorporation with his own *Shilling Magazine*, but the offer does not appear to have been considered a promising speculation. Said Tait :

“ The price I ask for the copyright and whole stock on hand is one thousand pounds. Looking to the circulation, advertisements and reputation of the magazine, I think the bargain would be a good one to you—that is, were you to conduct the magazine with the spirit you have shown, and adhere to the old plan.

“ I can promise you the aid of Mrs. Johnstone, the largest and best contributor of the reviews for which *Tait's Magazine* is famed; and I could otherwise aid you. Mrs. Johnstone's terms are £10 10s. per sheet for reviews and £14 per sheet for tales—retaining the copyright of the latter. You will see the necessity for secrecy and dispatch. You have here the *first offer*. If you decline I mean to offer to others privately instead of advertising.”

Jerrold does not seem to have thought the bargain worth while, and, indeed, he had quite enough on his hands at the time without taking over an old venture that he might make it anew. In fact, the work entailed by running his newspaper and magazine in addition to his constant work for *Punch* and the writing which he was himself doing for the three periodicals were already proving overmuch.

During the summer of 1846 had come a fresh invitation from Charles Dickens, who was starting on a long working holiday in Switzerland. Before setting out he acknowledged a presentation copy of the *Chronicles of Clover-nook*.

“ Well, a thousand thanks for the *Hermit*. He took my fancy mightily when I first saw him in *The Illuminated*; and I have stowed him away in the left-hand breast-pocket of my travelling-coat, that we may hold pleasant converse together on the Rhine. You see what confidence I have in him. . . . I wish you would seriously consider the expediency and feasibility of coming to Lausanne in the summer or early autumn. I must be at work myself during a

certain part of every day almost, and you could do twice as much there as here. It is a wonderful place to see; and what sort of welcome you would find I will say nothing about, for I have vanity enough to believe that you would be willing to feel yourself as much at home in my household as in any man's."

From Lausanne Dickens wrote again :

" . . . We are established here in a perfect doll's-house, which could be put bodily into the hall of our Italian palazzo. But it is in the most lovely and delicious situation imaginable, and there is a spare bedroom wherein we could make you as comfortable as need be. Bowers of roses for cigar-smoking, arbours for cool punch-drinking, mountains and Tyrolean countries close at hand, piled-up Alps before the windows, etc., etc., etc."

The letter remained unanswered during stress of work, and also during the short holiday rest which that work rendered necessary, and the first number of *Dombey* had made its appearance, in the beginning of October, when Jerrold at length replied to Dickens's tempting proposal :

" [October 1846].

" MY DEAR DICKENS,—Let me break this long silence with heartiest congratulations. Your book has spoken like a trumpet to the nation, and it is to me a pleasure to believe that you have faith in the sincerity of my gladness at your triumph. You have rallied your old thousands again; and, what is most delightful, you have rebuked and for ever 'put down' the small things, half knave, half fool, that

love to *make* the failure they 'feed on.' They are under your boot—tread 'em to paste.

“And how is it that your cordial letter, inviting me to your cordial home, has been so long unanswered? Partly from hope, partly from something like shame. Let me write you a brief penitential history. When you left England I had been stirred to this newspaper ('tis forwarded to you, and, I hope, arrives). Nevertheless, the project was scarcely formed, and I had not the *least* idea of producing it before October—perhaps not until Christmas. This would have allowed me to take my sunny holiday at Lausanne. Circumstances, however, too numerous for this handbill, compelled me to precipitate the speculation or to abandon it. I printed in July, yet still believed I should be able to trust it to sufficient hands, long enough to enable me to spend a fortnight with you. And from week to week I hoped this—with fainter hopes, but still hopes. At last I found it impossible, though compelled, by something very like congestion of the brain, to abscond for ten days' health and idleness. And I went to Jersey, when, by heavens, my heart was at Lausanne. But why not *then* answer this letter? The question I put to myself—God knows how many times—when your missive, every other day, in my desk, smote my ungrateful hand like a thistle. And so time went on, and *Dombey* comes out, and now, to be sure, I write. Had *Dombey* fallen apoplectic from the steam-press of Messrs. B[radbury] and E[vans], of *course* your letter would still have remained unanswered. But, with all England shouting 'Viva Dickens,' it is a part of my gallant nature to squeak through my quill 'brayvo' too.

“This newspaper, with *other* allotments, is hard work; but it is *independence*. And it was the hope

of it that stirred me to the doing. I have a feeling of dread—a something almost insane in its abhorrence of the condition of the old, worn-out literary man; the squeezed orange (*lemons* in my case, sing some sweet critics); the spent bullet; the useless lumber of the world, flung upon literary funds while alive, with the hat to be sent round for his coffin and his widow. And therefore I set up this newspaper, which—I am sure of it—you will be glad to learn, is a large success. Its first number went off 18,000: it is now 9,000 (at the original outlay of about £1,500), and is within a fraction three-fourths my *own*. It was started at the dullest of dull times, but every week it is steadily advancing. I hope to make it an engine of some good. And so much for my apology—which, if you resist, why, I hope Mrs. Dickens and Miss H[ogarth] (it's so long ago—is she *still* Miss?) will take up and plead for me. . . .

“ You have heard, I suppose, that Thackeray is big with twenty parts, and, unless he is wrong in his time, expects the first instalment at Christmas. *Punch*, I believe, holds its course. . . . Nevertheless, I do not very cordially agree with its new spirit. I am convinced that the world will get tired (at least I hope so) of this eternal guffaw at all things. After all, life has something serious in it. It cannot all be a comic history of humanity. Some men would, I believe, write the Comic Sermon on the Mount. Think of a Comic History of England; the drollery of Alfred; the fun of Sir Thomas More in the Tower; the farce of his daughter begging the dead head, and clasping it in her coffin on her bosom. Surely the world will be sick of this blasphemy. . . . When, moreover, the change comes, unless *Punch* goes a little back to his occasional gravities, he'll be sure to suffer. . . .

“And you are going to Paris? I’m told Paris in the spring is very delectable. Not very bad sometimes at Christmas. Do you know anybody likely to ask me to take some *bouilli* there? In all seriousness, give my hearty remembrances to your wife and sister. I hope that health and happiness are showered on them, on you, and all. And believe me, my dear Dickens,

“Yours ever truly and sincerely,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

This letter is interesting as showing the feelings which inspired the starting of the paper, also for its frank expression of dislike for the mere comic, and as a rare example of its writer’s “letting himself go,” as the phrase runs, in such communications. He was not a letter writer in the sense of being one who found enjoyment in letter writing, and rarely wrote more than the briefest of epistles; apropos of which may be given the following from George Hodder’s *Memorials of My Time*. Hodder quotes as a specimen of the singularly laconic style of Jerrold’s letters:

“*Sunday Evening,*
“*Putney.*”

“DEAR HODDER,—Will you dine with me on Xmas Day?”

“Yours truly,
“D. J.”

Hodder’s words have prepared the reader to believe that it was to be an example of the letter writer’s wit, but it is difficult to refrain from thinking that the specimen of “singularly

laconic style” was cited to show the company in which he, Hodder, had dined on some uncertain Christmas.

Towards the end of October—as he explained in a letter to Macready—Dickens left Lausanne and lodged for a week in Geneva, hoping by so doing that he had run away from a bad headache, and it was from Geneva that he answered Jerrold’s letter—far more promptly than Jerrold had answered his :

“ [Geneva,
“ October 1846].

“ MY DEAR JERROLD,—This day week I finished my little Christmas book (writing towards the close the exact words of a passage in your affectionate letter, received this morning; to wit, ‘After all, life has something serious in it’), and ran over here for a week’s rest. I cannot tell you how much true gratification I have had in your most hearty letter. F[orster] told me that the same spirit breathed through a notice of *Dombey* in your paper; and I have been saying since to K. and G.¹ that there is no such good way of testing the worth of a literary friendship as by comparing its influence on one’s mind with any that literary animosity can produce. Mr. W. will throw me into a violent fit of anger for the moment, it is true; but his acts and deeds pass into the death of all bad things next day, and rot out of my memory; whereas a generous sympathy, like yours, is ever present to me, ever fresh and new to me—always stimulating, cheerful and delightful. The pain of unjust malice is lost in an hour. The pleasure of a generous friendship is the steadiest

¹ His wife and sister.

joy in the world. What a glorious and comfortable thing that is to think of.

“No, I *don't* get the paper regularly. To the best of my recollections I have not had more than three numbers—certainly not more than four. But I knew how busy you must be, and had no expectation of hearing from you until I wrote from Paris (as I intended doing), and implored you to come and make merry with us there. I am truly pleased to receive your good account of that enterprise. I feel all you say upon the subject of the literary man in his old age, and know the incalculable benefit of such a resource. . . . Anent the *Comic [History]* and similar comicalities I feel exactly as you do. Their effect upon me is very disagreeable. Such joking is like the sorrow of an undertaker's mute, reversed, and is applied to serious things, with the like propriety and force. . . .

“Paris is good both in the spring and in the winter. So come, first at Christmas, and let us have a few jolly holidays together at what Mr. Rowland of Hatton Garden calls ‘that festive season of the year,’ when the hair is peculiarly liable to come out of curl unless, etc. I hope to reach there, bag and baggage, by the twentieth of next month. As soon as I am lodged I will write to you. *Do* arrange to run over at Christmas-time, and let us be as English and as merry as we can. It's nothing of a journey, and you shall write ‘o' mornings,’ as they say in modern Elizabethan, as much as you like. . . .

“The newspapers seem to know as much about Switzerland as about the Esquimaux country. I should like to show you the people as they are here, or in the Canton de Vaud—their wonderful education, splendid schools, comfortable homes, great intelligence, and noble independence of character. It is

the fashion among the English to deery them because they are not servile. I can only say that, if the first quarter of a century of the best general education would ever rear such a peasantry in Devonshire as exists about here, or about Lausanne ('bating their disposition towards drunkenness), it would do what I can hardly hope in my most sanguine moods we may effect in four times that period. The revolution here just now (which has my cordial sympathy) was conducted with the most gallant, true and Christian spirit—the conquering party moderate in the first transports of triumph, and forgiving. I swear to you that some of the appeals to the citizens of both parties, posted by the new government (the people's) on the walls, and sticking there now, almost drew the tears into my eyes as I read them; they are so truly generous, and so exalted in their tone—so far above the miserable strife of politics, and so devoted to the general happiness and welfare. . . .

“ I have had great success again in magnetism. E[lliots]on, who has been with us for a week or so, holds my magnetic powers in great veneration, and I really think they are, by some conjunction of chances, strong. Let them, or something else, hold you to me by the heart. Ever, my dear Jerrold,

“ Affectionately your friend,
“ C. D.”

At this time was published the veteran Leigh Hunt's *Wit and Humour*, and in Jerrold's newspaper the work was accorded a notice of nearly four columns—a notice which if not written by the editor was certainly marked by his revision. A cordial tribute was paid to Hunt :

“He is truly a man, neither angelic nor satanic. It is the fleshly human being he vindicates, and would illustrate. In this particular he resembles Fielding; and it is a proof of the originality of his genius that in a romantic, metaphysical, demoniac and transcendental age, through which he has lived, he should have so thoroughly retained the simplicity of human nature. He, the associate of Shelley, Keats and Byron, the contemporary of Scott, Coleridge and Wordsworth, still does not seek to soar to heaven nor dive to hell with any of them. He is of the earth, manly, and this manliness, we take it, is that which makes him so eminently critical. As a perfectly endowed man he sympathizes with every mood, expands to the noblest sentiments, searches with a keen glance into the operations of the intellect, and ‘his blood and spirits are so well commingled’ that every phase of thought, feeling and sensation is familiar to him; to this has been added a happy power of expression and a kind nature. Thus his book on *Wit and Humour* might be taken for the joyous dissertation of a youth just awakened to all the highest pleasures of reflective existence, did not experience tell us that the vein of wisdom that runs through it nothing but a varied experience could give; and did we not also know that polish of style and expression is the last grace acquired.”

Towards the close of the review regret was expressed that the author had not drawn upon the wit of Thomas Hood, or the humour of Gilbert à Beckett. Leigh Hunt promptly wrote to Douglas Jerrold, sending a letter to him as editor which duly appeared in the following issue of the paper :

“DEAR SIR,—Permit me to say publicly, in observation upon one of the many kind and valued remarks made on *Wit and Humour*, in a journal so full of both—first, that I had written a distinct notice of Hood and his genius, which with many other notices was unable to be comprised within a single volume; secondly, that those notices will be very much at the service of the public in a second volume on the same topics, if they choose to have it (as, indeed, I have stated in the Preface); thirdly, that reasons of delicacy, particularly the fear of being thought unjust or invidious towards authors omitted, precluded the extension of the plan to such as are living (which was stated in the Introduction to *Imagination and Fancy*); and, lastly, that no man admires living genius of all kinds more than I do, or (allow me to add) has been more accustomed to hail it. I am known to agree warmly with the praises bestowed on the gentleman you allude to, Mr. À Beckett, though I am better acquainted with his anonymous than his avowed productions; and few things would have pleased me more than being able to make a selection from the writings of all our À Becketts, Jerrols, Fonblanques, Thackerays, Taylors, etc., and offer it as a new quintessence to the world. I differ occasionally as to objects of attack; but nobody feels more astonishment and respect for that combination of incessant wit and philanthropic zeal which distinguishes our daily and weekly literature. Never, indeed, even in this witty and humorous country, have so much wit and humour been poured forth to us as at this moment; and the charm is completed by the fact that the laughter is not that of despair, but of hope. I have the honour to be, dear Sir,

“Your obliged and faithful servant,

“LEIGH HUNT.”

The manuscript of that letter recently advertised for sale as "evidently complete without the signature," was presumably Leigh Hunt's draft of it, for there are important differences between it and the letter as it appeared in *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*.

It may be said here that when Leigh Hunt was the honoured guest of the Museum Club, it fell to Douglas Jerrold to propose the toast of his health, and that he said of the elderly poet and critic "even in his hottest warfare, his natural sense of beauty and gentleness was so great that, like David of old, he armed his sling with shining pebbles of the brook, and never pelted even his fiercest enemy with mud." Hunt, in reply, proved himself a master of the retort-complimentary, saying that "If his friend Jerrold had the sting of a bee he had also its honey." A few years later there was to be a break in the friendly relations between the younger writer and the man who had dared to speak of a Royal Prince as a fat Adonis of fifty. That, however, need not be touched upon for the moment.

In November, or at the beginning of December, Douglas Jerrold had a fresh attack of his constant enemy rheumatism, and journeyed to Malvern to undergo the "cure," an experience which apparently proved beneficial, though not altogether cheerful. Some time afterwards Richard James Lane sent him a little book on *Life at a Water Cure ; or, A Month at Malvern*, and Jerrold acknowledging it said :

“ Its frontispiece—suddenly opened—made me livid with recollections of Malvern; for I was there in savage December and January—and did not have those celestial visitings from the nymph recorded by Sir E. B. Lytton. I have even said of the Water Cure that for whatever good it did me (and though I quitted Malvern wretchedly ill, I believe I was benefited by the system)—it can only have my gratitude, never my love. I assure you that even now I can contemplate Malvern Hills at 7 a.m. in bleak December, and one, two, nay even three glasses of water at the various fountains, without the weakness of extravagant enthusiasm, but philosophically, and, I hope, like a man. Human bliss may, for what I know, haunt the bottom of a sitz-bath; but it was never found there by,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

In the autumn of this year Lord Nugent, writing to John Forster said, “ I shall soon dun you for the dinner I made you promise me, and the introduction you promised me to Mr. Douglas Jerrold.” The meeting took place and led to a pleasant friendship. On Christmas Day Jerrold wrote :

“ *Putney,*
“ *December 25, 1846.*

“ MY DEAR LORD NUGENT,—”Twill give me much pleasure to be with you on Thursday. If this Shakespeare Monument grow beyond the prospectus, it will do so under the care of a few hearty enthusiasts in the matter. The world at large will, I fear, smell the project, as he himself says, ‘ with a dead man’s nose.’ The prospectus was, I know, sent to every

newspaper in the kingdom—I have seen it only in the columns of two.

“ I am gratified that you should have anticipated a peep into *Clovernook*.

“ With compliments to Lady Nugent, believe me,

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“ Epigram too late for *Punch* this week; but time enough for next.”

The humorist must be humorous even though racked with rheumatism, and though certain of the work on the magazine and newspaper could be delegated to lieutenants, Jerrold continued sending his weekly quota of comments and articles to *Punch*. In the middle of December he sent a delightful perversion of Malvern experiences in an account of *Life at the Brandy and Water Cure*, with sly digs at Lytton, who had written the *Confessions of a Water Patient*. “ Oh, for Sir Edward’s pen! Oh, for the eagle plume of Bulwer! For how can my goose-quill express the delights, the glories of the wet Cold Brandy-and-Water Sheet.”

Towards the close of the year we get indications of a falling-off in the prosperity of the magazine when the editor wrote to one of his regular contributors :

“ MY DEAR CHORLEY,—Herewith is £25. I have been ill and harassed or should have called on you. I hope to do so in a day or two. Touching the series, I fear I have no room for lengthy papers, as another

story will begin (probably) the next number. I have also an annoying matter to write of—namely, terms. For some months past, I have been paying out of my own contributions to keep up the 10s. per page: I am allowed by the proprietors only at a rate of 8s. (which I must now fall to)—this, they say, fully averages the £10 per sheet of *Fraser and New Monthly*. At these terms, I will insert as much as possible—two or three or four papers per month—if brief, that is from four, six or eight pages each.

“ I contemplate making another push with the paper (which is doing steadily and *well*)—see advertisements at the end of the year—and, ere then, probably you could suggest something. We want vivacity and sparkle upon the *things of the week*.

“ Yours truly,

“ D. JERROLD.”

The new story for the magazine was R. H. Horne's *The Dreamer and the Worker*—not altogether a happy selection. The price mentioned for contributions suggests that writing for the magazines of the 'forties was not a very profitable form of authorship; the “eight shillings a page” representing in modern writing parlance but about “sixteen shillings a thousand words”!

If Malvern did not win Jerrold's love it gained his gratitude, and he was back at Putney and at work again more or less set up, when he had to point out one of the thorns in the editorial cushion—to use Thackeray's illustration—in writing to one of his sisters (Mrs. Copeland), who had evidently sought to obtain a good word for a friend's book:

“ Putney,

“ February 13 [1847].

“ MY DEAR BETSY,—I wish you had asked me something that I could have granted. It isn't your fault that you're a woman, and consequently can with difficulty be made to understand that a journal, to be powerful and respected, must have a reputation. The book of your friend is arrant trash. How, then, can I praise it? And if I do, of what value—in the literary world—is the opinion of the newspaper? By the way, it is flourishing; and is already a property: it *will* be a very great one. I hope you are all well. I propose (if I can manage it) to go to Chester at the races, and thence, for a few days into Wales. In which case I shall see you. Mary (or rather the two Marys¹) will come with me. I hope you are all well. Hammond tells me that you are flourishing, which news is most pleasing to your bad correspondent, but nevertheless affectionate brother,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Jerrold did not get to Paris and the pleasant time there with Dickens, to which he had looked forward as a possible break in the winter's work. Ill-health sent him to Malvern instead. Dickens was still in Paris on St. Valentine's Day, when he wrote thence to Jerrold—possibly in response to an invitation to attend the inaugural soirée of the Whittington Club which was about to take place—and of which Dickens duly became a Vice-President. Again, there is but a portion of the letter available:

¹ His wife and daughter.

“ I am somehow reminded of a good story I heard the other night from a man who was a witness of it, and an actor in it. At a certain German town last autumn there was a tremendous *furor* about Jenny Lind, who, after driving the whole place mad, left it, on her travels, early one morning. The moment her carriage was outside the gates a party of rampant students, who had escorted it, rushed back to the inn, demanded to be shown her bedroom, swept like a whirlwind upstairs into the room indicated to them, tore up the sheets, and wore them in strips as decorations. An hour or two afterwards a bald old gentleman of amiable appearance, an Englishman, who was staying in the hotel, came to breakfast at the *table d'hôte*, and was observed to be much disturbed in his mind, and to show great terror whenever a student came near him. At last he said in a low voice to some people who were near him at the table, ‘ You are English gentlemen, I observe. Most extraordinary people these Germans ! Students, as a body, raving mad, gentlemen ! ’ ‘ Oh, no, ’ said somebody else, ‘ excitable, but very good fellows, and very sensible. ’ ‘ By God, sir ! ’ returned the old gentleman, ‘ then there’s something political in it, and I am a marked man. I went out for a little walk this morning after shaving, and while I was gone ’—he fell into a terrible perspiration as he told it—‘ they burst into my bedroom, tore up my sheets, and are now patrolling the town in all directions with bits of ’em in their buttonholes ! ’ I needn’t wind up by adding that they had gone to the wrong chamber ! ”

Early in 1847 Douglas Jerrold was associated with a scheme to provide London with a new cattle market, that should do away with the horrors of Smithfield, which had for years

been something of a scandal. In the early 'thirties one man had sought to improve matters by setting up a new market at Islington, but his costly scheme had proved a failure. In the beginning of 1847 "The Great Metropolitan Cattle Market and Abattoir Company" was announced as being formed with a capital of £400,000, and one of the four auditors was Douglas Jerrold! The scheme does not appear to have come to anything, though the insistence of the projectors upon the necessity for reform may have had something to do with the legislation of the following year concerning slaughter-house abuses, and with the establishment a few years later of the Corporation Cattle Market in the Caledonian Road. I have not been able to trace the existence of the company beyond its advertised prospectus. Douglas Jerrold would have been enlisted as an earnest supporter of any reform of real social value, but there is something of the comic in his filling the position of auditor.

Another public matter which he had more closely at heart was the establishment of the Whittington Club. During the first six or seven months the project had been developed in his newspaper and a considerable number of people had come forward to testify to the usefulness of such an institution and to proffer help in forming it. The papers which announced the formation of the Cattle Market Company announced also the first soirée of the members (and their friends) of the Whit-

tington Club and Metropolitan Athenæum as about to be held at the London Tavern, with Douglas Jerrold, "President and Founder," in the chair. It was duly announced at about the same time that premises had been taken for the club at 7, Gresham Street, City, "being a part of the ancient Whittington Estate," and were being adapted for their new purposes with the utmost rapidity, and that the subscription was to be one guinea a year for town and half a guinea for country members.

The soirée duly took place on February 17, with Douglas Jerrold presiding, and among those supporting him who had warmly taken up the project were William and Mary Howitt, Charles and Mary Cowden Clarke, R. H. Horne, Charles Knight, George Dawson, the popular lecturer, Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Bowring, Dr. Elliotson, Professor (afterwards Sir Richard) Owen, and many other people of note in their day whose names are now less familiar. Altogether between fourteen and fifteen hundred members and friends were present, and over five hundred had had to be refused tickets. An important feature of the Club was that women and men were to be admitted on an equal footing—one of the many instances in which the projector was, as the saying is, before his time, though it may be said that this novel feature of the Whittington Club was one that was widely welcomed. It was touched upon in the song especially written for, rather than inspired by, the occasion by W. H.

Prideaux, and composed as a quintet by
George J. O. Allman :

Here we meet, a happy band,
Heart with heart, and hand in hand
Children of our Father-land.

Loving all humanity.
From Whittington, of humble fame
We borrow our time-honoured name,
And seek to win, with truthful aim,
As fine an immortality.

Bright day has dawned, and darkness feels
The blinding crush of reason's wheels
And faith with perfect voice appeals

To mind in her ascendancy !
Dear woman, in all hearts enshrined,
The fostering mother of mankind
Here blends her sympathies refined,
And crowns our glad community !

A number of drawings, busts and prints—including a painting by Newenham of Whittington listening to Bow Bells, presented by the President—that had been given to the Club were on view, and a varied musical programme was punctuated with speeches on the Club and its work, by Charles Knight, George Dawson, William Howitt and others. Here it is the Chairman's speech that concerns us, and as an expression of the social faith that was in him, of his ideals and hopes, it may perhaps be permitted to give his address in full :

“ Ladies and Gentlemen,—The post of danger, it has been said, is the post of honour. I was never more alive to the truth of the saying than at the present moment. For whilst, from a consciousness

of inability duly to perform the duty to which you have called me, I feel my danger—I must, nevertheless, acknowledge the honour even of the post itself. But it is the spirit of hope that has called us together on the present most interesting occasion; and in that spirit I will endeavour to perform a task not rendered particularly facile to me by frequent practice. It is my duty, then, as briefly as I may, to dwell upon the purpose that brings us together this evening; and, as simply as lies within my power, to explain the various objects of our young institution—the infant Whittington. And even now it must be considered a most promising child; a child that has already got upon its feet; and though not yet eight months old—not eight months, ladies—is even now insisting upon running alone. But, gentlemen, while you rejoice at the energy of this very forward child, I beseech you to have a proper humility—as becomes our sex in all such cases—and take none of the credit to yourselves. Indeed, no man can have the face to do so, looking at the fair faces before him; for therein he cannot but acknowledge the countenance that has made the institution what it really is. The growing spirit of our day is the associative spirit. Men have gradually recognized the great social truth, vital in the old fable of the bundle of sticks—and have begun to make out of what would otherwise be individual weakness combined strength. And so small sticks binding themselves together obtain at once the strength of clubs. Now, we propose, nay, we have carried out, such a combination; with this happy difference; that whereas such clubs have hitherto been composed of sticks of husbands and single sticks alone—we for the first time intend to grace them with those human flowers that give to human life its best worth and sweetness. I think

I recollect an old copy-book text that says: 'Imitate your betters.' Now, I have a dark suspicion that though the word was in that text of early morality, or copy-book text—the word 'betters' nevertheless signified *richer*. Well, in this by no means obsolete sense we have by the formation of the Whittington Club only imitated our betters. We have paid them the respectful homage of following their example. The gold sticks and silver sticks, and chamberlain's rods, and black rods of high society have bound themselves together for mutual advantage and mutual enjoyment; and why not the humble wands of life? If we have clubs composed, I may say, of canes with gold heads—or, if not always with gold heads, at least with plenty of gold about them—if we have clubs of nobles, wherefore not clubs of clerks? For my own part there are lions and tigers, even in highest heraldry, for which I have, certainly, not more respect than for the cat—the legendary cat—of Richard Whittington. Nevertheless, the proposed institution of our club has, in two or three quarters, been criticized as an impertinence; as almost a revolutionary movement, disrespectful to the vested interests of worshipful society. It has really been inferred that the social advantages contemplated by our institution would be vulgarized by being made cheap. These pensive prophets seem to consider the refinements of life to be like the diamond—rarity making their only worth; and with these people multiply the diamonds ten thousandfold; and for such reason, with them, they would no longer be considered fit even for a gentleman. These folks have only sympathies with the past. They love to contemplate the world with their heads over their shoulders, turned as far backward as anatomy will permit to them that surpassing luxury. Nevertheless,

there is a tenderness at times, in the regret of these folks, for vested interests—a tenderness that makes it touching. Tell them, for instance, that this City of London is about to be veined with the electric telegraph, that wires, vibrating with the pulse of human thought, are about to be made messengers 'twixt man and man—and these people, 'beating their pensive bosoms,' will say, 'Yes, it's all very well—with these whispering wires—this electric telegraph—but if wires are to run upon messages, what, what's to become of the vested interests of the ticket porters?' Why, with these people the rising sun itself should be to them no other than a young, fiery revolutionist—for he comes upon the world, trampling over the vested interests—that is, the darkness—of the last night. However, briefly to scan the various purposes of our institution. We intend to establish two Club houses—two to begin with—whose members may obtain meals and refreshments at the lowest remunerating prices. Well, surely men threaten no danger to the state by dining. On the contrary, the greater danger sometimes is, when men can get no dinner. In the most troublous times, knives are never to be made so harmless as when coupled with forks. Hence, I do not see why the mutton-chop of a duke at the Western Athenæum might not be imagined to hold a very affable colloquy with the chop of a clerk, cooked at the Whittington. We next propose to have a Library and Reading Room. We intend to place the spirits of the wise upon our shelves; and when did evil ever come of wisdom? It is true our books may not be as richly burnished as the books of western clubs—our library may not have the same delicious odour of Russia leather—in a word, our books may not have as good coats to their backs—but it will be our own faults if they have

not the same ennobling spirit in their utterance. It is also proposed to give Lectures in the various branches of Literature, Science and Art. Well, I believe I am not called upon to say anything in defence of this intention. There was a time, indeed, when lectures addressed to the popular mind were condemned as only ministering to popular dissatisfaction. The lecturer was looked upon as a meek Guy Fawkes dressed for an evening party—and his lectures, like *Acre's* letter, were pronounced 'to smell woundily of gunpowder.' This is past, Literature, Science and Art are now open sources: the padlocks are taken from the wells—come and drink.

“Languages, mathematics, music, painting will be taught in classes—in classes that I hope will, like the gourd, come up in their fulness in a night. Occasional entertainments combining the attractions of music and conversation will be given. Such attractions being enhanced by the presence of ladies. And here I approach what I consider to be the most admirable, as it is the most novel, feature of the institution, the admission of females to all its privileges. I think the Whittington Club will enjoy the rare distinction of being the only club in London popular among its fair inhabitants. I know that this rule—the admission of ladies—has been made the subject of somewhat melancholy mirth. The female names already numbered best rebuke the scoffers. For have we not Mary Howitt—a name musical to the world's ear—a name fraught with memories of the gentlest, the tenderest emotions of the human heart, voiced by the sweetest verse? Have we not, too, Mary Cowden Clarke, whose wonderful book, *The Concordance of Shakespeare*, is as a votive lamp lighted at the shrine of the poet—a lamp that will burn as long as Shakespeare's name is worshipped by

the nations. But I feel it would be more than discourtesy to such names further to notice the wit made easy of those who sneer at the principle which admits ladies as members of the Whittington Club. 'To employees and employed alike'—says the Prospectus—'the Whittington Club appeals with confidence for support.' Certainly, to employers the institution offers the exercise of a great social duty—namely, to assist in a work that shall still tend to dignify the employed with a sense of self-respect; at all times the surest guarantee of honest performance 'twixt man and man. Nevertheless, whilst all such aid on the part of the richer members of the community must be cordially acknowledged by the less rich, the institution must depend for a flourishing vitality upon the energy of the employed themselves. Without that, the institution cannot permanently succeed; and further, it will not deserve success. Yes: I am sure you feel this truth: a truth that, it is manifest, has been widely acknowledged, from the fact that, at the present moment, the Whittington Club numbers upwards of a thousand names—and the list is daily, hourly lengthening. May the spirit of Whittington await on the good work. Yet, of Whittington, our patron—as I think we may venture to call him—how little do we truly know, and yet how much in that little! We see him—the child hero of our infancy—on Highgate stone; the orphan buffeted by the cruelty of the world—cruelty that is ever three parts ignorance—homeless, friendless, hopeless. He is, then, in his little self, one of the saddest sights of earth; an orphan, only looked upon by misery. And the legend tells us—and I am sure that there are none of us here who, if we could, would disbelieve it—the legend tells us, that suddenly Bow Bells rang out from London—from London, that

stony-hearted mistress, that with threats and stripes had sent the little wanderer forth. And voices, floating from the far-off steeple—floating over field and meadow—sang to the little outcast boy a song of hope. Childish fancy dreamt the words, but hope supplied the music. ‘Turn again, Whittington, thrice Lord Mayor of London!’ And the little hero rose, and retraced his steps; with new strength, and hope mysterious, in his little breast, returned to the city—drudged and drudged—and we know the golden end. In due time Bow Bells were truest prophets. Such is the legend that delights us in childhood. But as we grow to maturity we see in the story something more than a pretty tale. Yes: we recognize, in the career of Richard Whittington that Saxon energy which has made this City of London what it is; we see and feel in that commercial glory that wins the noblest conquests for the family of man; for the victories are bloodless. And, therefore, am I truly glad that our club carries the name, that when the idea of this institution rose to my mind, rose instantly with it—the name of Whittington. And I cannot think it otherwise than a good omen, that one of our houses already taken—the house in Gresham Street—is a part of the estate of the little Highgate day-dreamer. Yes; we are—so to speak—tenants of Richard Whittington. And, in conclusion, let us hope that as, in the oldest time, voices from Bow steeple called a hopeless wanderer to a long career of usefulness and fame—so may voices, from this present meeting, find their way to the hearts of many thousands of our mercantile and commercial brethren, crying to them, ‘Join us—join us—Whittington.’”

After the successful opening of the Whittington Club, Mary Cowden Clarke records that

she went to West Lodge to present Douglas Jerrold with a cushion for his study armchair—a cushion embroidered with the head of a cat that might have been Dick Whittington's own. Mrs. Clarke adds that "Jerrold turned to his wife, saying, 'My dear, they have brought me your portrait.' And the smile that met his showed how well the woman who had been his partner from youth, comprehended the delicate force of the ironical jest which he could afford to address to her."

The Whittington Club started well, and for a few years enjoyed some prosperity and usefulness. It may be regarded as a social development of the idea which had inspired George Birkbeck when he had founded in 1820 that Mechanics Institute which, as extended and developed into the Birkbeck College, is approaching the completion of its century of activity. Since, in polytechnics and other institutions a similar idea has been widely and fruitfully carried out.

CHAPTER XIV

SPLENDID STROLLING—MRS. GAMP—" THAT
DOUGLADGE "—PARIS IN REVOLUTION

1847—1848

THE appearance of Douglas Jerrold in the chair at the Whittington inaugural soir e was an unusual event. It must have gratified him to see the institution so well started, but it was his study that called him, for ill-health had made breaks in his work; the continuity of *St. Giles and St. James* in his magazine had been broken, though he managed in despite of illness to get through much of his more or less topical work, his comments on matters of the moment either in contributions to *Punch* or in that weekly *Barber's Chair* in his newspaper, in which Nutts the barber and his customers were made to say stinging and pregnant things on social events and current politics. During the winter, too, he had contributed a satiric series of papers to *Punch* presenting—as though from General Tom Thumb, the freak sensation of the hour—the story of the *English in Little*, and early in 1847 he began in the same journal, his pleasant

satire on female education in *Capsicum House for Young Ladies*.¹

We have a further glimpse of the friendly personality of Douglas Jerrold in Dr. Hutchison Stirling's account of his second visit, in April 1847, to West Lodge, when :

“ he was kind enough to drive us (an American with weak eyes had dropped in) up to town. During the ride he was particularly chatty and agreeable. He told us of *Black-Eyed Susan* and Elliston; of his early marriage and difficulties. We had the anecdote of the French surgeon at Boulogne, who insulted his rheumatic agonies with ‘*Ce n'est rien,*’ and got his retort in return. We had erudite discourses on wines, and descriptions of pleasant places to live in. He told us his age. He talked of the clubs. He named his salary from *Punch*. He related the history of that publication, and revealed the authors. He pointed out which articles were his, which Thackeray's and which Tom Taylor's. He spoke of Percival Leigh. We heard of Clarkson Stanfield and Jerrold's own experiences as middy. He chatted of Dickens, Thackeray, Leigh Hunt, Tom Taylor and Albert Smith. Of all he spoke frankly, but discriminatively, and without a trace of malice or ill-nature. In answer to the inquiry, ‘What like was Thackeray?’ he said : ‘He's just a big fellow with a broken nose, and, though I meet him weekly at the *Punch* dinner, I don't know him so well as I know you.’ Dickens he mentioned with the greatest affection; and the articles of Thackeray and Tom Taylor were praised in the most ungrudging fashion. No doubt Jerrold's feelings were quick and his expressions hasty; no

¹ Reprinted in *Douglas Jerrold and “Punch,”* 1910.

doubt he could say bitter things and savage things; but still I believe his nature to have been too loyal to admit either of envy or jealousy.

“And so we came to Trafalgar Square; and there we parted. And I see him now as I saw him then, when he turned his back and climbed the stairs of the Royal Academy.”

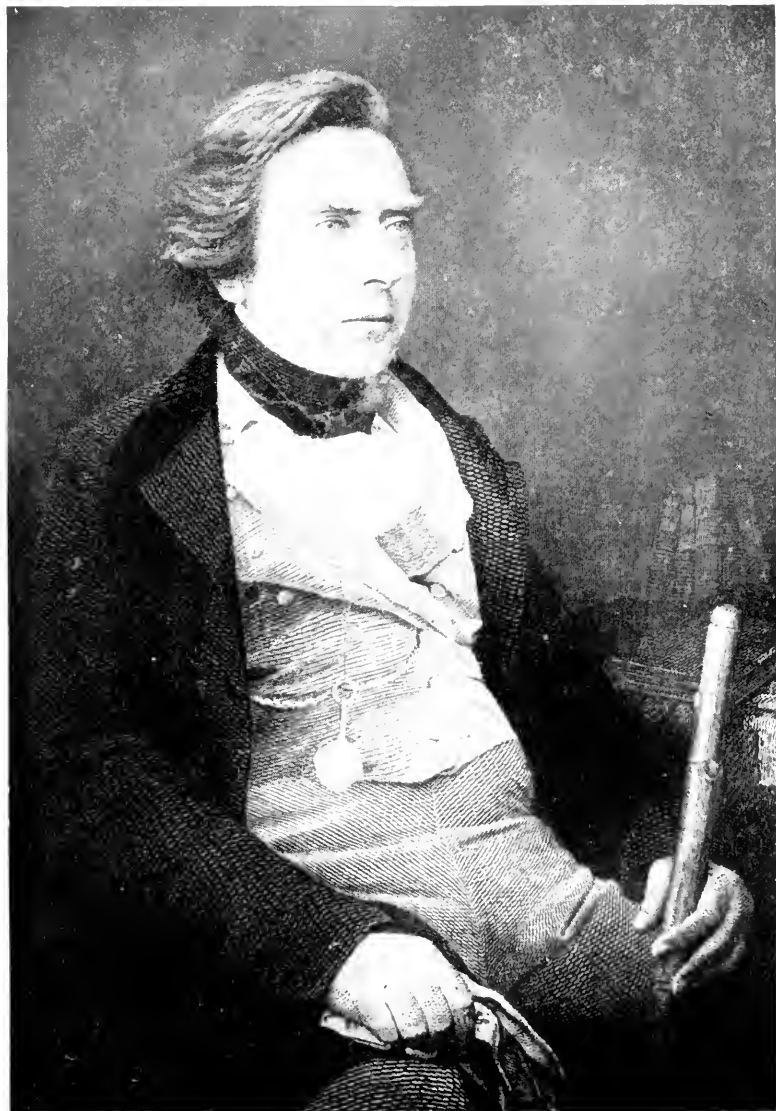
At about this time a tardy act of justice—or the reversal of an act of injustice—was done when the Earl of Dundonald was restored to honours of which, as Lord Cochrane, he had been deprived. In Jerrold the gallant seaman who had been a patron of the Sheerness Theatre had found a strong and convinced advocate, and when the matter was at length settled Dundonald wrote him the following letter :

“8, *Chesterfield Street,*
“*May 10, 1847.*”

“SIR,—Your generous and very powerful advocacy of my claim to the investigation of my case has contributed to promote that act of justice and produced a decision of the Cabinet Council, after due deliberation, to recommend to her Majesty my immediate restoration to the Order of the Bath, in which recommendation her Majesty has been graciously pleased to acquiesce.

“I would personally have waited on you, confidentially to communicate this (not yet promulgated) decree; but as there is so little chance of finding you, and I am pressingly occupied, I shall postpone the pleasure and duty. I am, Sir, your obliged and obedient servant,

“DUNDONALD.”



DOUGLAS JERROLD, 1847

(From an engraving by Prior of a photograph by Beard, published May 1, 1847)

It was to the strawberry season of this year that the following undated fragment of a letter to Charles Dickens probably belongs, for the "play" refers no doubt to the contemplation of an excursion into the north of the Splendid Strollers.

" . . . when, *when* we can count upon a dry afternoon, won't you, and the Hidalgo, and Mac—and the ladies come down here to a cut of country lamb and a game of bowls? Our turf is coming up so velvety, I intend to have a waistcoat sliced from it, trimmed with daisies. . . . We must have another quiet day here between the 17th and play. I find on return, the garden out very nice indeed; and I wish you could only see (and eat) the dish of strawberries just brought in for breakfast by my girl Polly—'all,' as she says, 'big and square as pincushions.' "

In June—within a twelvemonth of the first mootings of the scheme, the Whittington Club was an accomplished fact, and was duly opened to its many members on the 21st of the month. The prompt success of the venture was indeed remarkable. Within one month of the premises being taken—and several months before those premises could be available for club purposes, as many as nine hundred new members had been enrolled. During the week before the premises in Gresham Street were opened a series of inaugural dinners were given, Cowden Clarke taking the chair at the first of them in place of the President absent through indisposition. During the same week a meeting was held at the Crown and Anchor in the

Strand for the purpose of considering the advisability of having additional West End premises, it being announced that nearly seven hundred further members had expressed their readiness to join if such premises could be secured. Again the President was unable to be present, the Secretary (G. W. Yapp) reading the following letter :

*“ West Lodge, Putney Lower Common,
“ June 18 [1847].*

“ DEAR SIR,—It is to me a very great disappointment that I am denied the pleasure of being with you on the interesting occasion of to-day; when the club starts into vigorous existence, entering upon—I hope and believe—a long life of usefulness to present and succeeding generations. I have for some days been labouring with a violent cold, which, at the last hour, leaves me no hope of being with you. This to me is especially discomfoting upon the high occasion the council meet to celebrate; for we should have but very little to boast of by the establishment of the club had we only founded a sort of monster chop-house; no great addition this to London, where chop-houses are certainly not among the rarer monuments of British civilization.

“ We therefore recognize a higher purpose in the Whittington Club; namely, a triumphant refutation of a very old, respectable, but no less foolish fallacy—for folly and respectability are somehow sometimes found together—that female society in such an institution is incompatible with domestic dignity. Hitherto, Englishmen have made their club-houses as Mahomet made his Paradise—a place where women are not admitted on any pretext whatever. Thus considered, the Englishman may be a very good

Christian sort of a person at home, and at the same time little better than a Turk at his club.

“ It is for us, however, to change this. And as we are the first to assert what may be considered a great social principle, so it is most onerous upon us that it should be watched with the most jealous suspicion of whatever might in the most remote degree tend to retard its very fullest success. Again lamenting the cause that denies me the gratification of being with you on so auspicious a day,

“ Believe me, yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Before that gathering an annual meeting of members of the Club—already upwards of two thousand in number—had been held for the election of a Council for the ensuing year, and in *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* “ a word or two of advice ” was tendered to those who were to elect the council. “ It would be quite possible,” it was declared, “ for an executive composed of men incapable of comprehending the large views upon which it is based to destroy its vitality almost at a stroke, and in far less time than it has taken to bring it into its present flourishing condition to scatter its prosperity to the winds.” Then came the words of advice—words which had they been fully interpreted might have saved us much unpleasantness and much bitterness in the achieving of a reform which as some of us believe is now only delayed by the unpleasantness of its fanatical devotees and the bitterness that is thereby engendered :

“Do not forget, young Whittingtons, to give plenty of votes to the ladies. This admission of women to every privilege of the institution, so wisely made a fundamental principle at the very outset, is almost the grandest feature in this society; and it has met with most complete success. We understand that even in dry committees of business the work is far better done—in less time and with much more order and regularity—when ladies attend fully, than at other times. It would therefore be a matter for great regret to find the proportion of ladies on the council in any serious degree diminished; far better were it to increase it much. It would not be too much to expect to see twenty ladies amongst the fifty members, while the lady vice-presidents are far too few. This will, beyond a doubt, right itself in time; but the members must take care in no one point to go back, but to urge forward the full development of all the grand outlines of their noble and energetic association.”

Though the Whittington Club made a brilliant start, and flourished for some years, it scarcely achieved the hopes of its founder. It was perhaps before its time, to use the familiar locution, and if it did not last long itself was yet among the pioneers that opened up new fields of social energy and enlightenment. But though its story as among such pioneers might not be without interest, that story cannot be followed here, where it is but an incident in Jerrold's biography.

In July 1847 Charles Dickens arranged to give, with his company of Splendid Strollers, performances of *Every Man in his Humour* in

Manchester (July 26), and Liverpool (July 28), the proceeds to be for the benefit of that veteran poet, journalist, and man of letters, Leigh Hunt. Jerrold and Dickens were invited while at Manchester to be the guests of Alexander Ireland—later to be known as author of the *Book Lover's Enchiridion*—but the company had agreed to “keep together” and so they could not accept. The story of that splendid strolling is told in Forster's *Life of Charles Dickens*, where we learn that though the takings were £440 at Manchester and £463 at Liverpool—as a Liverpoolian I am glad to know that the latter town proved the more generous!—the net result for the Leigh Hunt fund was but four hundred guineas, and Dickens had hoped for five hundred. To make up the sum he proposed issuing a little brochure giving Mrs. Gamp's account of the expedition into the north, but this scheme fell through, says Forster, owing to the lack of readiness on the part of the artists among the strollers to do the necessary illustrations. Dickens only wrote the introductory portion, in which Mrs. Gamp sees the company at the railway station at setting out, but of that the bit in which she deals with the delinquencies of Jerrold may well find a place here :

“ If you'll believe me, Mrs. Harris, I turns my head, and sees the wery man [Cruikshank] a making pictures of me on his thumb nail, at the winder ! while another of 'em [Leech]—a tall, slim, melancolly gent, with dark hair and a bage vice—looks over his

shoulder, with his head o' one side as if he understood the subject, and coolly says, 'I've draw'd her several times—in *Punch*,' he says too! The owdacious wretch!

" 'Which I never touches, Mr. Wilson,' I remarks out loud—I couldn't have helped it, Mrs. Harris, if you had took my life for it!—' which I never touches, Mr. Wilson, on account of the lemon!'

" 'Hush!' says Mr. Wilson, 'there he is!'

" I only see a fat gentleman with curly black hair and a merry face [Mark Lemon], a standing on the platform rubbing his two hands over one another, as if he was washing of 'em, and shaking his head and shoulders wery much; and I was a wondering wot Mr. Wilson meant, wen he says, 'There's Dougladge, Mrs. Gamp!' he says. 'There's him as wrote the life of Mrs. Caudle!'

" Mrs. Harris, wen I see that little willain bodily before me, it give me such a turn that I was all in a tremble. If I hadn't lost my umbereller in the cab, I must have done him a injury with it! Oh, the bragian little traitor! right among the ladies, Mrs. Harris; looking his wikedest and deceitfullest of eyes while he was a talking to 'em; laughing at his own jokes as loud as you please; holding his hat in one hand to cool hissself, and tossing back his iron grey mop of a head of hair with the other, as if it was so much shavings—there, Mrs. Harris, I see him, getting encouragement from the pretty deloded creturs, which never know'd that sweet saint, Mrs. C., as I did and being treated with as much confidence as if he'd never wiolated none of the domestic ties, and never showed up nothing! Oh, the aggrawation of that Dougladge! Mrs. Harris, if I hadn't apologiged to Mr. Wilson, and put a little bottle to my lips which was in my pocket for the journey, and which it is very rare indeed I

have about me, I could not have abared the sight of him—there, Mrs. Harris ! I could not !—I must have tore him, or have give way and fainted.”

One pleasantry from among the many lively things that were, we may be sure, said by the lively company, has been recorded, having been recalled by the victim, Frank Stone. On the journey to Manchester that artist had replaced his chimney-pot hat by a travelling cap, and on arrival at the station was again about to change when turning to Jerrold he said, “Look here, my hat is half full of rubbish.” “Never mind, my dear fellow, it is used to that,” was the reply.

The brief “strolling” at an end the party returned to London, whence Jerrold and his family set out for the Channel Islands for a short holiday. Sending a proof of an article for the September number of the magazine to Chorley he wrote :

“I am off on Saturday. Shall you be near the Museum Club any time from six to nine on Thursday ? I shall be there. I send you cheque, with best wishes for all comfort in your approaching holiday. I go to solitude in Sark, ‘far amid the melancholy main.’ Such a place for a man to lie upon his back and hear ‘the waves moan for sleep that never comes.’”

It is from Sark that the next short note to Forster is addressed on August 9 :

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—I tried hard to call upon you ere I left London ; not that I had aught to say, save ‘Good-bye.’ I am here in this most wild, most

solitary and most beautiful place. No dress—no fashion—no ‘respectability’—nothing *but* beauty and grandeur; with the sea rolling, and roaring at times, ’twixt me and Fleet Street, as though I should never walk there again.

“ I received a letter from Hunt : should you meet on Saturday—indeed, I will make it a case that you do ; and about six will—here in Sark—take wine with both of you. Tell him this and believe me,

“ Yours ever,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“ How capitally we railed it up to town.”

It is, perhaps, to this visit to the Channel Islands, that a humorous sketch which I have belongs. The sketch, evidently done by a friend for Polly Jerrold, represents what Hood termed pain in a pleasure boat. Douglas Jerrold is standing at the tiller, saying “ Ease her head ! we shall reach directly, girls,” with four ladies—his wife and Polly among them—in different stages of oceanic unhappiness and making various painful exclamations. It was, I think, on this stay that Jane (Mrs. Henry Mayhew) was also with her parents, and was so ill that, as her father afterwards declared, she had made “ a runaway knock at Death’s door ! ”

Back again at home and at work, Jerrold found that his public appearances at Birmingham and Manchester and in connection with the Whittington Club led to fresh demands upon his energies in a field for which he felt himself unfitted, that of speaker from public

platforms. He knew that with him the pen was mightier than the tongue in stating the case in which he believed for the widening of education, of social opportunity, and of political influence, and realized that the hours spent on a public platform represented far more than was apparent in loss of working time. To an invitation from Burslem he replied :

*“ West Lodge, Putney, Surrey,
“ September 24 [1847].*

“ SIR,—Most cheerfully would I comply with the wish of the Committee of the Burslem Mechanics’ Institution—a wish that conveys an honour—to be present at the celebration of their Anniversary Soirée in November; but I can scarcely hope for that satisfaction. I am so much occupied, so much pre-engaged, that even two days’ absence from London at the period named would conflict with the performance of prior duties. On any future occasion I shall be happy to respond to the wishes of the Committee of the Institution; in November next, I fear I cannot enjoy the gratification.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

It was presumably to some similar invitation sent through a friend that he replied with the following :

“ MY DEAR TOMLINS,—I would most willingly accede to your wish—and should feel honoured by the position which it assigns me, but I cannot, and must not, give the time. You know these matters do not merely employ the evening: they unfit for

the next day; and to fulfil the engagements I have in hand I have not a day 'tween this and Xmas. I hope you are well and prospering.

“ Yours ever truly,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

That friend was Frederick Guest Tomlins, who was sub-editor of Jerrold's newspaper, and a notable figure among the minor writers of the time—journalist, dramatic and art critic, and historian, he was also clerk to a City company—the Painter Stainers—for the last three years of his life, and had earlier been a publisher and a dealer in second-hand books. His bookseller's shop was at the corner of Great Russell Street and Caroline Street. His godson (Mr. Philip F. Allen) tells me that his instincts as collector were greater than as dealer, and that on one occasion a “gentleman came in and wanted to buy a certain book. Tomlins held the volume lovingly, paused a moment and then declined to sell it. The would-be customer protested and insisted on a price being named. Tomlins told him to go to the devil—and the man shot out of the shop.”

The year 1847 saw a fresh attack on *Punch* and its writers in the form of a sixpenny booklet entitled *Anti-Punch ; or the Toy Shop in Fleet Street*, in the course of which Jerrold, as “Diddleus Jackal,” and his colleagues were treated to somewhat heavy fun, in the form of parody and otherwise. Thackeray was ridiculed as “Correggio Rafaello Snob Swamper,

the most audacious biped (Benjamin Sidonia and Diddleus Jackal always excepted) in the British empire"; the *Caudle Lectures* were made fun of and any number of feeble jokes cracked in pretended imitation of *Punch*. The booklet is only worthy of notice in that it seems not before to have found mention in connection with the history of *Punch*. In the autumn of this year, too, *Punch* found a feeble outside defender in the person of J. R. Adam, "the Cremorne Poet," who published in pamphlet form "*A Word with Bunn*, after Burns's *Address to the Deil*," which has hitherto remained unnoticed by those who have dealt with Bunn's *A Word with Punch*. A couple of stanzas may illustrate its quality :

"No doubt you think a *glorious hit*
 You've made against him, eramm'd with wit,
 And all *your own*, too—that's the bit—
 Yours every word!
 'Gainst *three* your genius bright to fit
 You ne'er demurr'd.

"The 'Douglas,' as the trio's chief
 You've there brought forth in *high relief*—
Relieved of all of man, in brief,
 Except the head—
 But in that lies, you'll find with grief,
 Enough to dread."

Before the close of 1847 both the newspaper and the magazine were beginning to flag; the former appears to have suffered from the cessation of the weekly gossip around the *Barber's*

Chair which the editor brought to a close in March with the twentieth number, and the latter had suffered also from the breaks in the publishing of Jerrold's serial, which concluded in the number for May—its serial appearance, with gaps, having spread over nearly two years, nor was the story which followed—*The Dreamer and the Worker*, by R. H. Horne, of a circulation-raising kind. Blanchard Jerrold has said that both periodicals suffered from their editor's too-easy acquiescence in the acceptance of contributions from friends whose work was not always suited, from his being too ready to allow his pages to be overcrowded with heavy matter. Truth to tell, he does not appear to have been suited to the task of editing in the full sense that meant exercising control over all parts of a paper or magazine. It was easier for him to say yes than no, even when policy dictated the negative. There was about his genius a quick impulsiveness that fired him to instant self-expression but which made him flag when the end was not attained at once. He tired of the routine work of editorship, and probably suffered, too, from the anxiety as to the great difference for him that lay between complete success and any degree of failure. In the newspaper he began at the end of November a fresh series of the *Barber's Chair* with all the old satire and sparkle, and set out on the writing of a fresh serial story for the magazine, as is hinted in the following note :

“December 6 [1847].

“MY DEAR CHORLEY,—I apprehend there can be no objection to your reprinting *Paul Bell*.¹

“Touching the ‘Education Papers’ I would rather defer them. I fear we have been a little *too* didactic, and must amend the fault. Give me—if you can—two or three papers; rather than one *long* one. For this reason. I begin a story—unwillingly enough. But when a man’s name is over the door, people expect to have him now and then serving in the bar.—Well, with a long continuous tale, I want short papers to make a variety. My printer gives me henceforth the 20th of the month as the last day. May I look for something?

“Yours truly,

“D. JERROLD.”

The revived “Barber’s Chair” was prefaced by a letter from Oliver Cromwell Nutts, the barber himself, explaining that the reason for his silence of some months was that he had come into a little money, had travelled abroad, and having left the Seven Dials was opening “another shop, in what Mrs. Nutts calls ‘something like a respectable situation.’” He had wanted to open the shop at once, but Mrs. Nutts declared that it would be disrespectful to do so before Parliament was sitting.

“Well, sir, whether it was virtue or weakness—for sometimes they’re so much alike, that for all the world, as with mushrooms and toadstools, there’s no knowing

¹ A series of articles by H. C. Chorley which had appeared with that signature in the magazine.

the difference—I declared I would not touch chin with razor till all the Commons had been lathered with the royal speech, and Lord John begun in good earnest to take the state of the country by the nose. . . . This meeting of Parliament is, I understand (with what old Slowgoe calls the Insanitary Measure)—to be known as the Session of Soap. I've a cake of my own, between ourselves, which I intend to patent—with good Lord Morpeth's head upon it on one side like a medal; and on the other this motto—'*A Government with clean hands makes a clean and happy people.*' My wife, with an eye to the consequence of her own sex, wanted—'*Britannia rules the suds!*' But mine is the larger sentiment; for doesn't the political swallow the domestic?"

As motto to his letter Nutts put "Like to a *Censor* in a barber's chair" and then added by way of postscript to his letter:

"The motto—Mr. John Payne Collier tells me—is not quite right. The word ought to be '*censer*,' which means, he says, a basin. But sir, when you want a word to suit your purpose, what signifies an *o* for an *e*? Besides *censer* and *ensor* are often so much alike, one being no deeper than the other."

In the issue of the newspaper dated Christmas Day it was announced that the January number of the magazine would contain the first part of a new story by the editor, to be called *Twiddlethumb Town*¹—in which story, the speculations, sayings and doings of the Twiddlethumbings—their social and political condition

¹ *Tales by Douglas Jerrold, Now First Collected, 1891.*

—their customs and manners—will be related with, it is hoped, a fidelity and gravity becoming the historian of a people hitherto singularly neglected by all chroniclers.” The first of the promised twelve instalments of the quaintly named story duly appeared in the opening number of the magazine for 1848. And the story itself must have struck many readers by its quaintness, by the way in which in presenting an account of a town and its inhabitants far removed from the “vulgar cities of the hard real world—a world easily laid down upon a map, or pelleted into a painted globe,” the writer could indulge at once his poetic fancy and his keen satire. How the story—if story it is to be termed—would have developed it is impossible to say, for its delicious inconsequence, its satiric fancifulness, broke off abruptly after but half-a-dozen instalments, which, however, have much of the beauty and charm of the *Chronicles of Clovernook*; it would seem that in such imaginative fanciful musings and descriptions, shot through with meaning, Douglas Jerrold found one of the readiest methods of self-expression. And though it was not by such of his writings that popularity was won, it is by such that he is likely best to be recalled by those who delight in the niceties of literary expression.

In January George Cruikshank was to have paid a visit to West Lodge, but sent instead the following note—with his elaborately self-conscious signature :

“ Amwell St., January 8, 1848.

“ MY DEAR JERROLD,—My ‘better half,’ whom you will recollect I told you was very ill—is now so much better that she has expressed a wish to pay a visit to a friend who lives a short distance from town to-morrow. The chronicler of the ‘Caudles’ will know that a wish under these circumstances amounts to a command which I am bound to obey. I must therefore postpone the pleasure of my visit to Barnes Common to some other opportunity and remain,

“ Yours truly,

“ GEO. CRUIKSHANK.”

In the spring of this year of political unrest all over Europe occurred the revolution in Paris which brought to a close the reign of the Citizen King, Louis Philippe, and it was suggested to Jerrold that his going to Paris as his own special correspondent would give a fillip to the newspaper which it was showing signs of needing. He was not at all fitted by taste and temperament for the task; he “the most helpless of men,” according to his son—one who “never brushed his hat, never opened a drawer to find a collar, never knew where he had put his stick”—was scarcely suited for the rough and tumble of the life of a special correspondent in time of revolution. Reluctantly, it may well be believed, he was persuaded to set out for the French capital with George Hodder as secretary to help him in collecting the materials for his articles. It was in early March that they started, and Douglas Jerrold

reported their safe arrival in the French capital in the following letter to his wife :

“ *Hôtel d’Holland, Rue de la Paix [Paris],*
“ *March 9 [1848], Monday.*

“ MY DEAR MARY,—We arrived here last night—and have found comfortable quarters. Paris is perfectly quiet. Excepting a few stones up in the street there is no outward sign of a revolution. I shall not be away *more* than a fortnight; but *keep this to yourself*. There will be nothing here but what I might do as well at home, until the time of the elections, the middle of next month—and then—or a little after then—I will not answer for anything. And then I should not care about being in Paris.

“ The house is comfortable enough for France. It has all the privacy of a lodging; meals and so forth sent up into the rooms.

“ Hodder is already a little tedious—but I shall be as much to myself as possible. I have got no French paper—so write thus to save postage.¹ Love to Polly, and all. I will write again in a day or two.

“ God bless you,

“ Your affectionate husband,

“ D. JERROLD.”

If Hodder was found “ a little tedious ” on the second day, it did not promise well for the fortnight’s companionship, and indeed, as has been said, the work which Jerrold had undertaken was not of the kind for which he was suited; he was the square peg in the round hole, and evidently quite conscious of the fact that he did not fit. He took letters of

¹ On a half sheet of paper.

introduction to Lamartine, Ledru Rollin and other leaders, but did not present them, though Hodder "frequently reminded him" that they had not been delivered. He felt wholly unequal to the task which had been thrust upon him; as Hodder put it: "The work he had embarked in was totally unsuited to him, and it was really grievous to notice the expression of his countenance, as, morning after morning, the post brought him a letter from his *locum tenens* in London, Mr. Frederick Guest Tomlins, complaining of his shortcomings and urging him to return, or to act in a manner more worthy of his ambition and of the known reputation he bore." Another glimpse of the unhappy correspondent may be given in Hodder's words:

"I observed that his mornings were often disturbed by visits from John Poole, the author of *Paul Pry*, who had for many years been living in Paris; and though Jerrold never distinctly told me the object of his seeking him, it was evident from the manner of the latter, and from a few broken sentences he muttered, that there was some cause for coldness between them. 'Poor Poole!' he exclaimed one day, after receiving a visit from him; 'he has not made the best of his chances in life.' At another time he observed that Poole was never heard to say a good thing; but that if an idea struck him he would 'book it for his next magazine article.' Amongst others who sought Jerrold's acquaintance in Paris was the Rev. Francis Mahony ('Father Prout'), and I had the gratification of meeting the two men at a little dinner party at the residence of Mr. Thomas

Frazer, the correspondent of the *Morning Chronicle*, on the Boulevard des Capucines. Even on that occasion it was noticeable that Jerrold was ill at ease, and was not much disposed to talk upon the subject which at that period naturally absorbed the attention of the community. Indeed, he constantly reflected, both in society and when alone, that his visit to Paris had involved a loss of time and money, and that on his return home, he should not receive that hearty welcome from his fellow-workers on the newspaper which his public position would otherwise have led him to expect. When the morning came for his departure—about a fortnight after his arrival—he openly acknowledged that his mission to Paris had been a failure; and as he was arranging his portmanteau he took therefrom a small packet, and throwing it into the fire, said, ‘There are my letters of introduction!’”

Hodder, who stayed on in Paris, seeking to pick up information which he could utilize in letters to the London press, has recorded some of his impressions of Jerrold’s talk at the time which help us to realize his character :

“Jerrold never shone to better advantage than when he was talking worldly wisdom to those who were glad to profit by what he taught them. Indeed, as a rule, he was an acceptable monitor, and did not give his advice in a patronizing or dictatorial spirit, but seemed to make himself tolerably sure that his words would at least be cheerfully received, if not, perhaps, fully acted upon. It was during our stay in Paris that he said some of those ‘good things’ which have since bestrewn the paths of literature, and as they have now become the common property

of the reading and talking world, I shall avoid the risk of repetition by quoting only one or two of his bits of wisdom, which might, not inaptly, come under the category of 'advice to young men.' Talking of marriage he said he would never advise a man to choose a wife on account of her intellect any more than for the sake of her money. 'As to myself,' he added, 'since I have been married I have never known what it is to turn down my own socks.' Speaking of young authors allowing their names to appear among the contributors to various publications at one and the same time, instead of concentrating their energies upon some work of an enduring character, he said, 'Don't scatter your small shot.' In allusion to the vice of getting into debt, he remarked that a man must be forgiven for providing meat and bread upon credit, 'but he has no right to do this sort of thing in the same way' (pointing to a bottle of wine before him). On my telling him that I had just attempted a little story in verse, and that I should be glad if he could recommend it for publication, he said, 'Why not *walk*, and tell the same thing in prose?' He once told me a little story, which, as it seems to have escaped the notice of those who have written about him, although it may possibly be known in some shape, I shall introduce here, especially as Jerrold used to say the incident came within his own experience. A passenger, well-to-do in the world, had fallen overboard at sea, and his life was saved by an Irish sailor who jumped in after him. As a reward for the trifling service which his preserver had rendered him, the generous passenger presented him with sixpence! Whereupon the sailor, looking him full in the face, and scanning him from head to foot with a smile of supreme contempt, exclaimed, in a rich Hibernian brogue, 'Be Jabers, it's enough!'"

The excursion to Paris had been a failure, and the editor's temperament was not of a kind to make him continue much interest in a failing venture; if the paper was failing it must fail—he had not the business energy necessary to convert an instant success into a permanent one, and thus when from a variety of circumstances *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper* began flagging, his interest in it also flagged; it passed into other hands, became amalgamated with another periodical, and in that form came to an end at the close of 1849. Jerrold was relieved of anxious work which at first bade fair to leave him master of a piece of property of lasting value—instead of which it left him responsible for a heavy debt, a debt which was only discharged at his death by an insurance policy, duly set aside for the purpose, which then fell due. The paper which had started so well, had indeed rapidly taken the place of a paying property, did not last for two years, and the *Shilling Magazine* came to an abrupt conclusion a little later, having continued for but three and a half years. It is given to few men to be at once gifted writers and good practical editors, and Douglas Jerrold was not of the number. He was too much inclined to dissipate his talents in the very way he deprecated a young writer's doing. Had the energies which were spread over the magazine, *Punch* and the newspaper been concentrated on the last named, had the editor been enabled to use that only as the medium for expressing his

strong views in his own peculiar fashion, it might well have become the permanently valuable property he had hoped.

If there was something of sadness in the failure of both of these projects, the success of which would have meant so much, it may well be that the mercurial editor of them had so far lost heart when they began to droop that it was a relief to be free of them altogether, a pleasure to turn to something newly hopeful. The work which he turned to was that of a long novel to be issued in parts—a step perhaps more or less inevitable seeing the great success which attended several writers whose stories were being issued in that form since Dickens's *Pickwick* had established the fashion. Dickens had been producing his novels in parts for ten years; Thackeray, already the author of such brilliant work as *Barry Lyndon*, had achieved delayed popularity with *Vanity Fair*, issued in separate instalments, and the proposal was made to Douglas Jerrold that he should follow on the same lines. Free of paper and magazine, and with no serial work in *Punch*, he set to work on a novel, *The Man Made of Money*, and the first of its six parts was published in the early autumn.

The venture was successful, but not in anything like the same degree as were the serials of Dickens and Thackeray, for Jerrold's gifts were not such as to make this form of publication suitable to their presentation. Though he is remembered mainly as a wit and a humorist,

he was a man of deep and serious feeling who but rarely—as in the *Caudle Lectures*—allowed his humour to travel far over the page without seeking to make it carry its share of purpose. The public at large prefer the purpose of a work of fiction to be diffused over it as a whole, that it may even be ignored by the searcher after mere entertainment, and Jerrold's work suffered thus in the general regard from having its purpose pointedly accentuated on well-nigh every page. If, however, *The Man Made of Money* did not rival the triumphs of Dickens and Thackeray in popular regard—its supernatural machinery was no doubt a severe handicap—it was yet far short of being a failure, and was hailed as being its author's best work.

One contemporary critic who recognized the essential seriousness of Douglas Jerrold's nature wrote :

“ Like all earnest persons, Mr. Jerrold has certain points of peculiarly strong feeling, certain favourite contemplations, in which his mind, if left to itself, will always necessarily settle. Let us note one or two of these ingredients, if we may call them such, of Mr. Jerrold's severer nature.

“ And first, in that oldest and most general of human contemplations, the transitoriness of life, and the littleness of all we see, we find him specially at home. That truly we live in a vain show, that our days are numbered, that round our world there lies an unknown Infinite, is a thought most familiar to him. Nor is this so slight a thing to be said of a writer. This

familiarity with the idea of mortality, this sense of the supernatural, is the basis of all genuine feeling; and different minds have it in very different degrees. In Mr. Jerrold it is developed to an unusual extent; and in this one respect, at least, he is superior to Mr. Thackeray, who, though he too, of course, knows that the world is a Vanity Fair, seems yet somehow rather to have intellectually ascertained the fact, than to believe it."

Referring to this novel, the late George Augustus Sala said that "Douglas Jerrold, as a letter-writer, wrote a bold, decisive hand; but his 'copy' was in almost microscopically small characters. I have seen the bound manuscript of his strange novel *A Man Made of Money*; and I doubt whether even a reader with powerful eyes could decipher that MS. without the aid of a magnifying glass." Jerrold certainly did *not* write a "bold decisive hand as a letter-writer." It may, however, be noted that his writing generally was much smaller in his later years than it had been, judging by those of his earlier letters that have been preserved; it was said that his "copy" occupied no more space than it would when set in type.

Though there was no serial from Jerrold's pen appearing this year in *Punch* he was continuing week by week his many contributions as one of the principal writers, and on occasion of holidays or ill-health was at times left with the task of producing the paper, as is suggested by the following note :

“Friday [August 25, 1848], ‘Punch’ Office.

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—I am compelled to go and see Leech to-morrow on plate affairs, hence cannot, I am sorry to say it (really sorry), be with you and Hunt.

“Lemon has been at death’s door—but has kept on the outside.

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

Another note which is undated has been allotted to this year, though it may belong to the previous one—when he was certainly in the Channel Islands :

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—Do you know Gurney—him of the shorthand? If so, will you give *me* a line of introduction for a deserving intelligent young man who has made himself an accomplished phonographist : he is a younger brother of Wigan’s (have you, by the way, seen *his* Mons. Jaques?). I have been for some days at Guernsey—returning yesterday. I will drop in upon the chance of seeing you this week—perhaps Thursday afternoon.

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

Towards the close of this year Mary Cowden Clarke published her pocket volume of *Shakespeare Proverbs ; or, The Wisest Saws of Our Wisest Poet collected into a Modern Instance*, with a dedication which ran : “To Douglas Jerrold, the first wit of the present age, these Proverbs of Shakespeare, the first wit of any age, are inscribed by Mary Cowden Clarke, of a

certain age, and no wit at all." A copy of the work duly reached West Lodge, and the dedicatee acknowledging the gift said :

“ *West Lodge, Putney, December 31 [1848].*

“ MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—You must imagine that all this time I have been endeavouring to regain my breath, taken away by your too-partial dedication. To find my name on such a page, and in such company, I feel like a sacrilegious knave who has broken into a church and is making off with the Communion plate. One thing is plain, Shakespeare *had* great obligations, but this last inconsiderate act has certainly cancelled them all. I feel that I ought never to speak or write again, but go down to the grave with my thumb in my mouth. It is the *only* chance I have of not betraying my pauper-like unworthiness to the association with which you have—to the utter wreck of your discretion—astounded me.

“ The old year is dying, with the dying fire whereat this is penned. That, however, you may have many, many happy years (though they can only add to the remorse for what you have done) is the sincere wish of yours truly (if you will not show the word to Clarke, I will say affectionately),

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

CHAPTER XV

“ THE WITTIEST MAN IN LONDON ”—A ROLLING STONE—TRIP TO IRELAND—DIFFERENCE WITH DICKENS—PUBLIC HANGING—THE MUSEUM CLUB

1849

A CRITICAL estimate of Douglas Jerrold which was written in 1849 summed him up in a passage that may well be quoted here as indicative of the position to which he had then attained :

“ Were any person tolerably familiar with the great metropolis asked who is the wittiest man in it, he would infallibly answer, ‘ Douglas Jerrold.’ There may be men reputed his equals or superiors in general conversation; but in that one quality called wit, in the power of sharp and instant repartee, and, above all, in the knack of demolishing an opponent by some resistless pun upon his meaning, Douglas Jerrold is, among London literary men, unrivalled. On paper there are some who may come near him; but in witty talk among his friends he is *facile princeps*. His eager vehement face, as he presides at a wit-combat anywhere within a four miles’ circuit of Temple Bar, is a sight worth seeing. If he is telling a story, all present are attentive; if he and some luckless antagonist become hooked in

a two-handed encounter, the rest pleasantly look on, expecting the result; or, if somebody else is speaking, he will sit apart, quietly and even sympathetically listen, but in the end detect his opening, and ruin all with his pitiless flash. No second part would he have played in the famous wit-combats of the Mermaid Tavern in Friday Street, where, more than two hundred years ago, Rocky Ben and his companions used to drink their canary; and, had he sat beside poor Goldy at the meetings of the Literary Club of last century, ponderous Samuel himself, we are inclined to think, would have kept an uneasy eye upon that end of the table. It is thus that Douglas Jerrold is known in literary circles of London."

In the regard of those who knew him personally, the same writer went on to say, his conversational wit was such that they looked too much in his writings for the same qualities of wit and did not sufficiently recognize the underlying earnestness, while in the eyes of the public the fact that it was his most broadly humorous work which had achieved the widest popularity made the general reader also inclined to overlook his essential seriousness, while those who mainly knew him as an incisive writer on the radical side looked somewhat askance at such of his work as did not bear directly on social and political questions.

Though the promised new play for Benjamin Webster was apparently not yet finished—another year was to pass before it made its stage appearance—there were some revivals

of Jerrold's earlier theatre triumphs during the first part of this year. In 1848-9 a series of dramatic entertainments were given at Windsor Castle by command of the Queen, and on January 25, 1849, the principal piece chosen—performed by the Haymarket Company—was *The Housekeeper*, when the Court audience included besides Queen Victoria and Prince Albert, the child Prince of Wales, the Princess Royal and the Duchess of Kent. A week later, the pretty comedy was revived at the Haymarket, and a few weeks later it was followed on the same stage by a revival of the same author's *Rent Day*.

Some time in this year Douglas Jerrold's eldest son, William Blanchard Jerrold, married Lavinia, the daughter of Laman Blanchard, whose death a few years earlier had been a severe blow to his old friend. Blanchard had left a young family, the care of which seems to have exercised his friends, for the following letter to John Forster concerns one of them :

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—Walter Blanchard has been very ill—so ill that he has been absent from business for the past seven weeks : during which time—upon my introduction—he has been attended in the kindest manner by Erasmus Wilson. His opinion is this ; that no good can be effected upon the lad unless he leaves for a total change of air. As one of the ignorant laity, he appears to me to be in a very precarious condition. Now comes the question—(a question *I* should not put had not calls of late come on me ‘fast and furious’)—do any means

remain to provide the wherewithal for a temporary removal? Walter could visit his uncle for the time at Belfast—and, as I believe, Wilson recommends the voyage. Somehow the lad must be removed—there will, I doubt not, be a lingering illness, with *finis*. There appears to me consumption, but his father had its signs at his age.

“ Ever truly yours,

“ D. JERROLD.

“ Mr. Hunt has been applied to, and has referred to you. *Hinc hæc epistolæ.*”

That there were many calls on Douglas Jerrold, as he says in this letter, there can be little doubt, and the time of which we are treating is one when the recent failure of his bold experiment in seeking to build up a newspaper property had left him seriously embarrassed. A letter from his brother Henry which has been lent me seems to reflect upon his willingness to give him assistance, but that brother had been helped again and again both by Douglas and by his sisters, and always turned up after a while imperturbably asking for “more.” Having at one time sought—and failed to find—his fortunes in Australia, news was sent home to his sister Elizabeth that he had died, and that money was required to pay the consequent expenses of the funeral. The money was sent out; time passed—and Henry Jerrold duly turned up at his sister’s home in Liverpool, to be met with the exclamation, “Henry! but you are dead!” “Yes, I am Lazarus, returned from the dead,” he

coolly replied. That same sister, by the way, I have been told, declared that Henry was no less gifted than Douglas, but lacked the power of making use of his gifts. The "begging letter" of his which has been put before me bears no name or address, but does, between the lines, afford evidence that his family had tired of coming to his assistance :

" Brompton,
" March 23, 1849.

" SIR,—As I cannot pass your female Cerberus so that I could say a few words to you *in propriae pers.*, permit me *thus* to solieit your kind courtesy and generous sympathy. Sir,—I have long since quitted the stage; ever since my brother-in-law Hammond relinquished the York Circuit, and have since been dependent upon the printing business, either as reporter or compositor—my original profession with old Oxberry; but of late I have been most peculiarly unfortunate, for *I have been without a situation nearly two years!*—during which period I have traversed the whole of the United Kingdom. The consequence has been that I have parted with every article of disposable property that would yield us a shilling. I say *us*, for I have a wife,¹ who, like myself, is exceedingly ill and almost maddened with excessive travel and privation. I have not at this moment the means of procuring a breakfast, and have walked upwards of four miles in the piercing cold—half clothed, for I have sold my wrapper [written over great coat]. However humiliating such an appeal as this, I have at present, unfortunately, no other alternative. It is a shame that it should be so, for

¹ Mrs. Henry Jerrold died at the age of forty-five, at Durham, at the end of 1850.

my brother Douglas assuredly possesses the power to serve me, but wants the heart. Mary told me that, as usual, he was, like Sheridan, still embarrassed. With his income, more shame for him. As for me, I never wish to see him more—he is most heartless to me, for he could well spare me a few pounds and procure me some employment if he chose to do so.

After the news of Hammond's death, I went to see my sister in Liverpool, and, not succeeding in getting employment there, I crossed the Channel and tried Clonmel, thinking that during the commission I might earn a few pounds as a reporter, but I was too late, and, buoyed up by Hope—which is like a cork jacket to a drowning wretch, journeyed onwards 1500 miles through Ireland, till my ill fortune, like an *ignis fatuus*, has left me in her degrading slough. Allow me, Sir, I most earnestly beseech you, the loan of a few shillings, as many as you can spare—to relieve us from our present wretched necessities and you shall find, believe me, that ingratitude forms no part of the composition of, Sir,

“ Yours ever truly,

“ HENRY JERROLD.

“ I rely on the goodness of your nature.

“ (Endorsed—

“ I will call again in half-an-hour for your kind reply,

“ HENRY JERROLD.”

It is not possible to find to whom it was this appeal was addressed, nor to follow the fortunes of Henry Jerrold, for beyond certain family stories of his cheerful irresponsibility, his light-hearted acceptance of help, and one

or two references to his appearance on the stage in minor parts, I find nothing about him.

Early in May 1849 Charles Dickens gave a dinner to celebrate the commencement of the publication of *David Copperfield*—a dinner of which, seeing the company that was present, it would be interesting to have had some fuller record than that given by Forster, for those present included Carlyle and Mrs. Carlyle, Thackeray, Samuel Rogers, Mrs. Gaskell, Douglas Jerrold and Hablot K. Browne. Forster recalled but little of the dinner except that Carlyle sat next to a classical gentleman with whose sentiments he had but little sympathy and whose questions to him were becoming tiresome when Thackeray broke in with a whimsical story and eased the strain.

This spring seems to have brought Jerrold another sharp attack of the old eye trouble, as we learn from the following letter to Charles Cowden Clarke. The shooting at the Queen had taken place on May 19.

“*Friday, Putney.*

“MY DEAR CLARKE,—I have but a blind excuse to offer for my long silence to your last : but the miserable truth is, I have been in darkness with acute inflammation of the eye ; something like toothache in the eye—and very fit to test a man’s philosophy ; when he can neither read nor write and has no other consolation save first to discover his own virtues, and when caught to contemplate them. I assure you it’s devilish difficult to put one’s hand upon one’s

virtue in a dark room. As well try to catch fleas in 'the blanket o' the dark.' By this, however, you will perceive that I have returned to paper and ink. The doctor tells me that the inflammation fell upon me from an atmospheric blight, rife in these parts three weeks ago. I think I caught it at Hyde Park Corner, where for three minutes I paused to see the Queen pass after being fired at. She looked very well, and—as is not always the case with women—none the worse for powder. To be sure, considering they give princesses a salvo of artillery with their first pap—they ought to stand saltpetre better than folks who come into the world without any charge to the State—without blank charge.

Your friend of the beard is, I think, quite right. When God made Adam he did *not* present him with a razor, but a wife. 'Tis the damned old clothes men who have brought discredit upon a noble appendage of man. Thank God we've revenge for this. They'll make some of 'em members of Parliament.

I purpose to break in upon you some early Sunday, to kiss the hands of your wife, and to tell you delightful stories of the deaths of kings. How nobly Mazzini is behaving! And what a cold, calico cur is John Bull, as—I fear—too truly rendered by *The Times*. The French are in a nice mess. Heaven in its infinite mercy confound them!

“Truly yours,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Work on the delayed comedy of the *Catspaw* was apparently returned to and may be referred to in the following whimsical note to Miss Sabilla Novello, who had evidently sent Jerrold the gift of a knitted purse :

“ Putney Green,

“ June 9.

“ DEAR MISS NOVELLO,—I thank you very sincerely for your present, though I cannot but fear its fatal effect upon my limited fortunes, for it is so very handsome that whenever I produce it I feel that I have thousands a year, and, as in duty bound, am inclined to pay accordingly. I shall go about, to the astonishment of all *omnibii* men, insisting upon paying sovereigns for sixpences. Happily, however, this amiable insanity will cure itself (or I may always bear my wife with me as a keeper).

About this comedy. I am writing it under the most significant warnings. As the Eastern King—name unknown, to me at least—kept a crier to warn him that he was but a mortal and must die, and so to behave himself as decently as it is possible for any poor King to do, so do I keep a flock of eloquent geese that continually, within earshot, cackle of the British public. Hence, I trust to defeat the birds of the Haymarket by the birds of Putney.

“ But in this comedy I *do* contemplate *such* a heroine, as a set-off to the many sins imputed to me as committed against woman, whom I have always considered to be an admirable idea imperfectly worked out. Poor soul! she can't help that. Well, this heroine shall be woven of moonbeams—a perfect angel, with one wing cut to keep her among us. She shall be all devotion. She shall hand over her lover (never mind *his* heart, poor wretch!) to her grandmother, who she suspects is very fond of him, and then, disguising herself as a youth, she shall enter the British navy, and return in six years, say, with epaulets on her shoulders, and her name in the Navy List, rated Post-Captain. You will perceive that I have Madame Celeste in my eye—am measuring her

for the uniform. And young ladies will sit in the boxes, and with tearful eyes, and noses like rose-buds, say, 'What magnanimity!' and when this great work is done—this monument of the very best gilt gingerbread to woman set up on the Haymarket stage—you shall, if you will, go and see it, and make one to cry for the 'Author,' rewarding him with a crown of tin-foil, and a shower of sugar-plums.

"In lively hope of that ecstatic moment, I remain,

"Yours truly,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

Towards the end of June, with Charles Knight—that energetic pioneer in providing cheap literature for the people—as companion, Douglas Jerrold set off for a short holiday in Ireland—the occasion being the first railway excursion from London to Killarney, and of this holiday we have fuller particulars in that Knight wrote of it at some length when preparing his pleasant *Passages of a Working Life*. They stayed at Conway en route :

"Had I gone there alone I might have surrendered myself to the romance of the scene; but Jerrold was a friend whose sympathy heightened every charm of the picturesque, and whose cultured mind could fully appreciate the associations with which history has invested Conway. . . . With him there was no ennui on the longest railway journey."

In Dublin the friends stayed for a day or two, and on leaving there for the south they found they were to have the congenial companionship of a notable Irish poet,¹ for :

“when we set out on our Killarney expedition, at six o’clock on a brilliant morning, to our surprise and pleasure, Mr. Samuel Ferguson¹ appeared, with his wife, on the platform, with the purpose of accompanying us. How much the company of a man of letters, well versed in the history and legends of his country, and of a most intelligent and highly cultivated lady, could add to our week’s enjoyment, it is scarcely necessary to dwell upon. The journey from Dublin to Killarney was at that time accomplished in about thirteen hours. The railway went only to Mallow, a distance of a hundred and forty-five miles. Its steady progress of twenty miles an hour enabled the traveller to see the country much more advantageously than the forty miles an hour of an English express train. There was little of the picturesque about the line, and very few manifestations of prosperous industry. The small towns were mostly dilapidated, and all somnolent. The inevitable course of agricultural improvement had not yet awakened them. When we reached Mallow, the portentous beggary that we encountered at the railway station was an unusual sight which might well make an Englishman sad. Yet, if education were to do anything for the slow but sure removal of social miseries, there was evidence that something was going forward that might one day produce good fruits. Amongst the ragged boys that had just rushed out of one of the schools established under the National system there was a manifestation of quickness that was very different from the incurious eyes and shy demeanour of English boys let loose from a village school. Half-a-dozen of them crowded round Jerrold and myself.

¹ Afterwards Sir Samuel Ferguson (1810–86).

“ ‘Please, sir, to hear me say my lesson,’ says one.

“ ‘Please, sir, examine me in history,’ says another.

“ Jerrold laughed heartily, and took the historical student’s book. He opened it at random, and asked—

“ ‘Who was the first emperor of Rome?’

“ ‘Augustus.’

“ ‘Who was Julius Cæsar?’

“ ‘His uncle.’

“ ‘When was Julius Cæsar assassinated?’

“ ‘B.C. 44.’

“ The boy had a sixpence, and we soon had about us another crowd of candidates for examination. The competitive system was in full vigour. ‘I can say it as well as he, sir.’ ‘So can I.’ . . . The forty miles which we had to travel by car were not very interesting, and there was little consolation in the refreshment provided at Millstreet, the only stay between Mallow and Killarney. Distant mountains appeared as if we should never reach them through some miles of dreary bog. At length at a turn of the road, we are in the long street of Killarney, and are welcomed by such a clamour of mendicancy that the change to a real rickety Irish car, shaking one to pieces, is welcomed as a blessing. The driver whips, and the horse gallops, and, scarcely able to hold on, we ask in vain for a quieter and a safer transit to the Victoria Hotel.

“ ‘Niver fear,’ says the driver.

“ ‘But, I tell you, I *do* fear,’ says Jerrold. All remonstrance was useless, but we found comfort in a capital dinner and excellent beds. . . . We climbed the hills, we explored the lakes. ‘The boys,’ as we soon learned to call our boatmen, were for awhile

silent, but we soon began to hear their stories of the O'Donoghues, whose legends are associated with every island of these lakes. Jerrold, too, brought out the native humour of one of them, who displayed no mean skill in a passage-at-arms with the great wit of our clubs. A friend who visited Killarney some ten years after us, wrote to me that Jerrold and Jerrold's jokes were still remembered and retailed by these good-tempered fellows . . . I shall never visit these charming scenes again; perhaps if I had the power, I should think too much of him who made them doubly delightful."

The travellers quitted Killarney with the intention of visiting Glengariff and returning to Dublin by Cork, but mist and rain set in and they saw no more of the picturesque.

"When we reached Macroom I was really ill. The cholera was prevalent in the district through which we had passed, and my companions had their fears for me. The circumstance is associated in my remembrance with the tender friendship of Jerrold, who sat by my bed in a wretched inn, watching over me during a dreary night."

Cholera was not to claim Knight for one of its victims, and the travellers were at home again by the middle of July, their pleasant holiday somewhat marred at its close by this illness. Jerrold's proposed epitaph for his friend, "Good Knight," was not to be needed for a quarter of a century yet, and long after the younger of the two had passed away.

The next letter is to Forster, and shows

Jerrold interested in the sending of some one to Australia—possibly young Blanchard mentioned earlier—but who Hawes was does not appear, probably an official in the Colonial Office. The visit to Maidenhead was, of course, to paper mills.

“*Thursday [August 3, 1849].*”

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—Evans tells me that we are to go to Maidenhead on Tuesday to see the manufacture of what some of us so ill use—of course I mean myself. I look forward to a right jocund day. Thank you in the matter of Hawes. I have to look out for a ship, and, if possible, to obtain the best of berths at the lowest of prices. Do you know anybody who knows anybody at Adelaide or thereabouts, in or out of the Bush—letters at the Antipodes being of special value to a young man. Do the Chapmans send ships to Adelaide? The Marryats—great ship-owners—are connections of Sir Henry Wood, Sir H. having made Miss M. Lady W. Dickens, I believe, has interest with the Chapmans.

“Yours ever,

“D. JERROLD.

“If you have seen it, and like it, will you quote my letter from the *Daily News* of Tuesday in the *Examiner*? ”

Next comes a pleasant letter to Knight referring to rumours that Jerrold was in Paris, and to the horrors of the cholera visitation :

“*Putney, August 11 [1849].*”

“MY DEAR KNIGHT,—A friend of darkness or a spirit of light has, I incline to believe, assumed my form (which of the two do you think it would best

fit ?) and is going up and down, seeking what dinner it may devour. We are dwelling in the green wilderness of Putney, and receive assurance that I am in Paris. If really there in any shape, I hope I am behaving myself. I have been only once to town since I saw you. All London is in my present thoughts a reeking graveyard; pray you, avoid it. Sit in your wicker-chair, get your wife and daughter to cover your thistle-down with vine-leaves, and quaff imaginary quarts of nut-brown—since the real, however particular, is denied you.

“Nothing stirring in London but the cholera and murder. It will be proved that certain proprietors of Sunday newspapers hired the respited Mannings to murder Fergus O’Connor. The *Observer* intends to present the deceased man and wife, when duly hanged, with two silver coffin-plates. They are now to be seen at the office (with blanks for date of demise) on purchase of a paper. But don’t let even *this* bring you to town.

“Do you stay another week? If so, at the risk of crowding you (I have but a little body, as Queen Mary said of her neck), I will come to-morrow week, if I can return on the Sunday. I can sleep anywhere—upon a boot-jack or a knife-board.

“Mind you insist upon your wife to insist upon your remaining from St. Bride’s. Go to the top of Box Hill, and ‘with nostril well-upturned, scent the murky air’ of London—and keep away from it.

“Remember me to Mrs. Knight and daughter, single and double. Mr. Kerr (is there one *r* too many here? if so, I’ll take it back) talked some eloquent Gaelic about some whiskey. . . .”

A note to Forster of a fortnight later shows that Jerrold had been to Chatsworth and had

—a most unusual rôle for him—been there as a sportsman.

“August 17 [1849], Putney.

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—At the request of the author, I forward you his first book. I have a shrewd guess that 'tis not already unknown to you. As yet I have not read a line of it : but I know the author to be a young man of great industry and eke of probity—as things go no bad qualities. A good word, *if* you can bestow it, will be of great service to him. I came from Chatsworth this morning; and it may surprise you (it does *me*) to know that I have committed bloodshed on the moors !

“The grouse will long remember,

“Yours truly,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

It was on this visit to Chatsworth that he wrote his happy impromptu on Joseph Paxton's daughter standing on one of the great leaves of the *Victoria Regia*—which was then flowering for the first time in England :

“ On unbent leaf, in fairy guise,
 Reflected in the water,
 Beloved, admired, by hearts and eyes,
 Stands Annie, Paxton's daughter.

Accept a wish, my little maid,
 Begotten of the minute,
 That scene so fair may never fade,
 You still the fairy in it ;

That all your life, nor care nor grief
 May load the wingèd hours
 With weight to bend a lily's leaf—
 And all around be flowers.”



WEST LODGE, PUTNEY LOWER COMMON

(From a photograph by Mr. A. S. E. Ackermann, B.Sc., taken in 1910 shortly before the demolition)

To an unidentified correspondent he wrote three days later, acknowledging a gift. It may be hoped that the wearer's gloves did not split as readily as the writer's infinitive.

“MY DEAR SIR,—Thanks for the gloves. They are nice notes of hand which I hope to duly honour.

“Yours truly,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“I hope you are recovered from country exercise; and are again your usual size.”

Another note to Forster points more definitely to the *Catspaw* as being now in hand for completion :

“August 22 [1849].

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—I had thought to see you yesterday or should have written ere this. I cannot go. ‘Woe’s me that I am constrained in the tents of Kedar!’ My last holiday was too great a cut into my time, and another—much as I yearn towards the Isle of Wight—will unsettle me for too long from my present work for Webster to whom I am pledged to perfect by a certain time. And there is more than money in the matter now. Again, my wife is unwell, and folks do die suddenly in these times even in Putney. Give my regards which are deep as my regrets.

“Yours truly ever,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“I wonder if we meet to-night at Conduit Street?”

“There is more than money in the matter now” seems to suggest that the writer was feeling the failure of his magazine and news-

paper, and realized that he had to show that it was not in any way because his hand had lost its cunning. Whatever the time to which the dramatist was pledged, it was not until the following spring that his play was produced.

Some letters to Mary Cowden Clarke of this autumn deal with an American admirer who wished for a scrap of that lady's writing, and who, as the sequel shows, sent two gold pens in gratitude for the gift.

“ West Lodge, Putney, October 10, 1849.

“ MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I know a man who knows a man (in America) who says ‘ I would give two ounces of Californian gold for two lines written by Mrs. Cowden Clarke ! ’ Will you write me two lines for the wise enthusiast ? And, *if* I get the gold, that will doubtless be paid with the Pennsylvanian Bonds, I will struggle with the angel Conscience that you may have it—that is, if the angel get the best of it. But against angels there are heavy odds.

“ I hope you left father and mother well, happy and complacent, in the hope of a century at least. I am glad you stopped at Nice, and did not snuff the shambles of Rome. Mazzini, I hear, will be with us in a fortnight. European liberty is, I fear, manacled and gagged for many years. Nevertheless, in England, let us rejoice that beef is under a shilling a pound, and that next Christmas ginger will be hot i' the mouth.

“ Remember me to Clarke. I intend to go one of these nights and sit beneath him.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The closing reference is no doubt to Cowden Clarke's lectures on literary subjects. As to the next brief note, Mrs. Clarke explains that the American correspondent wished for the scrap of handwriting to be posted without an envelope so that the sheet of paper might bear a postmark as evidence of genuineness.

Putney.
"October 19, 1849.

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—Will you comply with the wish of my correspondent? The Yankees, it appears, are suspicious folks. I thought them Arcadians.

"Truly yours,
"D. JERROLD."

Two days later it was a very different theme that moved Jerrold to write.

Putney,
"October 21, 1849.

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—The wisdom of the law is about to preach from the scaffold on the sacredness of life; and to illustrate its sanctity, will straightway strangle a woman as soon as she have strength renewed from childbirth. I would fain believe, despite the threat of Sir G—— G—— to hang this wretched creature as soon as restorations shall have had their benign effect, that the Government only need pressure from without to commute the sentence. A petition—a woman's petition—is in course of signature. You are, I believe, not a reader of that mixture of good and evil, a newspaper; hence, may be unaware of the fact. I need not ask you, Will you sign it? The document lies at Gilpins'—a noble fellow—the book-seller, Bishopsgate. Should her Majesty run down

the list of names, I think her bettered taste in Shakespeare would dwell complacently on the name of Mary Cowden Clarke.

“ I don't know when they pay dividends at the Bank, but if this be the time, you can in the same journey fill your pocket, and lighten your conscience. Regards to Clarke.

“ Yours ever truly,

“ D. JERROLD.”

The subject of punishment by death was one that always moved Douglas Jerrold. He would have abolished capital punishment altogether, and deprecated all “ reforms ” that tended, as he rightly saw, to the postponement of that abolition. His earliest publication had been upon this gruesome theme, and now he was to find himself opposed to his friend Dickens on the subject, as the following letters—unfortunately incomplete—sufficiently show.

“ *Devonshire Terrace,*

“ *November 17, 1849.*

“ . . . In a letter I have received from G. this morning he quotes a recent letter from you, in which you deprecate the ‘ mystery ’ of private hanging.

“ Will you consider what punishment there is except death to which ‘ mystery ’ does not attach? Will you consider whether all the improvements in prisons and punishments that have been made within the last twenty years have, or have not, been all productive of ‘ mystery ’? I can remember very well when the silent system was objected to as mysterious and opposed to the genius of English society. Yet there is no question that it has been a great benefit. The prison vans are mysterious

vehicles; but surely they are better than the old system of marching prisoners through the streets chained to a long chain, like the galley slaves in Don Quixote. Is there no mystery about transportation, and our manner of sending men away to Norfolk Island, or elsewhere? None in abandoning the use of a man's name, and knowing him only by a number? Is not the whole improved and altered system from the beginning to end, a mystery? I wish I could induce you to feel justified in leaving that work to the platform people, on the strength of your knowledge of what crime was, and of what its punishments were, in the days when there was no mystery in these things, and all was as open as Bridewell when Ned Ward went to see the women whipped."

Sad to find his friend on the side of those who, seeking a compromise, postponed a reform indefinitely, Douglas Jerrold replied as follows. Had his views been more firmly upheld it may well be believed that capital punishment would before this have gone the way of the thumb-screw and the rack.

"Putney,
"November 20, 1849.

"MY DEAR DICKENS,— . . . It seems to me that what you argue with reference to the treatment of the convict criminal hardly applies to the proposed privacy of hanging him. The 'mystery' which, in our better discipline, surrounds the living, is eventually for his benefit. If his name merge in a number, it is that he may have a chance of obtaining back the name cleansed somewhat.

"If it be proved—and can there be a doubt of such proof?—that public execution fails to have a

salutary influence on society, then the last argument for the punishment of death is, in my opinion, utterly destroyed. Private hanging, with the mob, would become an abstract idea.

“But what I sincerely lament in your letter of yesterday is that, in its advocacy of private executions, it implies their continued necessity. The sturdy anti-abolitionist may count upon it as upon his side. I am grieved that the weight of your name, and the influence of your reputation, should be claimed by such a party.

“Grant private hanging, and you perpetuate the punishment; and the mischief wrested from your letter is this: it may induce some—not many, I hope—willing, even in despair, to give up the punishment of death, *now* to contend for its continuance when inflicted in secrecy. . . . As to the folly and wickedness of the infliction of death as a punishment, possibly I may consider them from a too transcendental point. I believe, notwithstanding, that society will rise to it. In the meantime my Tom Thumb voice must be raised against any compromise that, in the sincerity of my opinion, shall tend to continue the hangman amongst us, whether in the Old Bailey street, or in the prison press-yard.

“Sorry am I, my dear Dickens, to differ from any opinion of yours—most sorry upon an opinion so grave; but both of us are only the instruments of our convictions.”

One who knew Jerrold personally pointed out that those who opposed his views on this subject “missed a somewhat subtle but yet very profound train of thought that pervades his reasonings on the matter, and distinguishes

them from the ordinary argumentations of our platform orators. It is not so much on account of the supposed barbarity of the practice of capital punishments or on account of its alleged inefficacy to keep down crime that Mr. Jerrold would desire to see its abolition; it is because the practice appears to him to be an outrage on the sanctity of that act of death which all living must inevitably perform at some time or other. That an event to which equally the babe in the cradle and the saint of a neighbourhood are liable, and which it is the aim of our religion to represent as a holy and beautiful thing, should be seized upon for a vile social purpose; and that society, bethinking itself of the most horrible thing it could do to a man for his crimes, should resolve simply to send him out of the world some years before his time—seems to him, either, on the one hand, a treachery of all to the faith that is professed, or, on the other, a base pandering by the higher to the superstition of meaner natures.”

It may be that it was this difference in a matter of opinion that led to the temporary coolness of which Dickens wrote shortly after his friend's death: “There had been an estrangement between us—not on any personal subject, and not involving an angry word—and a good many months had passed without my once seeing him in the street, when it fell out that we dined, each with his own separate party, in the strangers' room of a club. Our

chairs were almost back to back, and I took mine after he was seated at dinner. I said not a word (I am sorry to remember) and did not look that way. Before we had sat so long, he openly wheeled his chair round, stretched out both his hands in the most engaging manner, and said aloud, with a bright and loving face, which I can see as I write to you: 'For God's sake let us be friends again! Life's not long enough for this!'" If the incident is a pleasant revelation of Jerrold's character, the recording of it reflects equal honour on Dickens.

A smaller and a local grievance moved the tenant of West Lodge to protest against things done in the name of the lord of the manor to the common, the dwellers about which were still entitled to common rights. He wrote as follows this year to Earl Spencer, who was Lord of the Manor:

"MY LORD,—I cannot believe that you are aware of the extent to which Putney Lower Common (upon which it is my misfortune to be a resident) is denuded of its turf. I have now no cattle of any order to be defrauded of common right. But there are many poor whose cows and geese are sorely nipped of what has been deemed their privilege of grass—none of the most luxurious at the best—by the system of spolia-tion carried on in your lordship's manor, and under your declared authority. At this moment a long stretch of common lies before my window, so much swamp. The turf has been coined into a few shillings, to the suffering, very patiently borne, of the cows

aforesaid : and the philosophical endurance of the geese alone resisted. But I am sure your lordship has only to be made acquainted with wrongs of the useful and the innocent—wrongs inflicted under the avowed sanction of abused nobility—to stay the injustice.

“ I have the honour to remain, etc.,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

In closing the record of the 'forties a few words may appropriately be devoted to the subject of Douglas Jerrold's clubs, with especial reference to the Museum Club, which was started in 1847. The weekly dinner of this club claimed Jerrold's regular attendance, as those of the Mulberry Club had earlier and those of Our Club did later. He was, indeed, a thoroughly clubbable man, and seems always to have enjoyed the free and easy comradeship of his fellow penmen over the dinner table; and though such comradeship was punctuated with the saying of sharp things, it may well be believed from the memories of those who took part in the gatherings that the sharp things said were such as tickled rather than wounded. Many of them were so sharp that in print they may appear cruel, but generally the "atmosphere" in which they were uttered, the hearty laugh with which they were accompanied, showed them free of any intent to wound. The witticism came to the tongue as quickly as it came to the brain and had to be uttered. And rarely was it taken amiss by those who

knew Douglas Jerrold. Those who only knew of him, perhaps naturally, as the late William P. Frith, R.A., frankly declared, "dreaded his tongue." The famous artist had apparently no very keen sense of humour, for, after quoting one or two Jerrold stories in his reminiscences, he added :

"I was mistaken, no doubt, in estimating his character by the seeming brutality of some of the sarcasms he uttered, for those who knew him intimately all agreed in declaring Jerrold to be one of the kindest-hearted men living. Compton the actor agreed in this, but told me of an instance of Jerrold's ready wit, which, to the ordinary mind, scarcely bears out the amiable theory. Jerrold was roving about the West End in search of a house that he had been commissioned to hire for the season for a country friend. Compton met and accompanied him into a house, and in one of the rooms was a large mirror that reflected the visitor from top to toe. 'There,' said Compton, pointing to his own figure, 'that's what I call a picture.' 'Yes,' said Jerrold, 'it only wants hanging!'"

It may well be wondered whether Frith, if he could have thought of the retort, could have also refrained from uttering it ! It may also be wondered whether he thought that the recognition of the play on words necessarily implied that Jerrold considered Compton a fit subject for the hangman. Those incapable of wit themselves are least appreciative of the wit that may be in other men.

Fortunately the men who gathered into the

small social clubs which Jerrold formed or in which he joined were mostly of a happier kind. As one of them said : " I have seen the retort, quick and blinding as lightning, flash from the lips of Jerrold, whilst he himself led the chorus of mirth at his own success, and the victim would laugh the loudest and the longest." To a visitor to one of these clubs we owe a personal description of Jerrold about this period :

" In personal appearance Douglas Jerrold was singularly picturesque. The leonine head, with its finely-chiselled features, appeared to overweight the slender body by which it was supported. He spoke, and the large blue eyes glistened beneath the shaggy eyebrows, the thin lips parted in a radiant smile, the long mane-like hair was pushed back off the splendid forehead, the limbs and body were restless with nervous excitement, and the genius of a giant seemed to animate the outlines of a dwarf. The figure was diminutive, but the fire of intellect, asserting its indomitable sway, inspired every feature, and atoned for all physical deficiency. His wit was inexhaustible, and flowed even more abundantly in conversation than from the pen. Just as the sharp contact of the steel with flint will cause a flash, so did the wit of Douglas Jerrold sparkle all the more luminously when opposed in brisk argument to the duller faculties of others. . . . To be at his best he required a good audience. I have seen Albert Smith, writing on his shirteuff, take note of a repartee of Douglas Jerrold, and while enjoying the joke, ask in his cracked voice, ' May I use that ? ' " ¹

¹ Willert Beale, *The Light of Other Days*.

The Museum Club was started to provide a modest meeting-place where literary men could dine and talk in company and natural ease, and Douglas Jerrold came to be regarded as the principal member. When its character changed other clubs successively developed from it—The Forty Thieves, the Hooks and Eyes, and later Our Club, which continued to flourish for over fifty years. Many of Jerrold's often-quoted jests were first spoken in the quickening atmosphere of these clubs, but there was no Boswell going about treasuring up the things said for the delight of later readers. When, by the way, Forster was described by some one as playing the part of Boswell to Charles Dickens, Jerrold commented on hearing it, "He doesn't do the Boz well." Apart from scattered witticisms associated with one or other of these clubs few notes of the gatherings have been preserved, beyond the following "fragment of table talk" jotted down by an anonymous member—possibly Hepworth Dixon.

"A charming night at the Museum Club—everybody there.

"C. said he was writing about Shakespeare.

"Now Jerrold ranks Shakespeare with the angels, if not above them; and G., paraphrasing Pope's lines on Bacon, says 'Shakespeare has written the best and the worst stuff that was ever penned;' whereupon F. says, 'But then comes the question, what did Shakespeare write? Not all that is printed under his name?'

“*G.* ‘Ah! I don’t refer to the doubtful plays; I take the best: Hamlet, Othello——’

“*Jerrold.* ‘Well, then, choose your example.’

“*G.* ‘There, this is in bad taste—where Othello is about to murder Desdemona. He bends over her, and says she is a rose, and he’ll smell her on the tree. . . . The confusion of image is only surpassed by the want of taste.’

“*Jerrold.* ‘My God! You don’t call it bad taste to compare a woman’s beauty to a rose?’

“*G.* ‘Ha! he says she is a rose—and he’ll smell her—and on the tree. It is the licence of wanton and false imagery common to the early Italian poets. . . .’

“Wordsworth was mentioned. Jerrold spoke of him in the warmest terms; indeed, he ranks the man of Rydal Mount next to Shakespeare and Milton. ‘No writer,’ he said, ‘has done me more good, excepting always Shakespeare. When I was a lad I adored Byron—every lad does. Of course I laughed at Wordsworth and the Lakers, and, of course, without knowing them. But one day I heard a line quoted—

“‘She was known to every star in heaven,
And every wind that blew.’

These lines sent me to Wordsworth, and, I assure you, it was like a new sense. For years I read him eagerly, and found consolation—the true test of genius—in his verse. In all my troubles his words have been the best medicine to my mind.’

“*G.* ‘Some of his things are good; but he will only live in extracts.’

“*H.* ‘I am of your opinion. I have not read him through; I cannot. But his *Tintern Abbey*, his *Yarrow Revisited*, and some of his short poems, are above praise. My objection to him, as to Southey, is

political. I detest his principles, and therefore have to strive to like his poetry.'

"*Jerrold.* 'Never mind his principles. Wordsworth, the man, may have been a snob or a scoundrel. Dear Hood once asked me to meet him, and I would not. I hated the man; but then the poet had given me grand ideas, and I am grateful. Separate the writer from the writing.'

"*H.* 'I cannot do that. I cannot think of the artist and the art—the creator and the creations—as things of no relation. In an early number of the *Spectator*, Addison described his staff—and he was right. People *do* like to know if their teachers are black or white. The reader likes to give and take: you ask his confidence, and he naturally inquires into your character.'

"*Jerrold.* 'You are quite wrong. A truth *is* a truth—a fine thought *is* a fine thought. What matters it who is the mouthpiece? When Coleridge says—

" 'And winter slumbering in the open air
Wears on his smiling face a dream of spring—'

what do I care for his being a sot and a tyrant?'

"*D.* 'I do care. To me a gospel delivered by a demon is no gospel: the orator is a part of the oration. Surely the founts of true inspiration must be true: fresh water cannot run from foul springs. I refuse to accept an oracle from a charlatan.'

"*Jerrold.* 'I agree it would be better for the poet to be a good man, but his poem would be the same. The inductive method is not false because Bacon took bribes and fawned on a tyrant. The theory of gravitation would be true if it had been discovered by Greenacre. Siddons was a great actress, irrespectively of her being a good mother and a faithful wife. The world has no concern with an artist's private character. Are the cartoons less divine,

because Raphael lived with a mistress? Art is art, and truth is truth, whatever may have been their agents.'

"A jest ended the talk. Somebody mentioned the Jews in connection with Rachel, and Jerrold exclaimed, as some one once said in the House, 'We owe much to the Jews.'"

It is said to have been at the Museum Club that some members were suggesting that Covent Garden was no longer a suitable centre—had not the headquarters better be moved further West: "No, no, gentlemen, not near Pall Mall—we might catch coronets."

On another occasion there had been a lively discussion, and the temperature was rising when a would-be peacemaker broke in with, "Gentlemen, all I want is common sense——" "Exactly," interrupted Jerrold, "that is precisely what you *do* want." And the disputation ended in laughter.

In a talk on the fastidiousness of the time, one member asserted that people "would soon say that marriage was improper." "No," said Jerrold emphatically, "they'll always consider marriage good breeding."

A fellow member confided in Jerrold that his wife had been about to enter a convent when she met him and married instead. "Ah," said Jerrold when the story was finished, "she evidently thought you better than nun."

CHAPTER XVI

A GOLD PEN—THE “CATSPA W”—TRIP TO LAKE
DISTRICT — HARRIET MARTINEAU — LEIGH
HUNT’S SNEER—EASTBOURNE

1850

A PASSAGE from an undated letter from Joseph Mazzini, the famous Italian patriot and man of letters, to Douglas Jerrold stresses the fact that Jerrold’s pen was ever at the service of those champions of freedom on the Continent who made the ’forties of the nineteenth century an important period in the history of progress, and also the way in which that service was appreciated. “I know,” wrote Mazzini, “that you would not fail me if everybody did. . . . But I know more; and it is that, whenever you do sympathize, you are ready to act, to embody your feelings in good, visible, tangible symbol; and this is not the general rule.” Later, as we shall see, Jerrold’s sympathies were engaged in securing some tangible symbol of British appreciation of another patriot who had been active against Austrian tyranny. It was no doubt owing to the activity of his pen in support of such exponents of liberal views that Douglas Jerrold was unable to visit Italy when the

opportunity for his doing so offered. Italy was then under Austrian domination, and on applying for a passport to the Austrian representative in London he was met with a blunt refusal—"We have orders not to admit Mr. Douglas Jerrold to Austrian territory." "That shows your weakness, not my strength," came the instant retort.

The earliest letters of the year 1850 revert to a subject touched upon in those to Mrs. Cowden Clarke that have been already given. The American enthusiast had presumably duly received his scrap of writing so postmarked as to make him sure that he had not been hoaxed.

" West Lodge, Putney Common,
" February 22, 1850.

"MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—I will share anything with you, and can only wish—at least for myself—that the matter to be shared came not in so pleasant a shape as that dirt in yellow gold. I have heard naught of the American, and would rather that his gift came brightened through you than from his own hand. The savage, with glimpses of civilization, is male.

Do you read the *Morning Chronicle*? Do you devour those marvellous revelations of the inferno of misery, of wretchedness, that is smouldering under our feet? We live in a mockery of Christianity that, with the thought of its hypocrisy, makes me sick. We know nothing of this terrible life that is about us—us, in our smug respectability. To read of the sufferings of one class, and of the avarice, the tyranny, the pocket cannibalism of the other, makes one almost wonder that the world should go on, that the

misery and wretchedness of the earth are not, by an Almighty fiat, ended. And when we see the spires of pleasant churches pointing to Heaven, and are told—paying thousands to Bishops for the glad intelligence—that we are Christians! the cant of this country is enough to poison the atmosphere. I send you the *Chronicle* of yesterday. You will therein read what I think you will agree to be one of the most beautiful records of the nobility of the poor; of those of whom our jaunty legislators know nothing; of the things made in the statesman's mind to be taxed—not venerated. I am very proud to say that these papers of Labour and the Poor were projected by Henry Mayhew,¹ who married my girl. For comprehensiveness of purpose and minuteness of detail they have never been approached. He will cut his name deep. From these things I have still great hopes. A revival movement is at hand, and—you will see what you'll see. Remember me with best thoughts to Clarke, and believe me yours sincerely,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

Three days later and the pen duly arrived and was at once set to work to write an acknowledgment :

“Putney,

“February 25, 1850.

“MY DEAR MRS. CLARKE,—Herewith I send you my ‘first copy,’ done in, I presume, American gold. Considering what American booksellers extract from English brains, even the smallest piece of the precious metal is, to literary eyes, refreshing. I doubt, how-

¹ These were the articles which Henry Mayhew later republished as his remarkable volumes on *London Labour and the London Poor*.

ever, whether these gold pens really work; they are pretty holiday things, but to earn daily bread with, I have already my misgivings that I must go back to iron. To be sure I *once* had a gold pen that seemed to write of itself, but this was stolen by a Cinderella, who, of course, could *not* write even with that gold pen. Perhaps, however, *the policeman could*.

“That the *Chronicle* did not come was my blunder. I hope it will reach you with this, and with it my best wishes and affectionate regards to you and flesh and bone of you, truly ever,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The next note seems to glance in its reference to the mulberry and Shakespeare's birthday at some ritual observed in the old days of the Mulberry Club :

“April 24 [1850], Putney.

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—Thank you for your letter. I had marked Saturday next with a white stone (which by the way, is *not* Frank). I hope you ate your mulberry yesterday with reverential pleasure.

“Ever truly yours,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The delayed comedy of the *Catspaw* was at length in active rehearsal at the Haymarket Theatre, and on May 9 it was produced and met with immediate success. It was a play of the moment, the scene being laid in the very year of its representation, and its brilliant dialogue equalled that of any of the earlier pieces from the same “iron pen.” The cast of the *Catspaw* included Benjamin Webster, Wallack, Buckstone, and Robert and Mrs.

Keeley. The story of the piece is perhaps a trifle thin, and in that respect the comedy is less notable than the *Time Works Wonders* of five years before. A nobleman has died and the man who hoped to inherit, Snowball, insists on throwing the matter into Chancery, but he insists only in the way of friendliness, as he wishes if the case is likely to go against him to leave it possible to marry the widow Peachdown, to whom the wealth has been left. He it is who is made "catpaw" by several people, notably by Petgoose, a quack medical attendant, and the resourceful widow. There are under-currents of romance in the story of his ward Cassandra and her lover Audley, and of the maid Rosemary and her soldier-suitor Appleface, but it is in the interplay of the dialogue that the strength of the piece lies. Every scene sparkles with talk for—it has been counted a weakness on the part of the dramatist—all of the characters betray something of the quickness of wit of their creator :

" *Audley*. Throw the matter into Chancery, and in time you may set the will aside.

Snowball. But how if before time sets me aside ?

Audley. That's it. Whereas marriage stops all anxiety, for you know the worst at once.

Snowball. Chancery ! Doctor, I should die in no time.

Petgoose. Chancery ! Gasp and die, like a gudgeon on a hook.

Snowball. And how—how about marriage ?

Petgoose. Why, in the matter of marriage, while there's life there's hope.

Snowball. True. In all the wedding cake hope is the sweetest of the plums. And who is it I'm to marry?

Audley. Why, the widow—Mrs. Peachdown, of course.

Snowball. Marry her! I'd rather be gnawed to death by law, and buried in a winding-sheet of parchment.

Audley. If you so decide, sir, I've no doubt our house can accommodate you. Still, if at a blow you made the defendant your wife—

Snowball. Well?

Audley. 'Twould save time and money.

Snowball. And time makes life, and money gilds it! No—no! I'd rather fling myself upon the law.

Audley. Very good. Then we at once throw Mrs. Peachdown into Chancery?

Snowball. Stop. Throw her tenderly—amicably. Because—ha! ha!—I am so shrewd—if Chancery is going against us, we can but relent and marry the poor thing at last. But that's like me. So deep; eh, eh, Doctor?

Petgoose. Don't ask me. If you will tamper with your constitution you must bear the penalty.

Audley. Then Mrs. Peachdown must understand that the suit is quite a friendly one?

Snowball. Only animated by the warmest friendship.

Audley. No vindictive feeling.

Snowball. No more than if the suit before us was a game of chess.

Audley. With this advantage. When you find you're losing, you can make it all right by playing a bishop.

Upon my life, sir, you are wondrous shrewd. A client Mr. Chumpem must be proud of.

Snowball. Shrewd! I believe so. At school they called me the fox—the little fox. Would you think it?

Audley. I should not. (*Aside*) I should rather think you the other party.

Snowball. But not a word to Mrs. Peachdown. With her chivalrous notions, her love of the middle ages, she might arm her resentment in a suit of plate armour, and dare me herself to single combat. So the widow must be lulled.

Audley. Sir, she shall be the Sleeping Beauty of the Court of Chancery."

The widow's weakness for the middle ages, for the good old times of chivalry and so forth, is more than once made the theme of pleasant satire by her wooer Captain Burgonet and others :

" *Burgonet.* You see she's all for the middle ages.

Audley. And what she calls the good, extinct old virtues.

Burgonet. Some of 'em like extinct volcanoes, with a strong memory of fire and brimstone. Why, with her, the world as it is, is a second-hand world—a world all the worse for wear. The sun itself isn't the same sun that illuminated the darling middle ages; but a twinkling end of sun—the sun upon a save-all. And the moon—the moon that shone on Cœur-de-Lion's battle-axe—ha! that was a moon. Now our moon at the brightest, what is it? A dim, dull counterfeit moon—a pewter shilling. All vast folly, and yet very delicious when she talks it.

Audley. Yes. With a man in love 't isn't the words but the lips. Now, when you're married—

Burgonet. I shall leave the service, and—

Audley. Leave the service! The gallant Hundred-and-Fourth will soon be a skeleton.

Burgonet. The Hundred-and-Fourth has suffered by marriage of late; but what more?

Audley. I am concerned for a spinster to purchase her husband out of your regiment. She's saved the money for her bargain, and I only wait an answer from headquarter to—

(*Enter Mrs. Peachdown.*)

Mrs. Peachdown. Pardon me, Mr. Audley. I've been detained on my way—detained to look at my Stonehenge.

Audley. Stonehenge, madam!

Mrs. Peachdown. Yes, such a model—made into a work-table.

Burgonet. Stonehenge a work-table! We shall next have St. Paul's a money-box.

Mrs. Peachdown. Gramercy, Captain Burgonet! Your worship is well, I trow?

Burgonet. By my fackins, lady—well as a poor man may be, who did not die four hundred years ago.

Mrs. Peachdown. By the mass, a grievous pity—you'd been mightily improved by this.

Audley. And Stonehenge, madam?

Mrs. Peachdown. Such a success! Yet mark the envy of small minds. I no sooner come out with Stonehenge as a work-table than that horrid Lady Mummyfit starts the Sphinx as a whatnot.

Burgonet. Thus is genius scandalized by imitation. But take comfort, madam, nature herself—whom you must admire, she's so old—nature meant it from the beginning. Nature made man and then she made monkeys.

Mrs. Peachdown. Apropos, have you heard of Lord Fossil? Next week he launches such a phæton! The model of the war-chariot of Caractacus, with liveries—

Burgonet. After the manner, doubtless, of the ancient Britons. With the genius his lordship has for going backward, we may yet see him lodging in a cave, and boarding upon acorns.

Mrs. Peachdown. Picturesque creature! he's quite equal to it.

Audley. And now, madam—

Mrs. Peachdown. And now. This horrid suit! Why did I live in this drowsy afternoon time of the world? Why not in the roseate dawn of chivalry, when my own true knight—knights might be had for love, and not for money then—would have carried off my cause upon his lance and me upon his palfrey afterwards!

Audley. But as the Chancellor won't fight, and as Mr. Snowball—

Mrs. Peachdown. Mr. Snowball! Well, if things come to the worst, I shall mend them with a husband."

The quack, Petgoose, forestalled Richard Feverel's father by some years in quoting from a wise work of his own. As George Meredith's philosopher was later to cite his *Pilgrim's Scrip*, so Jerrold's doctor was wont to quote occasionally from his *Pearls to Pigs*. Among his "pearls" are:

"Not to blush for poverty is to want a proper respect for wealth."

"Man is a creature of externals and woman's one physician—her looking-glass."

"The bud of the rose knows not the canker at its heart."

“ The daisy is death’s forget-me-not.”

“ It was wisely given to women not to know the counterfeit from the real thing.”

“ Human happiness is a plant that, when it will not grow of itself, must be forced to grow.”

“ There are situations in which the highest majesty is the profoundest silence.”

John Forster, who had so cordially welcomed Douglas Jerrold’s plays in his criticisms of twenty years before, was evidently among those who wrote of the *Catspaw*, for four days after the play was produced the author sent him the following note of thanks :

“ May 13 [1850].

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—The success of this play has, on several accounts, been a matter of much anxiety to me. I must very heartily thank you for the mode in which you have expressed your opinions. Opinions themselves are no more to be thanked than the colour of a man’s eyes—they are independent of *him*. But the careful and elaborate way in which you have enjoyed, I must think, the setting forth of whatever may be in this drama is as gratifying as valuable to yours truly,

“ D. JERROLD.

“ Do you hold for Lilies.¹ But—if I come to town—I’ll try and drop in for a minute.”

Three days later he writes again to the same friendly correspondent, declining to journey to Sadlers’ Wells to see *The Merchant of Venice*.

¹ Lord Nugent’s country place.

“ May 16 [1850].

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I will be with you in good time. I am glad that Nugent—in his multifariousness—did really count upon us.

“ I fear I cannot be with you to-night. Islington and—Putney, and to H.’s *Shylock*. Hum! I think—*Le Jew ne vaut pas la chandelle*. That is, I think as Knight thinks for *I* scorn felony.

“ Truly yours,

“ D. JERROLD.

“ I would send you a buttercup to fling to *Shylock*, but they all withered when Kitley died.”

The next letter shows that Jerrold was beginning to be troubled by the placing of his sons out in the world. The eldest, William Blanchard, was by now married and already taking his place as a journalist and writer of books, having started at first as an artist—in which capacity he had contributed several drawings to the *Illuminated Magazine*. The second son, Douglas Edmund—always known in the family as Edmund—was now nearly two-and-twenty, and, as is so often the case with young men of no special natural bent, it was thought that he had best go into the Civil Service, or out to the Colonies and be forced by circumstances to find a bent. It was to Forster again that Jerrold wrote :

“ May 24 [1850].

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I believe you are acquainted with Mr. Hawes. If so, may I enlist your friendship to solicit of him any—however humble—appointment for my son Edmund—he is twenty-one—in any of

the Colonies, though I should prefer that of New Zealand? He is, as you know, healthy, strong and active; and rather of the stuff for the bush than the clerk's desk. His only wish is to be set on his feet somewhere abroad, and his expectation of official advantage very limited. I can vouch for his probity and steadiness of conduct.

“Lord John Russell—as you may read from the enclosed, has given me a sort of promise to bear the lad's wishes in remembrance—but time creeps on, and his lordship—amidst his thousand labours—may very naturally forget so small a person as yours faithfully,
“D. JERROLD.”

Some time in May Jerrold and Knight went off again on a short holiday together, this time to the beautiful Lake District, as is duly recorded by Harriet Martineau in her autobiography :

“Among the guests of that spring were three who came together, and who together made an illustrious week—Mr. Charles Knight, Mr. Douglas Jerrold and Mr. Atkinson. Four days were spent in making the circuit of the district which forms the ground-plan of my ‘Complete Guide,’ and memorable days they were. We were amused at the way in which some bystander at Strands recorded his sense of this in a Kendal paper. He told how the tourists were beginning to appear for the season, and how I had been seen touring with a party of the *élite* of the literary world, etc., etc. He declared that I with the *élite* had crossed the mountains in a gig to Strands, and that wit and repartee had genially flowed throughout the evening; an evening, as it happened, when our conversation was rather grave. I was so amused at

this that I cut out the paragraph and sent it to Mr. Jerrold, who wrote back that while the people were about it they might have put us in a howdah on the back of an elephant. It would have been as true as the gig and far grander. I owed the pleasure of Mr. Jerrold's acquaintance to Mr. Knight; and I wish I had known him more. My first impression was one of surprise—not at his remarkable appearance, of which I was aware; the eyes and the mobile countenance, the stoop and the small figure, reminding me of Coleridge, without being like him—but at the gentle and thoughtful kindness which set its mark on all he said and did. Somehow, all his good things were so dropped as to fall into my trumpet, without any trouble or ostentation. This was the dreaded and unpopular man who must have been hated (for he *was* hated) as *Punch* and not as Jerrold—through fear and not through reason or through feeling. His wit always appeared to me as gentle as it was honest—as innocent as it was sound. I could say of him, as of Sydney Smith, that I never heard him say, in the way of raillery, anything of others that I should mind his saying of me. I never feared him in the least—nor saw reason why any but knaves and fools should fear him.”

The Mr. Atkinson of the party was presumably the H. G. Atkinson who in the following year collaborated with Harriet Martineau in those *Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature* which were much talked about and laughed at at the time, but which now rest unread, the book the tone of which was summed up by Douglas Jerrold in the mot, “There is no God—and Harriet Martineau is his prophet.”

Shortly after the return from the trip thus pleasantly kept in memory by his hostess, Jerrold made one of the party of friends which Charles Dickens invited to a banquet at the Star and Garter at Richmond to celebrate the completion of *David Copperfield*. Tennyson, then living at Twickenham, Thackeray and Mark Lemon, were of the party, and Forster in his brief notice of the occasion says that he had rarely seen Dickens happier than in the sunshine of that day. Thackeray, Dickens, Forster and Jerrold returned to town together, and a little argument took place between Thackeray and Jerrold about money and its uses. Unfortunately, the Boswell of the occasion did not make a note of their points of view—he was only concerned with the words of Boz.

When Wordsworth died in the early part of 1850 there was some delay in appointing his successor in the Laureateship. Jerrold, who was one of those who hoped that the office would be allowed to lapse, wrote on May 24 to the *Times*, making a suggestion that was not acted upon :

“ SIR,—As yet no one has been appointed to the Laureateship; and the belief is strengthening that the function of Court poet has ceased to be—a memory of the past with the office of the Court jester.

“ Shakespeare’s house has been purchased for the nation by certain of the people; and there was a very confident hope expressed by the Committee

for such purchase—a hope sufficient to be entertained by a member of the Cabinet, that a provision would be made for the endowment of a wardenship of the birthplace of the poet.

“ May I be permitted to suggest, in the event of the determination of the place of the Laureate, that the salary that would otherwise cease with it should endow the post of keepership of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon? If the Court bays—with the Court cap-and-bells—are to be cast aside, at least let the salary that recommended the laurel reward a worthier office—that of *custos* of the hearth of the world’s teacher.

“ ‘ Warden of the house of Shakespeare, *vice* post of Poet Laureate abolished ’ would, I am bold to think, be a no less grateful than graceful announcement, if officially set forth to the people of England.

“ I have the honour to be your obedient servant,
“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

During June, Mrs. Jerrold was unwell, and a cottage was taken for two or three months at Eastbourne, and thence Jerrold wrote to Forster :

“ Oak Cottage,
“ Eastbourne, June 24 [1850].

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I have only just learned of my wife that a book—addressed to Mr. E. B. Lytton, under your care—was left at Whitefriars to be sent on to you. This was done in the hurry and spasm of moving: I had intended to bring it with me on the Saturday to your chambers, but forgetting it, my wife had it left in Bouverie St. This, I hope, will explain the nakedness of the packet.

“ I think I shall be in town on Monday next and part of Tuesday, when I will take my chance of finding you within. I pity those who even *rule* the roast of London at the present range of the thermometer. Here 'tis delicious.

“ Truly yours,
“ D. JERROLD.”

It was while at Eastbourne that Jerrold read Leigh Hunt's *Autobiography*, published during this summer, and there found a sneer at himself which moved him to indignant protest in the form of a letter to the editor of the *Athenæum* :

“ SIR,—There are two passages in the *Autobiography* of Mr. Leigh Hunt that, in my opinion, singularly lack that toleration and charity which so very aboundingly distinguish that gentleman's last published account between the world and himself. Mr. Hunt, it appears, has failed to obtain a stage for certain dramas which he has written. Managers reject them because, according to the implied reasons of Mr. Hunt, he is not a journalist—is not ‘one of the leaders in *Punch*.’ Permit me to give Mr. Hunt's words.

“ ‘ A manager confessed the other day that he would never bring out a new piece, if he could help it, as long as he could make money by old ones. He laughed at every idea of a management but a commercial one; and held at nought the public wish for novelty, provided he could get as many persons to come to his theatre as would fill it. Being asked why he brought out any new pieces, when such were his opinions, he complained that people connected with the press forced the compositions of themselves and their friends upon him; and, being asked what he meant by forced, he replied that the press would

make a dead set at his theatre if he acted otherwise, and so ruin him.'

"Then follows the subjoined note in the index—

" 'Owing to an accident of haste at the moment of going to press, the following remark was omitted after the words *so ruin him*. I know not, it is true, how far a manager might not rather have invited than feared a dramatist of so long a standing and of such great popularity as Douglas Jerrold; but it is to be doubted whether even Douglas Jerrold, with all his popularity, and all his wit, to boot, would have found the doors of a theatre opened to him with so much facility, had he not been a journalist and one of the leaders in *Punch*.'

"Within the last five years I have written two comedies, both produced by Mr. Webster—as Mr. Hunt would imply—in timid deference to the journalist and one of the leaders in *Punch*. Mr. Hunt, moreover, assuming that the dramatist, as one of the aforesaid leaders, would have used his pen as a poisoned quill against the interests of the denying manager. I will not trust myself with a full expression of the scorn that arises within me at this surprising assumption on the part of Mr. Leigh Hunt, who, it is clear to me, with all his old before-the-curtain experience, knows little of the working of a theatre. Otherwise, he would readily allow that the treasurer is the really potent critic; the night's and week's returns at the doors, not the morning or weekly article, the allowed theatrical voucher to the value of the dramatist. Yet, in the opinion of Mr. Hunt, it is the despotism of the playwright, when connected with a journal, that forces on a manager the acceptance of a comedy—moreover condemning him to act the unprofitable production some ninety successive nights: the audience, it would seem,

bowing to the tyrannous infliction of the play, in deference to the journalist and one of the leaders in *Punch*.

“ Before I was out of my teens it was my fortune to be compelled to write for the minor theatres ; at a time when even large success at these despised places—degraded by a monopoly that has ceased to exist—was most injurious to the endeavours of the young dramatist desirous of obtaining an original hearing at the patent houses, which, at the time and in their treasury stress, were making free use of the very ‘ minor ’ drama of the unacknowledged aspirant. I have served full three apprenticeships to the English drama ; and though even its best rewards haply fall very short of the profits of a master cotton spinner, they have never in my case—I can assure Mr. Hunt—been levied on the fears of a manager with a threat of ‘ Your stage or *my* journal.’

“ With every wish to maintain an esteem for Mr. Hunt as a writer—an esteem that dates from my earliest boyhood—I must protest against his pains-taking use of my dramatic success—such as it has been—as an illustration of the injustice set down to Mr. Hunt’s old brotherhood of journalists ; namely, that they would make ‘ a dead set ’ against any manager who should refuse to risk his treasury on their stage experiments ! An odd compliment this, at parting, from the first editor of the *Examiner* to the journalists of 1850 !

“ It is a pity in the summing up of his literary life—a life that has been valuable to letters and to liberty—that Mr. Hunt should have sought the cause of his own stage disappointments in the fancied stage tyranny and meanness of others. Pity, that his ink, so very sweet in every other page of his *Autobiography*, should suddenly curdle in the page dramatic.

“ *July 4, 1850.*”

It was, indeed, an unworthy sneer in which the veteran had permitted himself to indulge, and the dramatist who had seen upwards of fifty of his plays staged long before *Punch* had been projected might be excused a feeling of deep annoyance. Indeed, he might well feel really hurt that the veteran of whose early independence of spirit and of whose beautiful poetic fancy he had long been an admirer, and for whom he had had a strong personal feeling, could make disappointment and pique lead him to so stupid an utterance. Leigh Hunt had been looked up to as a leader in that cause to which Jerrold's pen was wholeheartedly devoted, had been a cordially welcomed visitor at Putney, but Jerrold was not one who could condone such an unfounded and unworthy attack, and it cannot be said that his resentment was unjustified.

The next letter to Forster suggests that the attempt to find a post for Edmund Jerrold was progressing favourably.

“ July 9 [1850], *Eastbourne*.

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I will be with you punctually—thanks and many thanks for your friendship in the matter.

“ I was in town for two hours yesterday: had intended to preside at a ‘ Post ’ meeting; but on my arrival found that a most stupid, vulgar, even nasty bill had been circulated by the committee, without any communication with myself—whereupon I declined and straightway returned here. I know not how the matter went off; but the bill was of a kind

to invite such ruffians as Reynolds, etc. I hope the cause has not been injured.

“Friday is, I fear, a busy day with you. If, however, Lord Ashley compels you to have finished early enough, will you go to the play—*Rachel*, for instance—as I must come up in the afternoon to be in time for Hawes on Sat.?”

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

The visits to town from the Sussex watering-place appear to have been fairly frequent, for little more than a week elapsed before another journey was arranged :

“July 18 [1850].

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—As I must be in London on Saturday and some time on Monday—in *re* Mayhew, whom God make wiser!—I will be of the party. Self and bag at 58 on Sat. at little after eleven.

“Truly yours,
“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

What the party was cannot now be said, nor can it be said in what Henry Mayhew’s “unwisdom” lay. Before the month was out came another call to town, but the temptation was resisted, for Jerrold was at work on a promised comedy for Benjamin Webster, and, as the next letter to Forster indicates, was in need of that which the comedy represented owing to many demands upon his purse :

“Saturday [July 27, 1850], *Eastbourne*.

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—I should like to come on Wednesday—particularly so as I recognize your

further friendly zeal in the matter—but I am pretty well time-bound, and must spare no more days from my work until it is completed, for on that and other work ('he must shed much more *ink*') depends my chance of fitting out Ned. *Weekly News*, sons and son-in-law have finished me; and for awhile—but only for awhile—the iron (pen) must enter the soul of

“Yours ever truly,

“D. JERROLD.

“I am in the heart of Act II—and hope to finish Act III in about three weeks. *Then* I address myself to the drama for the *Keans*.

“The matter is more urgent as to my boy, because it is plain that the Cabinet of Russell & Co. is *not* as fixed as Arthur's Seat.”

Other than family demands followed him to Eastbourne, where a letter reached him from John Westland Marston asking help for some one for whom it was apparently hoped to obtain a Civil List pension.

“*Eastbourne, July 29 [1850].*

“MY DEAR MARSTON,—My absence from town will prevent me from doing what I could have wished with the tickets for the benefit. I might have disposed of several; though in these matters I have the pensive experience to know that people too frequently look upon the soliciting party as almost soliciting for himself. Personally, I have already done my best in this unfortunate cause. By the way, Macready wrote to me a day or two ago, making inquiries. From the answer I returned, you have doubtless heard from him.

“I think the draft of your letter to Russell fully meets the case. I wish I could sign it: but—on

consideration—with a sense of self-respect I cannot; inasmuch as, from past correspondence between his Lordship and myself, I would not be even one of a million to solicit of him the pension of one diurnal penny loaf.

“ However, you will not, I [know] lack names; far better under any circumstances, than that of,

“ My dear Marston,

“ Yours truly,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

In what way Lord John Russell had offended does not appear. It may be surmised that the promise to find an opening for Edmund remaining unfulfilled Douglas Jerrold felt a natural objection to any further application to Lord John.

The stay at Eastbourne was unpleasantly diversified by an attempted burglary at Oak Cottage, as is amusingly set forth in a portion of a letter to Charles Knight :

“ . . . I never really complained of Eastbourne in an impatient spirit. Last night, some hours after the foregoing was in ink, I received a deputation of housebreakers—real, earnest housebreakers. It was a great compliment, I conceive, to our air-drawn plate-chest. They attempted an entrance at the servant’s bedroom, but without effect, breaking a pane of glass in the attempt to force the sash. Unhappily, Ned’s gun got up without more than one night-cap, so one pop was all that was permitted. We sat up till four, had the late police, and I now hope for the best. A desperate *Lewes* gang (only think of the name !) have prowled about these parts. Twelve out of thirteen

known have recently been transported. The policeman X tells me that our friends of last night were no doubt a remnant of Israel. After all, Eastbourne is not *so* bad.

“Wife much frightened, but Polly quite a Maid of Saragossa. We made a fire, and, with a thought of Bailie Jarvie, I put in two pokers to air; but the ungrateful burglars did not return for them . . .”

During the stay at Eastbourne the leader of a small company of strolling actors waited on the dramatist and asked for his patronage for their performance. Douglas Jerrold duly gave his “bespeak” and he and his family went to the theatre, which, his son says, was then a barn, and witnessed a performance of *The Love Chase*—one of the best of the comedies by Jerrold’s friend, Sheridan Knowles. It would appear that matters theatrical had not improved much in Eastbourne from the days of 1789, when Dibdin there joined the company to which Douglas Jerrold’s father had belonged.

A few days later came another invitation—a particularly tempting one to the sea-loving author—when he was asked to go a trip in Lord Nugent’s yacht; but the call of work dictated a refusal:

“*Oak Cottage, Eastbourne, August 2 [1850].*”

“MY DEAR LORD NUGENT,—The ink has been thick, and would *not* run. I must therefore—I should have written to-day, had I not received yours—lose the experimental trip. I have a certain task to do; which I *must* accomplish; as there are certain treasury conditions involved in said accomplishment

which alone can guarantee my voyage. Besides this, my word is passed with two managers; and they must have the MSS.

“In this strait three or four days—as I am behind time already—would greatly interfere with the grand design. And I have just now got into the swing of work, and can’t hazard a stop. I’m very sorry for this, as I should have highly enjoyed the first skimming of the *Sea Gull*; to whose wings I commend you with best wishes.

“Yours ever truly,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The “two managers” to whom the dramatist’s word was passed were Benjamin Webster, for whom *Retired from Business* was being completed during the stay at Eastbourne, and Charles Kean, for whom a delightful comedy was outlined. Back at Putney in September the dramatist found it necessary to write to Kean and request a payment on account of the piece that he had in hand for the Princess’s Theatre :

“*West Lodge, Putney Common, September 24, 1850.*

“MY DEAR SIR,—I hope this will find you up and stirring. I would not further disturb you on Sunday—gout was a sufficient intruder. Part of my purpose was to ask you to allow me to anticipate—(being otherwise and very unexpectedly disappointed)—to the amount of £100 on the drama I am writing for you. I hope to complete it by the latter end of next month. Nothing will interfere with its completion.

“With compliments to Mrs. Kean,

“Yours faithfully,

“D. JERROLD.”

The obtaining of an appointment for Edmund still hung fire. The chance of getting one in the Colonial service appears to have called for an outlay which did not seem justified—possibly it meant fitting him out and sending him on the possibility of an appointment on arrival; that his father evidently thought it better to remind Lord John Russell of his promise is made evident by the following note :

“ Wednesday [September 25, 1850].

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I will drop in upon you some vacant day. (I left Nugent getting stronger than ever; he'll be in town this week). Have you at hand—when I call—L^d John's letter I sent you. I shall—on his return to town—drop him one more brief epistle, when I want to quote his *ipsissima verba*. I can't risk the £200 on the indefiniteness of the Colonial Office : unless *some* appointment were made certain, I should not—as I conceive—be justified in the speculation.

“ Yours ever truly,

“ D. JERROLD.”

The “ brief epistle ” appears to have been written and to have elicited a satisfactory reply, for a few days later Jerrold wrote again :

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—You will, I am sure, like to know that this day I've rec^d a letter from Lord John. He writes : ‘ I hope very soon to be able to place your son in the public service.’ This is a great relief to me.

“ Not yet quite subsided to the prose of life; but always yours faithfully,

“ D. JERROLD.”

In November the "Splendid Strollers" journeyed to Knebworth as guests of Lord Lytton, that they might give private performances of *Every Man in His Humour*—Jerrold taking again his part of Master Stephen. Lytton, Dickens, Jerrold and others planned a "Guild of Literature and Art" for the benefit of writers and artists who in their old age had fallen on evil days, and it was in these performances the scheme had its start. There were, later, many other performances with the same laudable but insufficiently thought-out end in view. Money was raised, some "homes" were built, but the scheme never really prospered, and the "Guild" after lingering for a number of years finally disappeared. Had the scheme been limited to the providing of small pensions to be bestowed on those whom it was designed to benefit—it might in time have been a useful supplement to the ridiculous amount allotted for such a purpose by the state. For the strollers' later performances Lytton wrote a comedy, all the profits of which were to go to the Guild.

"I left Nugent getting stronger than ever," Douglas Jerrold had written to Forster at the end of September, after a visit to Lilies, the literary and radical nobleman's seat in Buckinghamshire. Just two months later Lord Nugent died at Lilies, on November 26, and Jerrold felt the loss of a lately made but sympathetic friend. He wrote to Cowden Clarke a few days after the event:

“Putney, December 2, 1850.

“MY DEAR CLARKE,—I have received book, for which thanks, and best wishes for that and all followers. Over a sea-coal fire, this week—all dark and quiet outside—I shall enjoy its flavour. Best regards, I mean love, to the authoress. Poor dear Nugent! He and I became great friends: I’ve had many happy days with him at Lilies. A noble, cordial man; and—the worst of it—his foolish carelessness of health has flung away some ten or fifteen years of genial winter—frosty, but kindly. God be with him, and all yours.

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

The following fragment of a letter to Charles Knight appears to belong to this time, for of the “fairy tale” we hear more immediately after. The “Glass Palace” was, of course, the building in Hyde Park which Joseph Paxton was erecting for the Great Exhibition of 1851. The story of Paxton’s building—on which Douglas Jerrold was to fix the lasting name of the Crystal Palace—has often been told, but in connection with the mention of the great gardener here it may be added that somewhere about this time Douglas Jerrold’s youngest son, Thomas Serle, was placed under Paxton at Chatsworth that he might learn the art of gardening. The note to Knight runs:

Wednesday, 11, night.

“MY DEAR KNIGHT,—I will be with you on the 21st, but shall hope to see you on Saturday night: however, don’t wait; as I may be kept at Glass Palace,

where I've to meet Paxton. I'm stunned and stupefied by the weather; with an inside lining of fog; and I've got to write—that is, *expected* to do so—with the point of a sunbeam a certain fairy tale; which your little friends are sniffing over.¹ However, after Xmas, won't we have some holidays?"

A brief note to John Abraham Heraud on December 10 mentions the title of a short story, in the completion of which the writer has been somewhat delayed by "a seasonable

¹ Though the reference to a fairy story here may well be to *The Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf*, I may mention that there is an untraced fairy story by Douglas Jerrold entitled *The Carol*, of which I have a few proof sheets, pp. 87-90, 95-6. From these pages it is seen to be the story of a man imprisoned in stone like the legendary frog in marble. I quote a portion of it in case some reader may know of the story as appearing in one of the old annuals that I have overlooked:

"'You laugh!' cried the Voice; 'well, now I've hopes of you. Come, you will knock away this marble into the old fellow's head, and I—I will be as the frog in it.'

"'You the frog!'—

"'I—the frog! But such a frog as the old man never yet heard croak: such a frog, with such a pair of eyes, as never stared from a pond. Ha! ha! Already I feel a tadpole in the heart of the marble! As you chip and chip, tadpole shall grow and grow; and at length'—said the Voice, engagingly—'at length look with life through those stony eyes; move with life those stony lips! And so looking, and so speaking, be such a monitor, such a teacher to the old wicked thing, that—ho! ho!—how he'll curse the frog in his stone head—the frog in his marble brains—the frog in his eyes—the frog in his throat!'

"'Be it so—I'll do the work,' said the prisoner cheerily.

"'Begin then,' rejoined the Voice; and then it seemed as if it suddenly spoke from the core of the block. 'Begin,' it cried, 'I want eyes—eyes! Give the poor frog eyes! Let the frog stare from the marble! Eyes—eyes!'"

cold," as *The Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf*. That story duly appeared in the Christmas supplement of the *Illustrated London News* with dainty illustrations by William Harvey. It is a pleasant little fairy story, or morality, "showing how much better it is to educate than to destroy." This note being addressed to Heraud suggests that he had some official connection with the *Illustrated London News* at the time. The epic poet, dramatic critic and miscellaneous writer was more than once the object of Jerrold's fun. Presumably Heraud, too, was suffering from a "seasonable cold" when he met Jerrold and was saluted with the laughing remark, "I say, your nose is red, your cheeks are red, and your tie is red, in fact everything is read about you—except your books!"

Heraud's daughter—Miss Edith Heraud—in writing her reminiscences some years ago referring to her early leanings towards the stage, said :

"With one notable exception, no disposition was manifested by my father's friends to restrain my girlish flights and temper my enthusiasm. This notable exception appeared in the person of the late Douglas Jerrold. The first time he saw me, Douglas Jerrold twitted me upon the subject of my tragic aspirations. 'You can't play tragedy,' he said; 'take to comedy—that's your forte.' The more I remonstrated, the more he persisted and held his ground. It was certainly most provoking. I do not believe that in his heart Douglas Jerrold entertained

any opinion of the kind; he only said it to tease me and bring me down from the skies to a more convenient level."

That the attitude was merely one of teasing playfulness may be believed, for when, in 1851, Miss Heraud made her debut, as Juliet, Douglas Jerrold was among the friends of her father who went to Richmond to witness the performance. Miss Heraud also says that her father was present when Jerrold—it was at the house of a mutual friend :

"held forth somewhat vehemently upon the subject of commonsense. 'If there were more commonsense in the world,' he exclaimed, 'there would be more happiness than wickedness.' I cannot remember the exact line of argument pursued by Jerrold, but he arrived at the ultimatum that the want of commonsense was the reason why so few of us would ultimately reach heaven, and so many be propelled in an opposite direction. My father remarked that if this were so, the lack of companionship in heaven would make heaven itself a very dull place. 'The conclusion I have come to!' cried Jerrold, 'for my own part, I think I would rather go to hell in company than to heaven in solitude.' 'Good,' laughed my father, entering into the spirit of the joke, 'but then you know, Jerrold, that may be your want of commonsense.'

"Poor Douglas Jerrold! As I write these lines, visions of *Black-Eyed Susan* and the thousands of tearful eyes that witnessed it float before me; and often, when acting in this pathetic nautical drama, I have wondered if the author, when he wrote it, was charged with a superabundance, or the reverse,

of the commodity he so highly prized—common-sense.”

It is perhaps only natural to regard the recollected conversations of many years ago as containing the rough gist of the matter, rather than the actual words employed.

CHAPTER XVII

“ COLLECTED WORKS ”—SHERIDAN KNOWLES :
“ CHILD OF NATURE ”—“ RETIRED FROM
BUSINESS ”—A ROYAL PERFORMANCE—
“ LLOYD’S ”

1851—1852

ON the first day of the New Year of 1851 there began to be published a *Collected Edition of the Writings of Douglas Jerrold* in a form which may be taken as illustrating the popularity of his writings. The prospectus of this collected edition ran,

“ Many of these remain in the piecemeal form in which they were originally published, or lie scattered over the periodical literature of the last fifteen years; and as all of them, in a greater or less degree, have achieved a popular reputation, it is hoped that their republication in a cheap and uniform edition will be acceptable to the public. They will comprise— I. Novels, II. Tales, III. Essays, IV. Comedies and Dramas, and will probably extend to six volumes.

“ The size adopted will be that of Mr. Dickens’s Cheap Editions, but the lines will extend across the page instead of being in columns.

“ The mode of publication will be in Weekly Numbers, of sixteen pages each; and in Monthly Parts; and, finally, in Volumes.

“ The price of each Number will be 1½*d.*; and the

average of each Volume will be about twenty-four Numbers."

I have never seen copies of the weekly issue, but presume that they were issued, as were the monthly ones, in grey wrappers. For three and a half years this serial issue of the collected writings went on until the work was completed in eight volumes. Though entitled a "Collected" edition, it was not in any sense complete, indeed it contained but little of Jerrold's scattered writings beyond such as had already been gathered into *Men of Character*, and *Cakes and Ale*, with *The Story of a Feather*, *St. Giles and St. James*, the *Chronicles of Clovernook*, *Punch's Letters*, and fewer than a fourth of his plays. The issue was hailed by a writer in the *Athenæum* at the time as "welcome not only for the intrinsic and durable quality of the writings—than which few things that have appeared in our age in the range of imaginative literature can boast of finer veins of thought or more original soarings of fancy—but also on account of the difficulties which have long beset the collector of temporary literature in the attempt to obtain the various dramas, essays and tales which constitute Mr. Jerrold's works." Another writer was no less enthusiastic, saying: "This collection will enable the reading public of the present day to trace the more serious, subtle and profound views of thought which—unknown to many—constitute the higher literary merits of the

successful dramatist. In some of Mr. Jerrold's anonymous essays there are flights of fancy and depths of thinking quite Shakespearean. It is not the finer veins of feeling and imagination which he has successfully worked that most readily coin themselves into currency. There is a poetry in works of Mr. Jerrold's little understood by those who look on the author principally as the impersonation of *Punch*."

This serial issue of the collected writings continued week by week and month by month from January 1851 to June 1854, but, as has been said, was far from complete, leaving out over fifty of the plays and many of the shorter scattered writings.

A couple of paragraphs from the preface may be quoted for the directly autobiographical note rare in Jerrold's work :

"The completion of the first volume of a collected edition of his writings—scattered over the space of years—is an opportunity tempting to the vanity of a writer to indulge in a retrospect of the circumstances that first made authorship his hope, as well as of the general tenor of his after vocation. I will not, at least, in these pages, yield to the inducement further than to say that, self-helped and self-guided, I began the world at an age when, as a general rule, boys have not laid down their primers; that the cockpit of a man-of-war was at thirteen exchanged for the struggle of London; that appearing in print ere perhaps the meaning of words was duly mastered—no one can be more alive than myself to the worthlessness of such early mutterings."

“In conclusion, I submit this volume [*St. Giles and St. James*] to the generous interpretation of the reader. Some of it has been called ‘bitter’; indeed, ‘bitter’ has, I think, a little too often been the ready word when certain critics have condescended to bend their eyes upon my page: so ready, that were my ink redolent of myrrh and frankincense, I well know the sort of ready-made criticism that would cry, with a denouncing shiver, ‘Aloes; aloes.’”

The first letter of 1851 is one addressed to Peter Cunningham, a friend who, as many more distinguished men of letters were to do, joined the duties of a position in the Civil Service with the delights of authorship. Cunningham, who had a post in the Audit Office at Somerset House, had sent Jerrold a copy of the *Gentleman's Magazine* containing an article on Nell Gwynne, an essay which was but a tentative attempt at a subject of which Cunningham made a whole book a year or two later.

“Putney, January 6, 1851.

“MY DEAR CUNNINGHAM,—Thanks for *Nell Gwynne*: I hope she will not always remain under the protection of Mr. Urban, but appear between her own covers. Why, too, give no more than six pages—only half-a-dozen oranges? There should have been twenty at least.

“I ‘see by the papers’ that the folks at Somerset House are to rise henceforth, not by time, but by their own virtues. Knowing this, I ‘stand upon the shoulders of Time’—a very little Time—Time, jun. and already see you at the head of the office.

“Truly yours,

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

In his magazines and newspaper Douglas Jerrold always made a point of holding out a hand of encouragement to young writers, and wished them to sign their contributions on the grounds that it was not just for one all-powerful writer to keep his own name prominently forward while those of his collaborators were suppressed; and on this matter he had a sly dig at Charles Dickens. When the great novelist was starting *Household Words* and said that he would like to have contributions but that all must be anonymous, "Yes," remarked Jerrold drily, "so I see, for the name of Charles Dickens is on every page!" The encouragement which he, perhaps sometimes too readily, gave as editor, he also readily gave as friend, as we see in the above pleasant note to Peter Cunningham. Another acknowledgment of about this time was sent to William C. Bennett :

"Many thanks for your 'Poems.' Many of them were old friends; but I was very happy to enlarge my circle. I hope that even this money-changing age will not 'willingly let die' many of the charming home-touched truths of your muse."

At length young Edmund duly received his nomination to a Civil Service appointment, the news being sent to John Forster in a couple of short notes :

"January 11 [1851].

"MY DEAR FORSTER,—I will be with you *certain* : half-past six : 18th.

“Ned ‘goes down to the Treasury’ on Tuesday : the post is in the Commissariat Dep^t.

“Ever truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

“Monday [January 14, 1851].

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—On Saturday next—yes. But I write to say that Ned has been to the Treasury, and has *passed* with some credit; to my great relief, for like his father and unlike *Cassio*, I didn’t think him an arithmetician. He has, however, worked very hard. Sir C. Trevelyan tells him he will be installed on Friday.

“Ever yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

Then another friend’s book had to be acknowledged, for James Sheridan Knowles, writer, in *The Hunchback* and *The Love Chase*, of two of the best comedies of the nineteenth century, who had become possessed of a fanatical anti-Roman zeal, sent to Putney a little work on *The Church Demolished by its Own Priest*. That Jerrold himself was a strong anti-Romanist his occasional writings in *Punch* and elsewhere abundantly testify, but whether he was able to say a good word for his fellow dramatist’s book cannot be ascertained. The following is Sheridan Knowles’s reply to a letter of thanks :

“65, York Place, Edinburgh, February 12, 1851.

“MY DEAR JERROLD,—I thank you for acknowledging my letter. I know how pressing and numerous are your *useful* avocations; and therefore drew no unkind or unfavourable conclusions from delay.

“ If, my dear Jerrold, you entertain the intention of helping my little work, do it as quickly as you conveniently can, and as powerfully, too—and do so from the motive that led me to construct it—Honour for our *God* and Redeemer, in endeavouring to rend off from the tree of Christianity the parasite of priest-craft which hides and cramps what it embraces for its own pernicious ends.

“ My whole theology lies in the Word of God. Not once have I glanced from that Word in prosecuting my labours. Unskilled in the works of divines—an utter stranger to what others have written on my side of the question, I approached the task in perfect yet humble confidence that I should find munition enough for the contest in the armoury of the Bible—though with that munition I did not dare to furnish myself; but with prayer, in the name of Jesus Christ, implored that it might be accorded me. This is not the language of a zealot, but of one that believes in the directions and promises of God.

“ *Now* is the time. The work succeeds. Upwards of six hundred copies have already been sold. A few words from you, and one or two other friends, would sweep away the rest of the edition in a week. Jerrold, you know me! It is the cause!—The Searcher of Hearts that knows it is the cause! Our God knows that to Him—and to Him alone—whatever of power, or light, or truth the pages which I have written may contain.

“ But what is the legislature about? Is the *Jesuit* still to be suffered in the land? We see the fruits of his being permitted to locate himself here; and we shall see more of them, if he be suffered to remain! At him, Jerrold!—At him with all the vigour of your arm of nerve—irresistible in its singleness and integrity.

“With the help of God, I go to work again—to demolish tradition with the Bible!—to demolish it by the very arguments with which it is attempted to be maintained! I am only breathing a little before I begin.

“I am glad that my little work pleases you; but I rejoice at its doing so upon higher grounds than those of *personal* vanity.

“Your letter made me very happy, and again thanking you for it, I am most faithfully, and with prayerful wishes for your happiness, here and hereafter, your affectionate friend,

“JAMES SHERIDAN KNOWLES.”

In an early number of the *Cornhill Magazine* there appeared a paper on “A Child of Nature,” which was very evidently a representation of this genial Irishman who had published his first volume at the age of twelve, had been a soldier, a doctor, an actor, and a schoolmaster before he made his great successes as a dramatist, and long before he became an ardent Baptist and ran a tilt at Rome. In the *Cornhill* paper he is disguised as “T.,” and these stories are there told about him in relation with Jerrold :

“One day Douglas Jerrold, who liked and laughed at him, happening to quote a familiar passage from Milton, T. exclaimed with enthusiasm, ‘That’s fine! Who said that?’

“‘Come, T., don’t pretend that you don’t know it’s Milton.’

“‘Me, dear boy, I’ve never read him.’

“‘Never read Milton! and you a poet!’

“‘I’ve scarcely read anything. I was suckled at the breasts of Nature herself.’

“ ‘Yes,’ retorted the terrible Jerrold, ‘but you put a deal of rum in her milk.’ ”

The narrator had been telling an amusing story of “T’s” absent-mindedness when Jerrold “capped it with the following” :

“ He was one day walking with T. down Holborn, when a gentleman came up, and was welcomed by T. with overflowing cordiality, which the stranger suddenly interrupted with—

“ ‘But you *never* came to dine the other day!—we waited for you over an hour. It was such a disappointment!’

“ T. struck his forehead, as if remonstrating with his oblivious weakness, and replied—

“ ‘No more I did! It escaped me memory intirely. But I tell ye hwat, I’ll dine with ye on Saturday next.’

“ ‘Will you, Mr. T.?’

“ ‘I will.’

“ ‘Without fail?’

“ ‘Without fail. At hwat hour?’

“ ‘Six, if agreeable.’

“ ‘At six!’

“ ‘Then we may expect you next Saturday?’

“ ‘Next Saturday, at six. Good-bye, God bless ye.’

“ ‘Good-bye; and mind you don’t forget Saturday.’

“ ‘I’ll be there! God bless ye! Saturday, at six—good-bye—at six.’

“ The stranger departed, and T. continued shouting good-byes after him; then, putting his arm within Jerrold’s, he walked on a few paces in si ence, and at length said, quietly—

“ ‘I wonder hwat the devil his name is now?’

“ Jerrold used to tell of his trying to get T. to write

a life of Shakespeare for a bookseller, who offered to pay liberally for it. T. was standing behind the scenes of the Haymarket when the proposal was made, and to the amusement of Jerrold and the actors, he exclaimed—‘ Me dear Jerrold ! I *couldn't*—indeed, I couldn't ! Don't ask it ! I *couldn't*. Me riverence for that *immortal* bard is such—don't ask it ! A Life of Shakespeare ? I couldn't touch it.’

“ ‘ Nonsense, T. : no man would do it better.’ ”

“ ‘ Write Shakespeare's life ? Think of it, me boy ! Think of me feelings. I couldn't—no money could induce me. Besides,’ he added, as if this were quite by the way—‘ besides, *I know very little about him.*’ ”

At the end of February of this year the great tragedian W. C. Macready gave his farewell performance, and was duly honoured with a dinner, when Lytton took the chair and many notable people joined in homage to the well-graced actor on his leaving the stage. Jerrold was at the farewell performance, but was apparently prevented from attending the dinner, for writing to John Forster he said :

“ [March 4, 1851]. ”

“ MY DEAR FORSTER,—I am, no doubt, merely echoing a determination already expressed ; nevertheless, I'll run the risk of the echo.

“ Should not a little book—an historical book—be put forth containing all that is worthy of record of the Farewell Night, the Dinner, etc., etc.—bearing upon Macready's retirement ?

“ I was deprived of a great pleasure. But a cold I caught in the stalls—between the orchestra door

and the passage—on Wednesday and *improved in a cab* on Thursday night, at this present writing even doubles me up, and threateneth me with a bout of rheumatism.

“ We meet, I shall conclude, on the 12th for reading.

“ Ever yours,

“ D. JERROLD.”

The “ reading ” was probably that of Bulwer Lytton’s *Not So Bad as We Seem*, which the company kept together by Charles Dickens’s enthusiasm had promised to produce for the benefit of the Guild of Literature and Art, and for the production of which the Duke of Devonshire had offered to lend Devonshire House. Jerrold had undertaken a part in the cast—Dickens wrote to Lytton: “ As to Jerrold, there he stands in the play ! ” which suggests that the author had kept in mind Jerrold’s impersonation of Master Stephen in Jonson’s comedy when delineating the character of Mr. Shadowly Softhead. Apparently Charles Knight was not in the cast at first, as his friend wrote to Forster at the end of March: “ Knight is most desirous of the part of Hodge—so much so that I think he would feel slighted to be left out of the scheme.” Knight got his wish.

While the dramatist was thus once again about to engage in amateur acting, his new comedy was being rehearsed at the Haymarket, and there, on May 3, *Retired from Business* duly made its appearance before the public. The play was a keen social satire on humbug

and pretence, but, as some of the earlier ones had been, was rather conspicuous for the liveliness of its dialogue than for the "story" it unfolded. The scene is the "Paradise" of Pumpkinfield, where a number of tradesmen and merchants have built themselves villas in which to spend the years of their easy retirement, some of them as "gentlefolks" who would oblivate the counter and the counting-house. In Mr. and Mrs. Pennyweight we have the opposing camps contrasted, he a frank, bluff man, smugly satisfied with the prosperity that has allowed him to retire, but not at all ashamed of the shop from which he has come; she ready to ape her social superiors, to fix a prefatory "Fitz" to their name:

"*Pennyweight.* New card! Mrs. Pennyweight, have you the face to ask me to change my name?"

"*Mrs. Pennyweight.* Why not? When we married, didn't I do as much for you?"

The lady is all for their getting in with the nobs of the neighbourhood—the nob is only the snob as he sees himself—while her husband has a fatal readiness for making friends of those who are not regarded as forming the best society in the neighbourhood:

"In Pumpkinfield the gentry of previous wholesale life do not associate with individuals of former retail existence. The counting-house knows not the shop. The wholesale merchant never crosses the till. . . . The till! That damaging slit—that fatal flaw—makes

an impassable gulf between us. Thus, in Pumpkinfield there is what we term the billers and the tillers; or, in a fuller word the billocracy and the tillocracy."

It is one of the "tillocracy" who speaks, and Pennyweight shows his prompt appreciation of the distinction by paraphrasing it in blunt fashion:

"Wholesales don't mix with retails? I think I see. Raw wool does not speak to halfpenny ball of worsted—tallow in the cask looks down upon sixes to the pound, and pig iron turns up its nose at tenpenny nails."

A pleasant variety of people make up the mixed society of Pumpkinfield, and a couple of love stories are provided: firstly, the Pennyweight's daughter Kitty has, while in school at Calais, fallen in love with Paul, the son of the retired Russia merchant Puffins, he who had divided his neighbours into tillocracy and billocracy, and who had had his house built as "a model of the Kremlin, before blown up by Buonaparte—a brick-and-mortar compliment to Russia"; then the niece of an army captain returns to her uncle having lost her position as governess because a young gentleman with prospects had preferred her before the daughter of the house, and the young gentleman was nephew of another of the Pumpkinfield worthies "retired from business," one who plays as it were the villain of the piece as a "man of iron" until, before the final curtain, he relents and in his own word proves no harder than

butter. There are diverting situations in the boy and girl romance of Paul and Kitty and the antagonism of their parents; there is sentiment in the story of the other couple, and something of farce in the incidental pursuit of the widowed pawnbroker Jubilee by his deceased wife's friend. All ends as stage comedy so often does, in proving that there has been as it were much ado about nothing, and Pennyweight is even forgiven when the inevitable revelation comes which shows that in pre-Pumpkinfield days he had been a retail greengrocer. In conclusion the Russia merchant expresses the hope that he is "in every sense—once and for ever retired from business" only to move Captain Gunn to the final protest, the "moral" which in accordance with a convention often employed, made the play end with a repetition of its title :

"No; in every sense, who is? Life has its duties ever; none wiser, better, than a manly disregard of false distinctions, made by ignorance, maintained by weakness. Resting from the activities of life, we have yet our daily task—the interchange of simple thoughts, and gentle doings. When, following those already passed, we rest beneath the shadow of yon distant spire, then, and only then, may it be said of us—'Retired from Business.'"

Though electric light has long eclipsed "sixes to the pound" and in other datings the play may be stamped of the time, yet its satire is directed against a lasting weakness of men

(and women), and the retired merchants who refused to recognize the retired retailers of the mid-nineteenth century have their parallel in the knights of the early twentieth who would have the world unaware of the business means by which they have attained their title. It is hearty, healthy satire, and was perhaps the better appreciated because, as was said of Mrs. Caudle, everybody saw their neighbours in the characters but never themselves.

A garden-loving sailor provides a goodly share of the amusing dialogue, as in his treatment of the love-sick boy :

“ *Gunn. (Aside to Tackle.)* Joe, take this youngster off. He’s in love, and I’m busy.

Tackle. Hallo, Master Paul, how’s all aboard ?

Paul. Broken-hearted.

Tackle. Is that all ? Bless you, when I was your age, I was broken-hearted in every port. Come along with me. I’ll mend your heart in such a way you shan’t know it again. Poor fellow !

Paul. (Aside.) He has feeling—he doesn’t laugh. (*Aloud.*) Ha ! Lieutenant Tackle, you don’t know how beautiful she is !

Tackle. No doubt ; like my roses will be, if the caterpillars will only let ’em. I say—you like a garden ?

Paul. I’m broken-hearted, and like nothing.

Tackle. You like music ? You shall take a turn upon my fiddle.

Paul. Not even in music is there medicine for me.

Tackle. Pooh ! the fiddle will do you a deal of good, besides searing away the sparrows.

Paul. Ha ! Captain, my brain ! I lay awake all

night, finding ugly faces in the curtains, and—my brain is scorched. If I could only weep I should be better.

Tackle. Poor dear fellow! And should you?

Paul. I feel it's unmanly. But what I want, what I should like, is the relief of tears.

Tackle. Should you? The relief of tears? Then come with me. (*Aside.*) He shall weed the onions.

[*Exit, with Paul.*]

Gunn. Ha! Ha! Poor lad! I'd be willing to be quite as unhappy to be quite as young."

In the Captain's closing words the dramatist might have been thinking of the retort he is reported to have made to a youth who said, "Mr. Jerrold, what would you give to be as young as I am?" "I would almost be content to be as foolish!"

When *Retired from Business* was produced the rehearsing of Lytton's comedy *Not So Bad as We Seem*—of which Jerrold said, "'Not so bad as we seem,' but a great deal worse than we ought to be"—was going actively on, and with such a company—Dickens, Jerrold, Mark Lemon, John Forster, Frank Stone, R. H. Horne, and Charles Knight, and others—no doubt went merrily forward. Writing at the end of April Dickens said, "We rehearse now at Devonshire House, three days a week, all day long!" On May 16, the great "first night" arrived. A theatre had been set up in Devonshire House and the auditorium was thronged with "rank and fashion," the tickets being five pounds apiece, while Queen Victoria

had sent a hundred guineas for her box. It was, as one chronicler put it, "the best audience that could be desired," an audience that having paid lavishly towards the cause for which the performance was arranged was prepared to be entertained by the fare put before it. The performers distinguished themselves—Jerrold and Lemon were summed up as "first-rate actors, almost equal to Dickens"—and all passed off most satisfactorily, though but for the presence of mind of Dickens a contretemps might have marred the general effect. The story is told by Horne:

"Only one little accident occurred. Every gentleman of the period (of the play) of any rank wore a sword; the manager, therefore, intimated that as our stage was small, and would be nearly filled up with side tables and tables in front, in the conspiracy scene in 'Will's Coffee House,' it would be prudent and important that the swords of the *dramatis personæ* should be most carefully considered in passing down the centre, and round one of the tables in front. At this table sat the Duke of Middlesex [Frank Stone], and the Earl of Loftus [Dudley Costello], in a private and high-treasonous conversation. On the table were decanters, glasses, plates of fruit, etc. At the other table, in front, sat Mr. David Fallen [Augustus Egg], the half-starved Grub Street author and political pamphleteer, with some bread and cheese, and a little mug of ale. The eventful moment came, when Mr. Shadowly Softhead [Douglas Jerrold], Colonel Flint [R. H. Horne], and others, had to pass down the narrow space in the middle of the stage to be presented to the Duke of Middlesex, and then, as there was not

room enough to enable them to turn about and retire up the stage, each one was to pass round the corner of the table, and make his exit at the left first entrance. This was done by all with safety, and reasonably good grace, except by one gentleman, who shall not be named; as he rose from his courtly bowing to advance and pass round, the tip of his jutting-out sword went rigidly across the surface of the table, and swept off the whole of the 'properties' and realities. Decanters, glasses, grapes, a pineapple, a painted pound cake, and several fine wooden peaches, rolled pell-mell upon the stage, and, as usual, made for the footlights. A considerable 'sensation' passed over the audience; amidst which the Queen (to judge by the shaking of her handkerchief in front of the royal face) by no means remained unmoved. But Dickens, who, as Lord Wilmot, happened to be close in front, with admirable promptitude and tact called out with a jaunty air of command, 'Here, drawer! come and clear away this wreck!' as though the disaster had been a part of the business of the scene, while the others *on* the stage so well managed their by-play that many of the audience were in some doubt about the accident. . . .

"Jerrold also (a capital actor in certain parts) was hardly in his right element. His head and face were a good illustration of the saying that most people are like one or another of our 'dumb fellow creatures,' for he certainly had a remarkable resemblance to a lion, chiefly for his very large, clear, round, undaunted straightforward-looking eyes; the structure of the forehead; and his rough, unkempt, uplifted flourish of tawny hair. It was difficult to make such a face look like the foolish, half-scared, country gentleman, Mr. Shadowly Softhead; but he enacted the part very well notwithstanding."

A second performance was given on the following night, and after the play the Duke of Devonshire gave a ball and supper to the performers and audience, and again it is to Horne that we owe a glimpse of Douglas Jerrold :

“ One of the most amusing things in this ball-and-supper scene was the state of romantic admiration into which Jerrold was thrown by the beauty of some of those who might truly have been designated the flowers of the nobility. Jerrold moved hastily about, his large eyes gleaming as if in a walking vision; and when he suddenly came upon any of the ‘ Guild ’ he uttered glowing and racy ejaculations, at which some laughed, while others felt disposed to share his raptures.”

Other performances followed the brilliant start at Devonshire House, and presumably a goodly sum was gathered for the purpose of launching the “ Guild.” In the autumn Dickens wrote from Clifton, where the play was presented in the Victoria Rooms, “ Jerrold is in extraordinary force. I don’t think I ever knew him so humorous.” Before the “ strolling ” was carried to the country several performances were given in London during the summer at the Hanover Square Rooms, and the public response was so considerable that it might have seemed that the Guild was to be established on a permanent footing, yet the scheme never really caught on, and what was finally done with the funds does not seem to be readily ascertainable. On the way to Clifton in

November, Dickens visited Walter Savage Landor at Bath, and it is probable that Jerrold did so at the same time, for I have a letter written to him from Landor about a fortnight later :

“[*Bath, November 25, 1851.*]

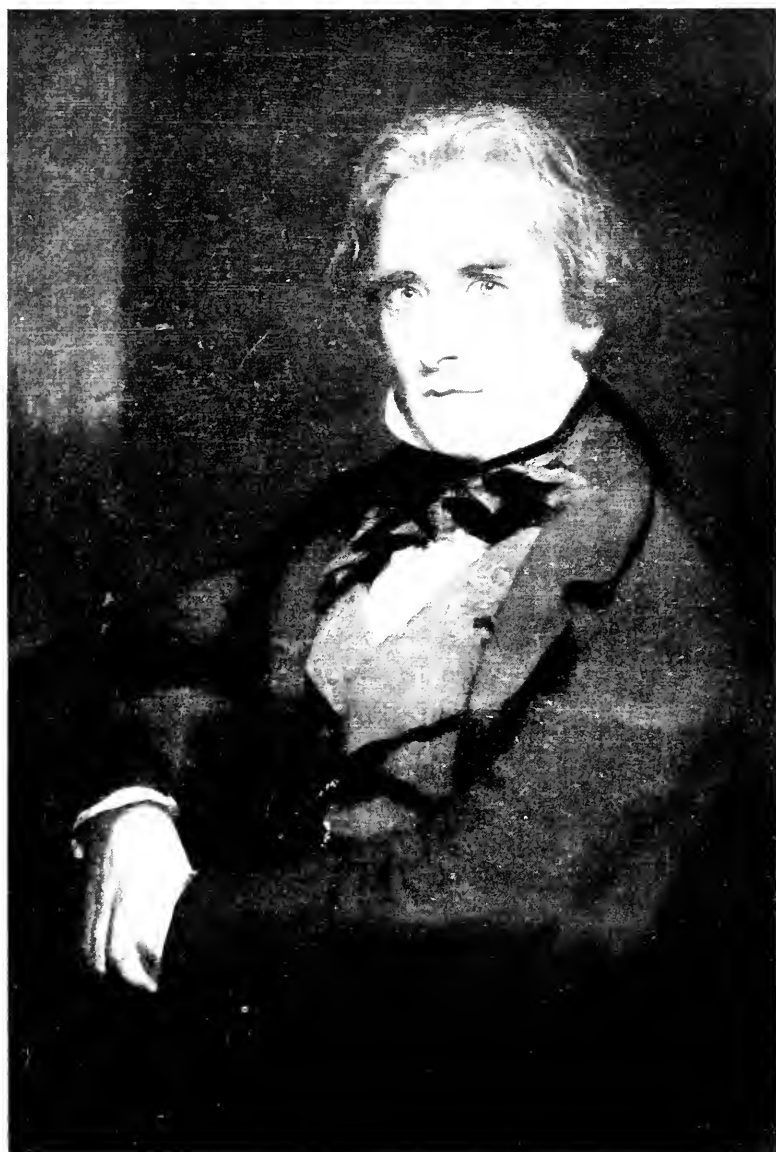
“DEAR DOUGLAS JERROLD,—I am very delighted to receive even a few lines from you. Be sure it will gratify me to [be] one of the Committe[e]. I inclose a paragraph from the *Hereford Times*. It contains a most interesting tale about the family of Kossuth. You possess the power of dramatizing it. Electrify the world by giving it this stroke of your genius. Believe me,

“Sincerely yours,

“W. S. LANDOR.”

It is not often that a writer finds any inspiration in a subject given to him by another, and the dramatist was not moved to the dramatizing of the Kossuth anecdote. The “Committee” was probably one for agitating for the removal of the stamp duty on newspapers, the paper duty and the advertisement duty—those “taxes on knowledge” as Leigh Hunt, I believe, happily dubbed them, but which Charles Dickens in a long letter to Macready refused to regard as such. It was some years before the whole reform was effected, but time was to show that Jerrold and his fellow workers for the reform were right and Dickens and other opposers wrong.

On the last day of the year Douglas Jerrold’s mother died very suddenly. She had been



DOUGLAS JERROLD, 1852

(From the painting by Sir David Murray, P.R.S.A., at the National Portrait Gallery.)

staying with her daughter, Mrs. William Robert Copeland, in Liverpool, and on New Year's morning one of her grand-daughters going to wish her good morning and a Happy New Year found that she had quietly passed away in her sleep. She had attained the age of seventy-nine.

In the year 1852 Douglas Jerrold entered upon the task most memorably associated with the later years of his life, the task that is presumably referred to in the following note :

“Thursday.

“MY DEAR FORSTER,—When we last met I had given up a project—entertained by me for some week or two previous—and believed that I could eke out to meet your wishes. Such project is again renewed—(it is that of a Sunday newspaper)—and therefore, with what I am already engaged in, will fully employ me. I am induced to this venture—first by the belief that I can carry it out with at least fair success, and secondly that it affords to me an opportunity of asserting my own mind (such as it is) without the annoyance (for I have recently felt it) of having the endeavour of some years negatived, ‘humanized’ away by contradiction and what appears to me gross inconsistency.

“Yours, my dear Forster, ever truly,
“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

It was in 1842 that *Lloyd's Illustrated Weekly Newspaper* had been started by Edward Lloyd, an enterprising young printer, and for some years this herald of the cheap popular

press—it was twopence at a time when most of the newspapers were fivepence and sixpence—had varying fortunes. After a short time illustrations were dropped (to be revived later) and the price was increased to threepence. Edward Lloyd was not only a pioneer of the cheap newspaper press, but he was also pioneer of the system of publicity which regards the landscape as wonderfully improved by “bold advertisement.” Wishing to extend the popularity of his paper yet further than had been effected by advertising throughout the country by bills stuck on rocks and walls and five-barred gates, and a strong democratic policy, Edward Lloyd took the bold step of asking Douglas Jerrold to become its editor. The popularity of Jerrold’s name as a force on the Liberal side was considerable, but he did not respond at all enthusiastically to Lloyd’s proposal, saying that he must think it over and consult his friends. He did so; and then came a second interview, when the following dialogue is said to have taken place between the proprietor and the editor whom he wished to secure :

“ Well, you are not disposed to accept the post ? ”

“ Scarcely.”

“ Mr. Jerrold, you are unaware of the terms I was going to propose.”

“ Quite.”

“ A thousand a year.”

“ Oh ! that puts another complexion on the case. I’ll see you again to-morrow.”

The morrow came, and with it the further interview, when Jerrold agreed to accept the position if the salary was made "twenty pounds a week," to which trivial alteration Lloyd readily agreed. The incident reminds one of Thackeray's interview with an agent when he was arranging a series of his lectures, and the terms had been vaguely spoken of as "fifty pounds" and "fifty guineas." The agent had left the presence of the novelist when this was pointed out to him, and he returned to settle the matter—"Oh, guineas," said Thackeray, "decidedly guineas."

As has been said, *Lloyd's* was already ten years old when Douglas Jerrold took over the editorship—but had not apparently any very high standing at the time, for it was stated some years later that Jerrold "found it in the gutter and annexed it to literature." Yet though it had been started in 1842 and Jerrold's connection with it did not begin until 1852, I have seen it stated in a recent work of reference that the paper was "started under Douglas Jerrold's editorship." From taking over control of the journal in 1852 he remained active editor of the paper up to his death five years later, and here again it may be said that there have been strange misstatements made as to the extent of his "editing" being limited to the writing of the political leaders. He was indeed editor in fact as well as in name, and kept a close look-out over all departments, especially keeping control of the political,

dramatic and literary matters dealt with. Among the helpers he enlisted in the service of *Lloyd's* may be mentioned Thomas Cooper, to whom he had earlier given work on *Douglas Jerrold's Weekly Newspaper*. Henceforward, week by week, here as well as in *Punch*, Jerrold expressed himself tersely, fancifully, emphatically, on the social and political matters of the day. To such topical work his later years were mostly devoted—there were to be a couple more comedies and occasional excursions in the writing of such fanciful things as the writer could suffuse with a moral purpose, yet it was mainly as journalist that his later years were passed.

At the close of February a meeting of the association for bringing about the repeal of "the taxes on knowledge" was held, but Jerrold was unable to attend. He was not, as we have seen, a platform speaker, and sent to J. Alfred Novello, treasurer to the movement, a letter which put with delightful sarcasm some of the points against the obnoxious taxation :

" *West Lodge, Putney Lower Common,*
" *February 25, 1852.*

" **DEAR SIR,**—Disabled by an accident from personal attendance at your meeting, I trust I may herein be permitted to express my heartiest sympathy with its great social purpose. That the fabric, paper, newspapers, and advertisements should be taxed by any Government possessing paternal yearning for the education of a people defies the argument of reason. Why not, to help the lame and to aid the short-

sighted, lay a tax upon crutches, and enforce a duty upon spectacles ?

“ I am not aware of the number of professional writers—of men who live from pen to mouth—flourishing this day in merry England ; but it appears to me, and the notion, to a new Chancellor of the Exchequer (I am happy to say, one of my order—of the goose-quill, not of the heron’s plume)—may have some significance ; why not enforce a duty upon the very source and origin of letters ? Why not have a literary poll-tax, a duty upon books and ‘ articles ’ in their rawest materials ? Let every author pay for his licence, poetic or otherwise. This would give a wholeness of contradiction to a professed desire for knowledge, when existing with taxation of its material elements. Thus, the exciseman, beginning with authors’ brains, would descend through rags, and duly end with paper. This tax upon news is captious and arbitrary ; arbitrary, I say, for what is *not* news ? A noble lord makes a speech : his rays of intelligence, compressed like Milton’s fallen angels, are in a few black rows of this type ; and this is news. And is not a new book ‘ news ’ ? Let Ovid tell us how Midas first laid himself down, and—private and confidential—whispered to the reeds, ‘ I have ears ’ ; and is that not news ? Do many noble lords, even in Parliament, tell us anything newer ?

“ The tax on advertisements is—it is patent—a tax even upon the industry of the very hardest workers. Why should the Exchequer waylay the errand boy, and oppress the maid-of-all-work ? Wherefore should Mary Ann be made to disburse her eighteenpence at the Stamp office ere she can show her face in print, wanting a place, although to the discomfiture of those first-created Chancellors of the Exchequer—the spiders ?

“ In conclusion, I must congratulate the meeting

on the advent of the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. The Right Honourable Benjamin Disraeli is the successful man of letters. He has ink in his veins. The goosequill—let gold and silver sticks twinkle as they may—leads the House of Commons. Thus, I feel confident that the literary instincts of the right honourable gentleman will give new animation to the coldness of statesmanship, apt to be numbed by tightness of red-tape. We are, I know, early taught to despair of the right honourable gentleman, because he is allowed to be that smallest of things, 'a wit.' Is arithmetic for ever to be the monopoly of substantial respectable dulness? Must it be, that a Chancellor of the Exchequer, like Portia's portrait, is only to be found in lead?

"No, sir, I have a cheerful faith that our new fiscal minister will, to the confusion of obese dulness, show his potency over pounds, shillings and pence. The Exchequer L. S. D. that have hitherto been as the three witches—the weird sisters—stopping us, wherever we turned, the right honourable gentleman will at the least transform into the three Graces, making them in all their salutations, at home and abroad, welcome and agreeable. But with respect to the L. S. D. upon knowledge, he will, I feel confident, cause at once the weird sisterhood to melt into thin air; and thus—let the meeting take heart with the assurance—thus will fade and be dissolved the Penny News Tax—the errand boy and maid-of-all-work's tax—and the tax on that innocent white thing, the tax on paper. With this hope I remain,

"Yours faithfully,

"DOUGLAS JERROLD."

A few months later Jerrold did once more make a public appearance in person, when he

took the chair at the Anniversary Festival of the Printers' Pension Corporation—a most appropriate chairman, for, occupying a position that during the preceding twenty years had been occupied by such men as Bulwer Lytton, the Duke of Cambridge, Charles Dickens, and Benjamin Disraeli, Jerrold was probably the first who had been in earlier life a practical printer.

At the Royal Academy Exhibition of this year was shown (Sir) Daniel Macnee's portrait of Douglas Jerrold.¹

Some time in 1852 Edmund Jerrold received an appointment under the Commissariat Department in Canada, and a little farewell ball was given by his parents, a short description of which we owe to one of the guests on the occasion. George Hodder says that Edmund :

“ being a young gentleman of somewhat graceful proportions, and not a little proud to exhibit himself to the best advantage, wore his uniform on the occasion, and was, of course, a very conspicuous object during the evening. In short, his glittering appearance was almost calculated to monopolize the attention of the lady visitors; and his father, being anxious that he should distinguish himself in some way beyond that of displaying his elegant costume, hoped, when his health was proposed, as it was in due course, after supper, that he might make a speech which would be considered ‘an honour to the family.’ When Edmund rose, champagne glass in hand, to express

¹ This painting is now in the National Portrait Gallery, in the catalogue of which it is stated erroneously to have been exhibited at the R.A. in 1853.

his acknowledgements, he seemed so full of confidence, and presented so bold a front to the assembled guests, many of whom were standing in clusters around the room, that his father must have thought he had a son of whose oratorical powers he should doubtless one day be proud. The young officer, however, had scarcely got beyond the words, 'Ladies and Gentlemen, for the honour you have done me,' ere he suddenly collapsed and resumed his seat! Never was astonishment more strangely depicted upon the human countenance than it was upon that of Jerrold at this singular fiasco on the part of his hopeful son. He was literally dumbfounded, but at length he exploded with a sort of cachinnatory splutter—not to call it laughter—and looking round the room, in doubt as to where he should fix his gaze, he murmured, '*Well!*' Amongst the guests on that evening was Dr. Wright, Jerrold's medical attendant, and that gentleman had selected as his partner in the dance Miss Mary Jerrold, our host's youngest daughter. The Doctor being 'more than common tall,' and the young lady being rather short, but not of very minute proportions, their combined appearance produced a somewhat ludicrous effect as they waltzed round the *salon*, and Jerrold, suddenly catching a glimpse of them, exclaimed, 'Hallo! there's a mile dancing with a milestone!'

It was perhaps at the same party that some one asked who it was that was dancing with Mrs. Jerrold. "Oh, a member of the Humane Society, I should think," replied her husband laughingly.

During the autumn George Hodder, to whom we owe that glimpse of the farewell party to

Edmund, was married and received a note from Jerrold, expressing a hope of seeing him on his return from the honeymoon in his "bran-new fetters."

At the beginning of December came another public meeting—held at St. Martin's Hall, with Douglas Jerrold in the chair—in furtherance of the attack on "the taxes on knowledge." Harriet Martineau had been invited to the meeting, but her residence at Ambleside in the distant Lake District made attendance impossible. Thence she wrote, on notepaper headed with a pretty vignetted engraving of her house in accordance with a pleasant fashion of the time :

"The Knoll, Ambleside, November 29, [1852].

"DEAR MR. JERROLD,—I rather think the ticket sent me for your meeting on Wednesday next bears your handwriting. If I am right, thank you for remembering me. But I can't come, good as is the will I bear to your object. I am too busy to move this winter, reprinting an old book, issuing a new one, and writing a third, besides plenty of local business. I wonder whether we *are* going to have these bad taxes off. I have no faith in any good from Disraeli, or from any of them, but by shifting administrations and subjecting each to pressure.

"I hope you are very well. It is almost *years* since I heard anything of you. I have been well, happy and prosperous all that time; and my place is prettier, far, than when you saw it. If you will look in upon it again some day, it will give much pleasure to

"Yours very truly,

"H. MARTINEAU."

It was probably after taking over the editorship of *Lloyd's* that Douglas Jerrold found the house at Putney too far from town to be convenient, and looked about for a home from which Fleet Street was more readily accessible. On September 28, presumably of this year, he wrote to a friend: "I am only here for a week or two when I finally [settle] at 26, Circus Road, Regent's Park. All my luggage—papers, etc., etc., at present in warehouse." The "here" of that note is seen by an engraved card accompanying it to have been Tudor Lodge, Albert Street, Mornington Crescent. The note may be allotted to this year, for Hodder, as we shall see in the next chapter, describes Jerrold's fiftieth birthday celebration (January 3, 1853) as taking place in the Circus Road house.

CHAPTER XVIII

“ ST. CUPID ” AT WINDSOR—GIFT TO KOSSUTH—
A SWISS HOLIDAY—“ A HEART OF GOLD ”

1853—1854

IF in 1852 Douglas Jerrold's position as an earnest and forceful writer on the Radical side had been recognized by the offer of the editorship of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, it was to receive further recognition during the following year when he was invited to stand as Liberal candidate at the election of a Member of Parliament for Finsbury. He declined the proffered honour, considering the duties at Westminster as incompatible with those of a man engaged in earning his livelihood professionally. His view was, I have been told, that Members should be paid, as it was not possible for a man who had to work for his living to do his duty properly by his family and his constituents at the same time. In this, as in many of the political matters on which he wrote, he was but half-a-century or so “ before his time.”

On January 3, 1853, Douglas Jerrold completed his fiftieth year, and celebrated the occasion by giving a dinner to a number of his most intimate friends, including some “ who

were better known to friendship than to fame." To George Hodder, who was present, we owe a note about the gathering which included Jerrold's *Punch* colleagues, and the proprietors of that paper, Charles Knight, Hepworth Dixon and E. H. Bailey, R.A.

"Jerrold was in remarkably good health and spirits, and treated the allusions that were made to the occasion of the meeting in a tone of hilarity which rendered the question as to 'ages' a matter of jocular rather than sentimental import. The evening was indeed one of the merriest I ever passed in the society of Douglas Jerrold, and so gratified was Mr. Baily, who was the Nestor of the party—being, indeed, in his seventy-fifth year,¹ that he said he should gladly commemorate the event by making a bust of Jerrold, and presenting a cast of it to every one present."²

In the matter of ages it may be said that Jerrold, in a letter to a friend declared that no man need ever be more than six-and-twenty.

Early in January 1853 the play which Douglas Jerrold had mentioned two or three years earlier as being written for Charles Kean was in active rehearsal at the Princess's Theatre, and was duly announced for produc-

¹ This is an error of Hodder's, as Edward Hodges Baily, R.A. (1788–1867) was, at the beginning of 1853, only in his sixty-fifth year.

² The bust was duly made, and was generally regarded as a most successful piece of portraiture. It is now in the National Portrait Gallery. If, as Hodder says, the promise of a plaster cast of it for every one present was not carried out, several such casts were made; one is in the *Punch* office, and one is in the possession of the writer.



DOUGLAS JERROLD. 1853

(From the artist's bust by F. H. Rush, R.A., in the National Portrait Gallery)

tion on the 22nd of that month. This play was *St. Cupid; or, Dorothy's Fortune*, and it had the unusual honour of being actually produced a day earlier, when a command performance was given at Windsor Castle. On that occasion, it may be noted, the author was *not* invited to attend. As in the biography of Elliston the name of the writer of the play which restored his fallen fortunes was not thought worthy of mention, so the existence of the mere author of the new comedy was not recognized on the original production of his play, because that production took place at a Court where literature was not regarded as quite presentable.¹

On the following night the piece was duly produced at the Princess's Theatre, and the welcome given to it by the Court was endorsed by the people. It is a pretty romantic comedy, the period of which is that of the Jacobite plottings of 1715. The scene opens in the house of Mr. Under-Secretary Zero, whose nephew-secretary is Sir Valentine May. Zero is concerned in discovering treasonable correspondence, and in the secretly opened letters May finds one which piques his curiosity so that he sets out upon the escapade which ends in matrimony.

¹ The play was already in print, and certain copies bound in crimson watered silk, and stamped on each side with the royal arms, were provided for the noble audience. One of those special copies reached the author, was given by him to his younger daughter, and by her to me.

“*Valentine*. Wonderful ! (*Aside*. Daylight’s wasted upon a man who can see so much better in the dark). Eh ? (*Taking a letter*) Surely a woman’s hand ?

Zero. No doubt. To fan treason into full blaze, always fan with a petticoat. Go on.

Valentine. (*Reading*) ‘ To Belinda Icebrook ’—

Zero. (*Aside*. Icebrook ? At last—at last !) Icebrook ? From whom ?

Valentine. Dorothy—Dorothy—Budd.

Zero. Go on.

Valentine. Sir, it is a woman’s letter.

Zero. Sir, treason is of no sex. The axe—an it could speak—could tell you that.

Valentine. And when I am worthy of the headsman’s trade then I may stoop to this.

Zero. A nice chivalry, perhaps : but all too fine for me to see it. (*Reads*) ‘ This greeting in the name of St. Cupid.’

Valentine. St. Cupid ! Ha, ha ! Since Cupid has so many of his old friends in the Calendar, ’tis right, at last, he’s canonized himself. St. Cupid !

Zero. (*Reads*) ‘ Sweet Belinda, fortune has found her eyes, for at last she has found me. And how ? Guess till your hair grows grey, you’ll never know.’

Valentine. And with such a prospect she’ll never try.

Zero. (*Reads*) ‘ I’m to have a husband in a week—a diamond of a man dropt from the clouds.’

Valentine. Only one ? Why not a shower ?

Zero. (*Reads*) ‘ He who would pluck a violet must stoop for it—which means, I’m told, that my love humbles himself to make me his lady. Will you have any more ? Well then, I’m to be grandmother to a duke, to die at fourscore, and be buried in silver gilt and silk velvet.’

Valentine. Very handsome to the worms.

Zero. (Reads) ‘ All this, dear Belinda, a gipsy’s sold me for sixpence and a battered thimble. These, wonder at, and bless your Dorothy’s fortune.’ ”

Even in this the suspicious Under-Secretary scents treason, and goes off determined to ferret it out. His more sentimental nephew stays to muse :

“ Dorothy—The Lilacs ! And now there are half-a-dozen faces nodding at me like roses from a bush ; and which—which is Dorothy’s ? Blue eyes, with love’s simplicity ; or subtle tantalizing hazel ? A cheek like a carnation, or face of peach-like brown ? Tut ! some buxom wench agog for blindman’s buff or hunt the slipper. Dorothy—The Lilacs ! The syllables sound like a story. And her letter ! Why do I remember it ? I with no more memory than a fly : and yet my brain, like so much blotting paper, has drunk up every word. Dorothy—The Lilacs. I’ll see this linnet in her bush.”

Thus resolving he goes to the Lilacs, is mistaken for the new usher—“ an usher that looks like a gentleman ”—and proves, of course, to be Dorothy’s “ diamond of a man dropt from the clouds.” Dorothy has another wooer in the person of her cousin Ensign Bellefleur, and he is a Jacobite, so that there seems some justification for the scenting of a plot. He seeks to make Dorothy aware of his position and is neatly snubbed for his pains. The prophesying gipsy, Queen Bee, who had told Dorothy’s fortune—“ she can do anything ” says a credulous servant, “ a dairyman set

his dog at her, and from that time to this the dairyman's milk has been three parts water"—is made of effective use, for Valentine, the supposed usher, primes her with a "fortune" to be told the Ensign which shall frighten him away, and the gipsy repeats it to Dorothy as Valentine's fortune. Dorothy thus believes Valentine the traitor, while Valentine is seeking to warn Bellefleur, so that there is pretty talking at cross purposes before matters clear up with the justification of the first part of the gipsy's prophecy as to Dorothy's fortune.

There was a second play that Jerrold had written for Kean, and a third contracted for, but over *St. Cupid* there was some trouble between author and manager, and this was to be heightened later when the second play was inadequately staged and unfairly treated. Whatever the trouble may have been, the dramatist and the manager fell out, and the former was not backward in exercising his wit against the latter. Of one of Kean's Shakespearean revivals Jerrold said that it was "the usual thing, all scenery and Keanery." But he was not alone in gibing at the actor-manager, for in a theatrical journal of the early 'forties I find the following epigram, "On Mr. Charles Kean's *Macbeth*":

"Mourn not, Macduff, thy wife and children's fall—
Charles Kean has murdered sleep, *Macbeth* and all."

In May of this year Jerrold made a fresh appearance on a public platform, the occasion

being a presentation to the Hungarian patriot, Louis Kossuth. Some time earlier Jerrold had written to the editor of the *Daily News* :

“SIR,—It is written in the brief history made known to us of Kossuth that in an Austrian prison he was taught English by the words of the teacher Shakespeare. An Englishman’s blood glows with the thought that, from the quiver of the immortal Saxon, Kossuth has furnished himself with those arrowy words that kindle as they fly—words that are weapons, as Austria will know. Would it not be a graceful tribute to the genius of the man who has stirred our nation’s heart to present to him a copy of Shakespeare? To do this I would propose a penny subscription. The large amount of money obtained by these means, the cost of the work itself being small, might be expended on the binding of the volumes, and on a casket to contain them. There are hundreds of thousands of Englishmen who would rejoice thus to endeavour to manifest their gratitude to Kossuth, for the glorious words he has uttered among us—words that have been as pulses to the nation.

“DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The project thus started was carried out successfully—pennies came in from men and women of all classes, from all parts of the country, and when it was found that the sum collected was more than enough for the purchase of the volumes and for the binding of them handsomely, then it occurred to Jerrold that a suitable casket would be a model of Shakespeare’s birthplace. This was beautifully made of inlaid woods, and when all

was completed Jerrold took almost a boyish delight in showing the treasure to his friends. Then, on May 8, came the occasion for the presentation of the souvenir to Kossuth. The scene was the London Tavern, where a crowded audience gathered to hear the great Hungarian, Lord Dudley Stuart occupying the chair. It devolved upon Jerrold to make the actual presentation, when once more he had to combat that almost overwhelming nervousness which attacked him on such occasions. His son has described the scene: "I remember very vividly my father's excited manner when he was perched upon a chair, amid a storm of applause, his hair flowing wildly about him, his eyes starting, and his arms moving spasmodically. He bowed and bowed, almost entreatingly, as though he begged the audience not to overwhelm his powers." At length the applause died down, and with an effort only those who can never overcome the nervousness of speaking in public will appreciate he delivered his speech, telling of the way in which the gift had been raised, and paying his tribute to the man to whom it was being presented:

"Most unaffectedly do I wish that the duty imposed by the noble chairman on my feeble and unpractised powers had been laid upon any other individual more equal—he could not be less—to the due fulfilment of this difficult, but withal most grateful task. Sir [turning to Kossuth], when it became known to Englishmen, already stirred, animated by your consummate mastery of their noble language—when it became

known to them that you had obtained that 'sovereign sway and masterdom' of English speech from long study of the page of Shakespeare—when it was known that your captivity had been lightened by the lesson you have since so nobly set yourself, by the achievement of the lesson you have since so often, so faithfully, and so triumphantly repeated to admiring thousands—when this was known, your words, most potent in themselves, had to Englishmen a deeper meaning and a sweeter music; for they could not but hear, in the utterance of the pupil, an echo of his teacher—of the world's teacher—their own Shakespeare. It was then proposed to pay you a tribute at once thankful and sympathetic. It was then proposed to offer for your acceptance a copy of the works of Shakespeare; and this is the result—a copy of the works of Shakespeare enclosed in a case modelled after the house in which Shakespeare first saw the light. The case bears the inscription—'Purchased with 9,215 pence, subscribed by Englishmen and women as a tribute to Louis Kossuth, who achieved his noble mastery of the English language, to be exercised in the noblest cause, from the page of Shakespeare.' Sir, it is my faith that Shakespeare himself, whose written sympathies, like the horizon, circle the earth—it is my faith that Shakespeare himself may happily smile a benign, approving smile upon this small tribute, alike honourable to the many who give, as to the one who receives the gift. For, in the poet's own words—

“ ‘ Never anything can be amiss
When humbleness and duty tender it.’

And these pennies—subscribed by men and women of almost all conditions, these pennies are so many

acknowledgements of your wondrous eloquence—are so many tributes to the genius that, seeking our language at the ‘pure well of English undefiled,’ has enabled you to pour it forth in a continuous stream of freshness and of beauty. There is not a penny of the thousands embodied here that is not the pulse of an English heart, sympathetically throbbing to your powers of English utterance. Very curious would it be to consider the social history, the household history, of many of these pennies; for among them are offerings of men of the highest genius, as of men whose human story is the story of daily labour—whose social dignity is the dignity of daily work. Represented by a hundred and twenty pennies, are here a hundred and twenty pilots, sailors and fishermen of Holy Island. And it is to men such as these that your name has been musical at the fireside—has come a word of strength and strange delight over the English sea. Sir, it would be a long, and, with my doing, an especially tedious endeavour, to attempt even partially to individualize the penny tributes of which this testimonial is the product. But here it is, an enduring sympathetic record of your glorious task. Sympathetic, I say, for dull and sluggish must be the imagination that cannot, in some sort, follow you in the Shakespearean self-schooling of your captivity—that cannot rejoice with you, the rejoicing scholar, as from the thick and cumbrous shroud of foreign words come forth a spiritual beauty, an immortal loveliness, to be thenceforth a part of your spiritual nature. It is, I say, impossible not to be glad with you, the Shakespearean pupil, as one by one you made not the acquaintance, but the lifelong friendship, of the men and women of our immortal Shakespeare. It is impossible not to feel the triumph with you as all his mighty creations ceased to be

golden shadows, half-guessed mysteries, standing revealed as great proportions, solemn truths. It is impossible, when at length the whole grandeur of our poet, like an eastern sunrise, broke upon you, not to sympathize with the flush, the thrill of triumph that possessed you—having mastered Shakespeare. It may be a rapture almost as full, almost as deep, almost as penetrating as that you felt when first you beat the Austrians. It is impossible not to sympathize with you in your hours of pupilage when you studied the language of our poet; it is equally impossible for free Englishmen not to admire and thank you for the glorious use you have made of a glorious weapon. Sir, on the part of thousands, I herewith present to you this testimonial, in tribute of their admiration, their sympathies, their best wishes. And, sir, hoping, believing, knowing that the day will come when you shall sit again at your own fireside in your own liberated Hungary, we further hope that sometimes turning the leaves of these word-wealthy volumes, you will think of Englishmen as of a people who had for you and for your cause the warmest admiration and deepest sympathy; and, animated by these feelings, resented with scorn, almost unutterable, the dastard attempts to slander and defame you. The day will come—for it is to doubt the solemn purposes and divine ends of human nature to doubt it—the day will come when the darkness that now benights the greater part of Continental Europe will be rolled away, dispersed by the light of liberty, like some suffocating fog. The day will come when in France men shall re-inherit the right of speech. The day will come when in Austria men shall take some other lesson from their rulers but the stick; and the day will come when in Italy the temporal power of the pope—that red plague upon the brightest spot of

God's earth—will have passed away like a spent pestilence. That day must and will come. Meanwhile, sir, we wish you all compatible happiness, all tranquillity, all peaceful enjoyment of the sacred rights of private life in England—in this England that still denounces the political dictation of a foreign tyrant, as heretofore she has denounced and defied his armed aggressions; for to submit to the one is to invite the other.”

When I was in Budapest three or four years ago I had the pleasure of meeting M. Francis Kossuth, the son of the great Hungarian patriot, himself a distinguished politician and amateur of various arts. I had hoped to have an opportunity of seeing the present made by those thousands of English pennies more than half-a-century earlier, but learned from M. Kossuth that the casket and books were among the many relics of his father which he had given to the Hungarian Museum, relics which were still locked up and would not be available until after his (the donor's) death.

Among the writers whom Douglas Jerrold had welcomed on his *Weekly Newspaper* was Mrs. Caroline Chisholm, “the Emigrants' Friend,” who after living in the East for some years moved with her husband in search of health to Australia, and there began the useful work of aiding newly arrived female colonists. In 1846, after five years of such work, Mrs. Chisholm had returned to England, where she continued the work by assisting women who were contemplating emigration to Australia. She

wrote on this subject in Jerrold's paper. In 1853, she was arranging to return to Australia in the following spring, and it was evidently in reply to a letter expressing a wish to be one of those who should speed the parting guest that she wrote to Jerrold as follows :

" Bell Buildings, November 2, 1853.

" DEAR MR. JERROLD,—I am pleased to find that you propose to pay me a farewell visit on board ; as my first friend connected with the London Press such an intimation is particularly gratifying to me and you may depend upon having full notice. I also hope to have the pleasure of seeing you before then.

" Yours sincerely,

" CAROLINE CHISHOLM.

" I am going to spend a few days at Edinburgh, and shall be there on Monday the 21st.

" C. C."

Mrs. Chisholm duly set out for Australia, and for a dozen years continued her useful work in the colony.

In January 1854 *Lloyd's* dealt in sarcastic fashion with the establishment of a soup kitchen for the poor in Drury Lane, the suggestion being, to put it bluntly, that the manager E. T. Smith and the leading actor Gustavus Vaughan Brooke were utilizing philanthropy for purposes of advertisement. E. T. Smith concocted a reply to this article in the form of a letter to Douglas Jerrold, and had it printed on slips which were, I assume, distributed to persons attending the performances at Drury Lane. The letter was a somewhat bludgeon-

like attack in which Jerrold was summed up as “a queer and querulous man at war with human nature”—a summing up ridiculous to those who really knew him—and the very temper of the letter suggests a vindictiveness stung to retaliation by the truth of the offending article. The letter closed with :

“ You inquire ‘ Where is the flood of philanthropy to stop ? ’ I answer your question—with yourself. Your energies have been devoted (in the article I reply to) to dam the stream—to stay the current of benevolence, and you offer nothing to the poor in its place. Satanized, indeed, must be the mind of that man who heaps abuse upon those whose only offence is giving away soup, bread and blankets to the poor, and sending donations to the poor-boxes of police courts during a winter of unusual and obstinate severity. You are fortunate in having a journal at your command ; for you can attack those who have not the same vehicle of response, almost with impunity. Besides, too, your age is in your favour ; in the words of Samuel Johnson, it brings you one privilege, namely, that of being insolent and supercilious without punishment.”

It may well be wondered when “ the privilege of age ” begins, for Douglas Jerrold was but just fifty-one at the time, though with his body bent by recurring attacks of rheumatism, and his long hair rapidly greying, he appeared far older than he actually was.

During this year, too, Jerrold’s views as expressed in *Lloyd’s* were to move another who had but an imperfect sympathy with him to

expostulation, for there was published in Edinburgh in the form of a pamphlet "The Key to the Sabbath Question : or, a Letter to Douglas Jerrold, Esq. on Sabbath Observance. By a Biblical Economist." In this Jerrold was addressed as "one of the ablest of those Literary Men and Newspaper Editors, who support and propagate loose and inaccurate views of the Sabbath." The leading article to which the Biblical Economist took exception had associated excessive whiskey drinking in Scotland with the Scottish strict observance of the Lord's Day, and the Biblical Economist pointed out that the whiskey drinkers were to be found among those who had fallen from grace in the matter of Sabbath observance. It was on the whole, however, a temperate letter, and it closed with the somewhat ludicrous wish that the "still more eminent" name of Douglas Jerrold might be added as hero to that of the late Sir Andrew Agnew! The wish was ludicrous in that to Jerrold, Thomas Hood, and others, Sir Andrew stood as the very type of narrowness and sectarian intolerance.

Despite Sabbatarians and others who disagreed with Douglas Jerrold's views and the forceful emphasis with which those views were expressed, *Lloyd's* went on increasing in popularity and influence. Writing to Percival Leigh from Paris in April of this year, Thackeray bore testimony to the fact, for referring to a meeting with the Rev. Francis Mahony, known to letters as "Father Prout," he said :

“ F. P. was telling me of the immense rise of *Lloyd's Newspaper*, under the Douglas, by Jupiter, I am very glad to hear it. Please the gods D. J. will lay by a little money. What's the business of us fathers of families but that? When we are in the *domus exilis Plutonia*, we shall have a consolation in that glum limbo by thinking we have left some bread behind for our young ones here under the sun.”

In the summer of this year Douglas Jerrold gratified that taste for foreign travel which he always possessed, but which he had not been able to indulge beyond repeated visits to Paris or the French coast, with the exception of an early trip up the Rhine with a friend, a trip of which I have found but the bare mention. He had not been able to respond to Charles Dickens's cordial invitation to Italy of some years earlier, but now an enthusiastic young friend, William Hepworth Dixon, planned a trip to Switzerland, and Jerrold delightedly joined with him. In August, the two friends and their wives set out, and from Geneva Jerrold wrote to his eldest son of their safe arrival by a “wondrously beautiful” route, of which, however, we learn more in the letters that Hepworth Dixon wrote to his eldest son, Willie, who was Douglas Jerrold's godson. These bright immediate comments not only tell of the country through which the travellers passed, but also help us to realize the zest for healthy enjoyment possessed by Jerrold :

“ *Dieppe, August 18, 1854.*—A kiss—good-bye—grind—whiz—phiz, and we land in Dieppe safe and

well! We met Godpapa, Godmamma, Miss Polly, and Tom at the station, all in good time. I got everything ship-shape, and took charge of the common purse (for you must know that Godpapa, when on his travels, spends his money like his wit, as if he had more gold and precious gems than ever glistened in Aladdin's cave), and away we sped through the bright sunshine, merry and laughing, till we came to the sea, when Master Tom put on a grave face, for his stomach does not like salt water, and, hiding himself behind a horse-box, was seen of us no more for five long hours. Godpapa is a capital sailor, as you know, from the old boating days at Rocklands; and we joked, and smoked, and kept the ladies brisk, in spite of Mamma's white cheeks and Miss Polly's imploring eyes. So we got to Dieppe just at sundown, to find the hotels crowded for the races—always a droll sort of thing in France, like a review in Hyde Park, or a regatta in Venice, or a jubilee at Munich, or a anything else that has no meaning and much absurdity; so, instead of going to a nice hotel fronting the sea, as we ought to have done, we go to M—'s house on the port, with a commanding stench in front and rear, because Godpapa had been there once before, and had been excessively uncomfortable! After a bad supper (which, as the meat and wines were French, we enjoyed, smacking our lips over the thin Macon as though it had been Moët's), we are carried over the open sewers a street or two, and up dark passages, and along creaking wooden galleries, built in the day of Henri Quatre and Madame Longueville, to bed—in such a tiny bed, not too big for Queen Mab to sleep in!—in rooms without carpets, candlesticks, or water-basins, but with windows looking into our neighbours' rooms, and kindly allowing them a peep into ours. . . .

“*Fontainebleau, August 22.*—After four hot days in

Paris we are cooling in the prettiest sort of country house on the edge of the great forest of Fontainebleau, into which we drive and ramble, losing ourselves in its magnificent avenues of chestnuts and poplars. . . . Godpapa has a great love for trees, and woods, and gardens; indeed, we cannot tell if he loves even books better than flowers, of which he knows all the names, English and Latin, and all the verses that have ever been written about them; so we pass under the lacing branches, and chat, and smoke and laugh. . . . We did not have very much laughing in Paris, except over a dinner that M— undertook to ride down and order for us in the Bois de Boulogne, all in the true French style, and in which there was not one dish that anybody could eat! We had great fun with him, plaguing him about his taste in the fine arts, and all that. Paris we left rather hastily; for the cholera is terrible, and we are told that thirty thousand people have already died there, and it is now raging more than ever. Godpapa and I coming home from the bath yesterday, saw men carrying a dead body out, and when we got to our own hotel found a coffin in the doorway, which made *him* very sick; so we eat little breakfast, but ran out, bought some linen trousers, straw hats (mine is a duck of a hat, and makes Godpapa jealous!) and away by the noon train to Fontainebleau, where we have seen the forest—a real old forest like Epping, which you have seen—only of course, it is a French Epping, and therefore straight and stiff, and the roads through it very windy—and the court where Napoleon bade adieu to his old guard. We have thrown cake to the carp, those blind old Belisarius fish in harlequin coats, said to have rings in their noses, put through them in the days of Francis I, and, therefore, the only living remnants of the old times of France. . . .

“ *Aix in Savoy, August 25.*—What a ride and a sail, and how tired we are ! Godpapa done up and gone to bed, although we have tumblers with a band under the window ! Mamma laid down quite shaken. When we left Fontainebleau the heat was like furnace heat, and the train was stifling, the wasps irritating, and the people dismal about cholera ; but what glorious sweeps of vineyards, and what glorious oleanders, pomegranates and dahlias. Godpapa had never seen a vineyard before, nor a pomegranate blossoming in the open air ; and he raved all day over this new beauty, and wanted to stop at all the pretty places—such as Tonnerre, Nuits, St. Julien. ‘ There,’ he cried, ‘ is Tonnerre ! My God, what a landscape ! let us stay here for a day or two. Give me the *Murray*—let me see, Tonnerre—ha !—dull town—steep slope—Marguerite of Burgundy—desolated by cholera in ’32—that will do.’ And on we slid past Dijon, Chalons, Mâcon, tasting the wines, and munching grapes, and sometimes tarts with live wasps in them ! and so in the late hours to Lyons, tired to death, to face the long delay at the station, the hauling over of luggage, and the impatience of the ladies, who don’t like their gear to be thumped and poked and administered. ‘ Anything to declare ?’ asks a pompous gentleman, all button and tobacco. ‘ Yes,’ says Godpapa, who will have his bit of fun ; ‘ a live elephant—take care !’

Riding into Lyons on a sultry night is like wriggling into a mouldy melon, stuffed with strong onions and cheese ; and we looked at each other’s turned-up noses, and thought of the fresh lakes and breezy Alps. ‘ Could you send and take places for us in to-morrow’s diligence for Geneva ?’ says Godpapa to Mr. Glover, landlord of the Hôtel de l’Univers, where we tumbled in at midnight. ‘ All the places taken for three days,’ tartly answers Glover. ‘ Any other conveyance ?’

‘ Only the river.’ ‘ *Only!* What river?’ ‘ Rhône to Aix in Savoy, there catch Chambéry diligence to Geneva.’ So we dropped into bed half-dressed—dosed an hour—and off again (after paying such a bill!)—Mamma very tired and chill in the dull morning air—and at four o’clock flung off the Rhône bank, and, with our faces to the Alps and the rising sun, dodged, swung and leaped against the rapid current, between heights, crowned, like the Rhine, with ruined convents and castles, and through broad reaches, and through picturesque old towns—a long, sweet, and merry day. (P.S.—*Mr. Punch* will certainly hear of Mr. Glover’s merits.) At sundown we entered Lago Borghetto, and arrived at Aix by dusk, to find the little town crammed, the best hotel full, the street hot with sulphur, and noisy with soldiers, boatmen, ostlers, guides and visitors—most of these last Italians flying from their own places in fear. At last we got to an hotel—very bad and dirty—both the ladies knocked up. . . .

“ *Annecy, August 28.*—Sick with sulphur, lungs full of steam, and poisoned with sour food, we escaped from Aix this morning by a nice little trick. Our landlord, unable to catch four live English every day, and finding our society pleasant and profitable, as he could charge us for dinners we never touched, told us over-night there were no places to be got for a week in the Chambéry diligence, nor a single horse to be hired for posting. So Godpapa goes down before breakfast, makes a long face, and whispers to him that he fears one of the ladies is seized with cholera! The honest landlord suddenly recollects that horses and a very nice carriage may be got, and cheap too! Done, done! As we step in, a funeral procession, with priests and singing boys and candles, drones past the door, and we drive away in a slight

shower, out of the deep sulphurous valley, with Italian cottages and real Italian vines, trained up the sides of houses, and up branches of apple trees. Very merrily we ride, Godpapa crowing and singing, and marking down every pretty spot to come to again, and spend a summer in it. He has laid out thirty or forty summers already, so you see he means to live for ever, as we all hope he may. And here we are in a darling old town, with such a lovely lake under our window, and such a wall of mountain above it, and such queer old houses close by—houses like those in Chester, with shady arches, and shops under them, as in old Italian cities, where people strive with all their arts to keep sunshine out! Here we eat lotte, and drink to Rousseau and Madame de Warens, and order our carriage and start for Geneva. . . .

“*Geneva, August 29.*—What a lovely drive over the mountains! what a road full of pictures! You should have seen us gay young fellows trudging on before the carriage, dropping stones over the great bridge at La Caille, jabbering with the peasants on the road, clambering over rocks to catch glimpses of famous cascades, or listening to the sweet pine music in the lonely evening places. In one village we left the ladies, resting the tired horses, and pushed a mile or two ahead, and stopped to see the sun set over a high hill, when a troop of girls came up, crowing and shouting, with pumpkins on their heads large enough for Cinderella’s coach-and-six to crack out of—lithe graceful girls; but we could not tell a word they said, though they looked as if they thought we had sprung out of the ground: and they passed on laughing until they met the ladies, when we could hear them set up a great shout. About twelve at night we rattled into Geneva, to find every house chock full. ‘If Monsieur will sleep in his fiacre, perhaps we can find

a bed for him to-morrow or next day,' says the landlord of Des Bergues to Godpa. We drive to the Ecu, Couronne, Angleterre, Balance. All oozing with life. Not a coal-cellar for coin or love. Naples, Geneva, Rome, Turin—all seem now at Geneva—princes, dancers, painters, conspirators, all flying from cholera. At last we hear of rooms; we drive to them, and under the town gate an ancient, dirty and dismal Swiss inn, the landlady of which is rushing about, pulling people out of bed to make way for us—for the English lords and ladies! Two rooms cleared and clean linen brought, together with brandy and water. As we drink and laugh, Godpa spies a door in the room not before noticed, and, trying it, opens on a monk in bed! 'Ho! ho! Cannot this door be locked?' 'No,' says the landlady, 'else how will the poor padre come out?' He had actually no way in or out except through our bedroom. A row, an expostulation, a threat of leaving, and the wretch was dug out of his sleep, bundled off, his room hired for peace's sake, and we fell to rest. In Switzerland, the inn-keepers are mostly magistrates, and the church has no chance with Boniface when milord objects to the nuisance. . . .

"*Geneva, Sept. 4.*—Godpa and I have been up and down and over the lake everywhere; to Ferney, where Voltaire lived, and Mamma has gathered you splendid fir bobs; to Coppet, where Bayle lived; to Lausanne, where Gibbon lived; to Clarens, where Rousseau fixed the story of Julie and St. Preux; to Coligny, where Milton lived and where Byron had a house, in which he wrote poems, and from which he saw the live thunder leap among the peaks of Jura. The ladies walked with us to Coligny, where we did not feel sentimental or see any live thunder but were very thirsty and played skittles, and drank some bad

claret. We have been to Chillon too, and walked in the worn steps of Bonnevard and watched the green light on the roof, and heard the deep drone of the water outside the wall, and refused to scratch our names on the pillars. . . . Take care to address your letters in a very plain hand. There is a paper published in Geneva giving lists of all strangers, and this is the way the world is informed of the arrival of two gentlemen you know—

‘ M. Stissworth.
M. Douglar.’

So no wonder if the post office cannot always find our letters ! Of course this is too good a jest to spoil ; so we leave the rectification to history. Mamma is not very well, though full of spirits ; and Godpa begins to fidget about a box of cholera pills, given him before we started by your good friend, Erasmus Wilson, and which Godpapa told him we should never take unless we are *bound*. This morning he ran out before breakfast (for we are now in a very pleasant hotel, the Angleterre, and really *can* breakfast), and came back in a new straw hat—best Leghorn. The ladies twiggled him, and nudged me not to see it. So he began to talk about hats—but mum ! At last he got angry at our blindness, and put his new straw hat on the table, when we all laughed outright, and he most of any. Here’s the William Tell snorting under our window : off to Lausanne !

“ *Lausanne, Sept. 5.*—Fresh air and thin brandy and water keep us pretty well in the midst of a good deal of sickness, and still more alarm. We have the first all day, and a little of the other at night, so that Godpapa calls this trip our Brandy and Waterloo ! What a delightful sail on the lake, and what a red nose Godpa has got ! . . . We are kept here (in

Freiburg, and thank heaven for it) by a blunder of the diligence man, who has carried off our luggage to Berne, and left us behind. And we enjoyed such a treat in the church, where the organ has played us a dream, a storm, an earthquake and all kinds of wonderful and difficult things in music, at which poor Godpa cried very much, for you must know he is very sensitive to sweet sounds. But I must tell you a bit of fun, at which the ladies have not yet done laughing. Godpa says to me in German, which they don't understand, 'Let's have a choice bottle of hermitage for dinner;' and, pretending it is only the common country wine we all drink and are merry. But hermitage is in smaller bottles than table wine, so Godpa says to the landlord, 'These are very small.' 'Ha!' cries Boniface, 'I perceive—it is all a mistake. This is a wrong flask; you must have another.' So the ladies look and wonder, and Godpa persuades them that the landlord is going to *give* them a second bottle. So don't they drink and enjoy it! And we sit laughing on the terrace over the Saarine till the golden light fades on the Alp heads, and the stars twinkle out, and silence sweeps up the great valley, hushing, as it were, the coursing river down below. . . .

“*Berne, Sept. 7.*—Ten miles through the forest Godpa and I walked this morning, he, strong and lithe as a chamois, singing and whistling as we stepped along over the green turf, now catching the cry of a milkmaid, now the caw-caw of a rook, and now the crash of a tree. A breezy and enchanting mountain road, on which we saw the sun rise purple, pink and gold. An Irish lady, long Frenchified, occupied a fifth seat in the *rotonde*—a Miss O'Dogherty, thin, rouged, and fifty—who amused us by her strange knowledge and still stranger ignorance. 'Oh, madam! and you live in London? And you see the Queen

sometimes? And how does she dress? And has she not blue eyes?' As we rode through a pass that made Godpa jump for joy, she simpers, 'Ha, yes! it is very pretty—sweetly pretty; it is quite rural.' . . . Godpa has bought you a stone bear. Berne, you remember, is the paradise of bears. Bears in wood, and bears in wax—bears in marble, and bears in bronze—bears on coins and bears on church-towers—live bears in the Ditch and dead bears in the museum—bears on the cathedral walls, bears on the public fountains, bears in the shop windows, bears on the town gates—bears everywhere, even in our portmanteaus. In the great thoroughfare is a bear in armour, champion of the city. . . . We go to Lucerne, the Rigi, Zug, and Zurich, on our way to Germany.

"*Zurich, Sept. 9.*—The heat is certainly great, and we feel loth to leave our haven on the lake, the gardens that we have learnt to love so much, and the evening boat and song that are sweeter still. The old library here makes a charming noon-day lounge, where we have read over lots of valuable letters—the nicest reading-room in the world, always excepting the ducal library in Venice, which, like Venice itself, is beyond comparison. (P.S.—By this time Godpa has a list of a hundred places to spend his future summers in! Hurrah!) To-morrow we leave for Bâle and Heidelberg, and shall drop slowly down the Rhine, sleeping at Bingen, Bonn, Cologne, and so to Aix, Brussels, Ghent, Bruges, and Ostend. Ten days more will see us home. I got your letters at Lucerne, where Godpa also found his letters from Mr. Knight. We find the telegraphic words were delivered in Fleet Street, nine minutes after they were given in at Geneva. Godpa seemed awe-struck. Of course he knew, as everybody knows, that the lightning carries

fast; but he had never sent a telegraph before in his life; and this whispering over Alps, lakes, and seas, suddenly brought home to him, struck him like a blow.

“*Bâle, Sept. 10.*—What a bill to pay in Zurich! Godpa says they charged ten francs a day for listening to my German. He won’t speak one word; not that he cannot, for he knows the language well enough, but he is lazy and likes to have no trouble; and because I rattle away and get things done, without much respect for genders and accusatives, he sits and criticizes. Naughty old boy! You must scold him for me.”

On October 9, 1854, there was produced at the Princess’s Theatre the last of Douglas Jerrold’s long series of writings for the stage, in the shape of a three-act drama entitled *A Heart of Gold*. The idea of the play was suggested by an anecdote told in Hazlitt’s *Table-Talk* of a poor woman at Plymouth, who, thinking herself dying, gave all her little belongings to friends and relations about her—and they promptly carried off the gifts, and left the woman to her fate. She unexpectedly recovered, but could not regain the things which she had given away. The time of the play is the mid-eighteenth century, and the scenes are laid in an Essex village and an inn on London Bridge. Maude Nutbrown, the daughter of a worldly-wise farmer, is wooed by the moneyed John Dymond, and the youthful but penniless Pierce Thanet—her father favouring the former while she, of course, loves the latter. Dymond owes

a debt of gratitude to the memory of Pierce's father, and believing himself dying, presents the young man with his wealth, a thousand guineas; and advises him to "grasp gold as the drowning hand grasps at a spar," saying that "he who has guineas for his subjects is the king of men." The possession of this money makes Nutbrown's consent assured, but when the village is preparing for Dymond's funeral and for the wedding, the supposed dead man returns—it has been but a trance; "It took three doctors to believe him alive again." Pierce, remembering too well the lesson that accompanied the gift of the gold, refuses to render it up, and Maude will therefore have nothing to do with him, and it appears that Dymond's affection is to be rewarded, but the girl loving Pierce, cannot bring herself to a loveless marriage, feeling that it would be a wrong to the man she wedded. Pierce then secretly places the gold in Dymond's cottage, having learned that the gift of it was not, as he had supposed, an act of restitution on Dymond's part. It is a simple romantic drama, with clean-cut and telling dialogue, and some lively humour in the talk between Molly Dingle, the china-smashing servant ("that girl would break the Bank of England if she put her hand on it"), and Michaelmas, the man who had been found a baby waif and dreams of belonging to some noble family owing to the treasured silver spoon that was found with him. Here is a scrap of the dialogue between Molly and Michaelmas, which includes

some delightfully true sayings on the relations of men and women, and illustrates what was sometimes said to be a defect of Jerrold's work as dramatist, the way in which even the humblest characters were made to express themselves with their creator's own nimbleness of conversational wit :

“ *Molly*. I find, for a London young woman, the country's the place to pick husbands ! Thick as mushrooms !

Michaelmas. What ? Young Straddle of Parsley Farm—him you met last night at Nutbrown's—you think he'll be a mushroom, do you ?

Molly. My thoughts is my own property. But now a farm-life for me, Michael. I've found it out—I've a gift for eggs and butter.

Michaelmas. And if eggs don't fare better at your hands than cups and saucers, and—

Molly. What ! you throw my broken crockery in my face ? Well, that's so like a man to a poor weak woman.

Michaelmas. Weak woman ! See how your weakness knocks down our strength ! There's Maude Nutbrown ! I only hope she won't break Pierce's heart !

Molly. A woman break a man's heart ! Well, that's a bit of stone-ware would beat even me.

Michaelmas. After all, Maude will never marry Master Dymond. She couldn't do it.

Molly. You don't know us. When our blood's up, we'd marry anybody. But you're not going, Michaelmas ?

Michaelmas. I've told you—Master Pierce is off to London. I go with him. You can stop, you know,

and keep Master Dymond's house. I adore the town. You're given to cows and a common—I was made for Hyde Park. You'll marry a farmer, and rear his goslings.

Molly. Goslings, sir! And why should they be goslings?

Michaelmas. Whilst on second thoughts I shall remain as I am, and not marry at all. (*Aside.* I know her—she'll never stop.) Well, good-bye, Molly.

Molly. (*Aside.* I know him better than myself—he'll never leave me.) Good-bye, Michaelmas.

Michaelmas. Ha! ha! We may meet in London.

Molly. (*Aside.* Why, he's laughing.) I don't see how.

Michaelmas. Oh, yes; you'll be coming up with your pigs.

Molly. Shall I? Then I shan't drive 'em to your market, I can tell you."

Despite its tender story, its bright dialogue, and its wholesome purpose, *A Heart of Gold* did not, as the modern phrase has it, "catch on." The play was apparently badly cast, for the author declared that Maude Nutbrown (Miss Heath, afterwards Mrs. Wilson Barrett) was "a graceful exception" to the general bad acting of the piece; the grievance which he had against Kean was heightened, and he determined to bid farewell to the stage. The story of the play's production was given by its author in the following explanation published in *Lloyd's* :

"For obvious reasons *A Heart of Gold* is not a subject for criticism in this journal. A few facts,

however, may be given by the author in this his farewell to all dramatic doings. The piece was written some four years since at the solicitation of Mr. Charles Kean, and duly paid for. The hero and heroine were to be acted by himself and Mrs. Charles Kean. They were, in fact, written to be so acted. Subsequently, however, Mr. Kean's tragic claims were questioned in a wicked publication called *Punch*, and the actor himself graphically rendered in certain of his many moods of dramatic inspiration. Whereupon Mr. Charles Kean broke his compact with the author of *A Heart of Gold*; he would not play his hero, but find a substitute. A new cast of characters was proposed, against which the author gave his written protest. But Mr. Charles Kean had, in 1850, bought the drama; and therefore, in his own mercantile way, conceived that in 1854, he had a right to do what he liked with his own black-and-white 'nigger.' The author thought differently, and stood to his protest; despite of which, however, on the close of last season, Mr. Charles Kean's solicitor informed the author's solicitor (there is parchment on Parnassus!) that *A Heart of Gold* would be produced at the commencement of the present season. To this no answer was made. The author had once protested, and that he thought sufficient to Mr. Kean and to himself. Nevertheless, the piece was put into rehearsal; and yet the author had *no notice of the fact*. Perhaps Mr. Kean thought that the author might spontaneously send his solicitor to superintend the rehearsals, who, with Mr. Kean's solicitor, would settle writs of error as to readings, misconceptions, and so forth. Had the author done so, even under such professional revision there had doubtless been fewer misdemeanors against nature, good taste and propriety.

“ Yet it is under such wilful injuries committed by

a management that a drama is, nevertheless, to be buoyant ! It is through such a fog of players' brain that the intention of the author is to shine clearly forth. With a certain graceful exception, there never was so much bad acting as in *A Heart of Gold*. Nevertheless, according to the various printed reports, the piece asserted its vitality, though drugged and stabbed, and hit about the head, as only some players can hit a play, hard and remorselessly.

“ In a word, against the author's protest of misrepresentation was his play flung, huddled upon the stage, without a single stage revision allowed on his part. Solicitors have been alluded to ; but, it should be stated, legal interference was first employed by the author for his self-security. He would have no written or personal communication with an individual who had violated the confidence of honourable minds by printing, “ for private circulation only,” private letters ; letters that—had the writer's consent been, as is usual in such cases, demanded—might, for him, have been posted in market-places. It was in consequence of this meanness that the author, in subsequent correspondence, employed a solicitor. For, in the writer's mind, it requires a very nice casuistry to discover the difference between picking the confidence of a private letter and picking a lock. To be sure, there is this difference in the penalties—in one case we employ a policeman, in the other contempt.”

The letters which were printed by Kean “ for private circulation only ” I have never seen. The dramatist had many digs at Kean. When in the following year Maddox took the Princess' Theatre, Jerrold, writing to Benjamin Webster, asked, “ Is it true that Maddox has

covenanted in the new lease to play Shylock to Charles Kean's leaden casket?"

Produced in such circumstances, it is not surprising to find that *A Heart of Gold* was not a stage success. Its production, however, left the author free to publish the play, and it was ready in book form as soon as it had been produced on the boards. The following letter is evidently in acknowledgment of a copy. "R—" is Ryder, who took the part of Dymond.

"Brighton, Oct. 12, 1854.

"MY DEAR JERROLD,—Thanks for the little book which has been sent on to me to this place. I shall read the play to-morrow. I can no longer *see* one; and I lose nothing in this instance if your account of R— be correct, as I believe it is. We are here until December 12, when we go to town, where I have purchased a house as a permanent residence, close to Melbourne Terrace, and not far from you. So I hope we may oftener meet. Will you run down to Brighton for a couple of days during our stay? Do. We can give you a bed and board—and a hearty welcome, as you know. I should like to have a long chat with you over the fire; for it is an age since we met. Come to us if you can, and fix your own time.

"Ever yours,

"SAM. PHILLIPS."

Some time before *A Heart of Gold* was produced its author is said to have entered into an arrangement with Kean to write for him a new nautical play when such should be required, and had received a hundred pounds on account of it. Three years elapsed, and then Kean,

having engaged T. P. Cooke, applied to Jerrold for the promised piece. Smarting under the combined insult and injury dealt him over *A Heart of Gold* the dramatist refused to write it, and doing so forwarded the manager the hundred pounds which he had received, together with fifteen pounds for three years' interest.

Another nautical play of which Jerrold himself would laughingly speak was proposed to him in the following droll fashion. A certain Hebraic theatrical manager applied to the dramatist, asking him to write a play on the subject of Crichton. "Crichton!" said Jerrold, "that's a difficult subject, besides I'm not particularly up in his history. Why not go to Mr. Harrison Ainsworth?" "No, no," replied the manager, "you do it, Mr. Jerrold, and I'll tell you for why. I've got a splendid uniform for him—an Admiral's uniform!" "An Admiral's uniform!" echoed Jerrold; "and what's that to do with it?" "Why, he was called the Admiral Crichton, you know; and the dress'll come in beautiful!"

CHAPTER XIX

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE AND DOUGLAS JERROLD
—BOULOGNE—A NARROW ESCAPE—DEATH OF
A BECKETT

1855—1856

EARLY in 1855 Douglas Jerrold found the popularity of his name being exploited in a curious fashion, as is to be seen in a letter which he addressed to Rowland Hill, the Postmaster-General :

“ 26, *Circus Road, St. John's Wood,*
“ *February 22 [1855].*

“ DEAR SIR,—I think it right to send you the enclosed. You will perceive that a swindler is at work; and as many letters (some registered) remain for him at the lodging-house in Duke Street, and others may be sent there or elsewhere, I make known the fact to you for your guidance. I am about to take police means for the knave's detection and exposure.

“ Yours faithfully,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.”

The enclosure was a card bearing the words :

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD,
NEWS AGENT,
AND UNIVERSAL ADVERTISING OFFICE,
ALMA NEWS ROOMS,
No. 6, Duke Street, New Oxford Street.

Newspapers regularly supplied in Town and Country.”

Seeing that the "news rooms" were no more than an address at a lodging-house, it is obvious that the man who was at work was nothing but a swindler trading on the familiarity of a well-known name. Whether he was detected or not I cannot say. As no more appears to have been heard of it he presumably did not find the game profitable, or else, learning that he had been found out, did not claim the letters.

A few days after that note was written Douglas Jerrold was one of the guests at a dinner given by Sir James Moon, the Lord Mayor, to his fellow members of the Garrick Club and other men of letters. Jerrold was not a member of the Garrick—though one describer of this dinner says that he was—and seeing how much fun *Punch* had continually got out of "Mr. Alderman Moon," it is perhaps a little surprising that he should have been invited. George Vandenhoff, the actor, says that he and Jerrold left the feast in company and agreed that it had been a case of "dinner capital—speechifying *shy*." The only point was made by the American Minister (Buchanan) who began formally with a statement that Republican as he was there was one institution of Great Britain for which he felt the deepest respect and most affectionate admiration—an institution which he hoped would survive any revolutions—"THE PUBLIC DINNERS OF GREAT BRITAIN!"

The delights of the Swiss holiday of the year

before had, as Hepworth Dixon put it in the letters already quoted, fired Jerrold with a desire to go further afield, and having in the summer of 1855 revisited Paris, he determined that he would go on to Rome—determined it impulsively, and as impulsively changed his mind. The account may best be given in his son's words :

“ He went suddenly one morning, on the appearance of Mr. Dixon, who was ready for the south, to the various embassies, to have his passport viséd for the states through which he had suddenly resolved to pass. It was a beautiful day, and he was flushed with the bright prospect of gazing on the Mediterranean before he died. He had telegraphed for his wife and daughter to come to Paris and bid him good-bye—he would not go without. We all went to bed that night very early, for there remained much to be done on the morrow, in the evening of which the two travellers were to proceed on their journey. But the sunrise brought wet weather, and the wet weather a change in the temperament of Douglas Jerrold. He could not help it—weather had an irrepressible effect upon him. No, he would not go to Rome : he would return to Boulogne. In vain it was represented to him so good an opportunity might not occur again ; the rain poured down and he turned the horse's heads towards the Northern Railway Terminus.”

To some phlegmatic souls this impulsiveness may seem ridiculous, but it was characteristic of the mercurial temperament ; and it is probable that had his family been accompanying

him south the journey would have been continued, but Jerrold may have preferred the Boulogne that he knew so well with the accustomed company of his wife and daughter to the journeying among new scenes with a friend.

Then, too, he was worried over the starting of his youngest son in life. Thomas was now two-and-twenty, and had given evidence of no particular "bent." He had been with Paxton at Chatsworth, had there learned something of horticulture, and having acquired a taste for the open-air freedom of country life, elected to qualify for taking up farming. His father arranged for his having a year with a practical farmer, a Mr. Longton whose place was some miles from Liverpool. The negotiations were carried on through Jerrold's sister, Mrs. Copeland—whom Tom was at the time visiting—and the terms on which a farming pupil was taken sixty years ago may be gathered from the following letter to her.

"August 14 [1855].

"MY DEAR BETSY,—I should wish Tom to go to Mr. Longton as *soon as possible*—he has wasted time enough; and I can only hope that he will not add another year to the years he has already dawdled away. For the penalty will be his own—I *can* do no more. At the ripe age of twenty-two he should be the master of his own means—but I fear he wants the energy and self-reliance necessary to self-support. Mr. Longton's terms appear to me high—but I presume he is indifferent in the matter of pupils.

One hundred guineas for the year, and a pound a week—(it can't be less and I can't afford more)—for market journeys (they can't be much), clothes, etc.—makes £157 for the year! It is necessary that Tom should know—and pray impress this upon him from me)—that the year being out he must depend upon his own exertions. I have his mother and sister to provide for (and my health is none of the strongest) in the event of what may come at any hour.

“ I hope Jane is again in fullest health—the same with Polly.

“ Love to all.

“ Your affectionate brother,

“ D. JERROLD.

“ I will pay the 100 guineas in quarterly payments of 25 guineas. Get the matter arranged as soon as you conveniently can. *Where* is Mr. Longton's farm? at what distance from L'pool? ”

Jane and Polly were presumably the only two of the five Copeland daughters at home at the time. Tom had his year at Longton's farm—and before three years had passed was to marry the first named of those cousins.

The visit to Paris (and Boulogne in lieu of Italy!) probably took place after that letter was written, for Jerrold is referred to as having just returned to London in the following note from another of the famous exiles from the Continent who found a home in England during the disturbed mid-decades of the last century.

“ 13, *George Street, Portman Square,*

“ *October 22, 1855.*

“ MY DEAR SIR,—I was apprised yesterday night of your return by our common friend Mrs. Dele-

pierre.¹ Sir, I am eager to forward you this new volume of mine. It corrects an infinite number of lamentable errors, and puts in their proper light some of the most important scenes of the French Revolution. I should therefore be happy to have it reviewed in your patriotic and valuable paper. Many hearty thanks for your kind remarks on my answer to Ledru Rollin's manifesto. Pray be so kind as to let me know at what o'clock I could pay you a visit, without disturbing you.

“ Sincerely yours,

“ LOUIS BLANC.”

The famous politician and historian who traced all the evils of society to the pressure of competition, and saw their cure in an all-round equalizing of wages, had presumably just issued one of the dozen volumes in which, during a period of fifteen years, he published his *Histoire de la Révolution Française*.

During this same month of October had taken place the banquet at which Thackeray's friends wished him godspeed on his second lecturing trip to America. At the novelist's desire this was made a private gathering, though no fewer than sixty people sat down, under the chairmanship of Dickens—those present including Leech, Jerrold and à Beckett, among the *Punch* contingent, as well as many other personal friends. Dickens was looked upon as the best after-dinner speaker of his day, but Thackeray was only less distressed

¹ The wife of Joseph Octave Delepierre (1802-1879), a noted Belgian author and antiquary, who was one of the forty members of Our Club.

than Jerrold at having to indulge in more or less serious speech-making, and it is therefore not surprising to learn from the note of one who was present that it was after the more formal part of the entertainment was over that the really enjoyable fun began :

“ The Chairman quitted, and many near and at a distance quitted with him. Thackeray was on the move with the chairman, when, inspired by the moment, Jerrold took the chair, and Thackeray remained. Who is to chronicle what now passed?—what passages of wit—what neat and pleasant sarcastic speeches in proposing healths—what varied and pleasant, ay, and at times sarcastic, acknowledgements? Up to the time when Dickens left, a good reporter might have given all, and with ease, to future ages : but there could be no reporting what followed. There were words too nimble and too full of flame for a dozen Gurneys,¹ all ears, to catch and preserve. Few will forget that night. There was an ‘ air of wit ’ about the room for three days after. Enough to make two companies, though downright fools, right witty.”²

The pity is that so appreciative a listener did not make a note of some of the things which together impressed him so strongly.

On the only occasion on which I had the pleasure of seeing the late Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson—now twenty years ago—he gave me an amusing recollection of a meeting with

¹ *i.e.*, the shorthand writer of that name.

² Quoted from an unnamed writer in George Hodder’s *Memories of My Time*.

Douglas Jerrold about this time. They had first met in the Putney days, when Richardson was living at Mortlake. On one occasion they journeyed to town together, and the author asked the young doctor what he was doing that evening. "Going home," said Richardson, when Jerrold suggested that he had better accompany him to Our Club; which he did, Thackeray, Dickens, Albert Smith and others being present. Then came the story, which I tell as near as may be in the veteran's own words: Richardson was at some party, in the year (1855-6) of the mayoralty of Salomons—the first Jew to become Lord Mayor—and was talking to Jerrold when a small man came into the room—with a band round his forehead holding a lock of hair back. "Good-evening, George." "Good-evening, Jerrold." Jerrold asked Richardson, "Do you know who that is?" "No." "That's George"—there being only one George, Cruikshank—"would you like to meet him?" "I should." "Well, there's no knowing whether he'll take you up, or take you down! Here, George, this is Richardson, a young sawbones." At which George Cruikshank began pirouetting in front of him, and Richardson therefore followed suit, and the two pirouetted to the amusement of all about them. The artist took the "young sawbones" up; Richardson became Cruikshank's fast friend, and eventually his executor. Sir Benjamin also told me the story of Cruikshank's expatiating (with all the emphatic

zeal of a convert) to Jerrold on the great virtues of teetotalism, only to be met with, "Yes, George, I know, water is a *very* good thing—*except on the brain!*"

There came early in the new year of 1856 an urgent appeal from Charles Dickens to Jerrold entreating him to take the chair at the dinner of the General Theatrical Fund :

"Buckstone has been with me to-day in a state of demi-semi-distraction by reason of Macready's dreading his asthma so much as to excuse himself (of necessity, I know) from taking the chair for the fund on the occasion of their next dinner. Although I know that you have an objection which you once communicated to me, I still hold (as I did then) that it is a reason *for* and not against. Pray re-consider the point. Your position in connection with dramatic literature has always suggested to me that there would be a great fitness and grace in your appearing in this post. I am convinced that the public would regard it in that light, and I particularly ask you to reflect that we never can do battle with the Lords, if we will not bestow ourselves to go into places which they have long monopolized."

Whatever may have been Jerrold's objection in the case of this particular Fund, it was quite strong enough, added to his general dislike to such speech-necessitating positions, to make him decline the appeal. He better liked the small gathering of friends fit but few such as is suggested by an entry in Nathaniel Hawthorne's diary in the spring of this year. The master of American romance had met Charles

Mackay at the Milton Club, and had said to him, "What I should particularly like, before I leave London, would be to dine with you and Douglas Jerrold—we three only—and no more." More than one attempt at a meeting was made, and on April 2 Mackay wrote from the office of the *Illustrated London News*, of which he was editor, asking if Jerrold could not dine with him and Hawthorne at the Reform Club on the following day at the hour of six. This time the meeting was effected, and the two men—both essentially prose-writers, possessed of a distinct poetic vein, yet widely differing in the methods of their literary expression—were mutually attracted. Hawthorne made a pleasant record of the occasion in his diary, and it may fittingly be given here as reflecting at once the general impression of those who knew of Douglas Jerrold and the particular impression of those who came to know him personally :

"Descending again to the basement hall, an elderly gentleman came in, and was warmly welcomed by Dr. [Mackay]. He was a very short man, but with breadth enough, and a back excessively bent—bowed almost to deformity; very gray hair, and a face and expression of remarkable briskness and intelligence. His profile came out pretty boldly, and his eyes had the prominence that indicates, I believe, volubility of speech, nor did he fail to talk from the instant of his appearance, and in the tone of his voice, and in his glance, and in the whole man, there was something racy—a flavour of the humorist,

His step was that of an aged man, and he put his stick down very decidedly at every footfall; though, as he afterwards told me, he was only fifty-two, he need not yet have been infirm. But perhaps he has had the gout; his feet, however, are by no means swollen, but unusually small. Dr. [Mackay] introduced him as Mr. Douglas Jerrold, and we went into the coffee room to dine. . . . It was a very pleasant dinner, and my companions were both very agreeable men; both taking a shrewd, satirical, yet not ill-natured view of life and people, and as for Mr. Douglas Jerrold, he often reminded me of E—— C——,¹ in the richer veins of the latter, both by his face and expression, and by a tincture of something at once wise and humorously absurd in what he said. But I think he has a kinder, more genial, wholesomer nature than E——, and under a very thin crust of outward acerbity I grew sensible of a very warm heart, and even of much simplicity of character in this man, born in London, and accustomed always to London life.

“ I wish I had any faculty whatever of remembering what people say; but, though I appreciate anything good at the moment, it never stays in my memory; nor do I think, in fact, that anything definite, rounded, pointed, separable, and transferable from the general lump of conversation was said by anybody. I recollect that they laughed at Mr. ——, and at his shedding a tear into a Scottish river, on occasion of some literary festival. They spoke approvingly of Bulwer, as valuing his literary position, and holding himself one of the brotherhood of authors; and not so approvingly of Charles Dickens, who, born a plebeian, aspires to aristocratic society. But I said

¹ Possibly Ellery Channing.

that it was easy to condescend, and that Bulwer knew he could not put off his rank, and that he would have all the advantages of it, in spite of his authorship. We talked about the position of men of letters in England, and they said that the aristocracy hated and despised and feared them; and I asked why it was that literary men, having really so much power in their hands, were content to live unrecognized in the State.

“Douglas Jerrold talked of Thackeray and his success in America, and said that he himself purposed going and had been invited thither to lecture. I asked him whether it was pleasant to a writer of plays to see them performed; and he said it was intolerable, the presentation of the author’s idea being so imperfect; and Dr. [Mackay] observed that it was excruciating to hear one of his own songs sung. Jerrold spoke of the Duke of Devonshire with great warmth, as a true, honest, simple, most kind-hearted man, from whom he himself had received great courtesies and kindnesses (not, as I understood, in the way of patronage or essential favours); and I (Heaven forgive me!) queried within myself whether this English reforming author would have been quite so sensible of the Duke’s excellence if his Grace had not been a duke. But indeed, a nobleman, who is at the same time a true and whole-hearted man, feeling his brotherhood with men, does really deserve some credit for it.

“In the course of the evening Jerrold spoke with high appreciation of Emerson; and of Longfellow, whose *Hiawatha* he considered a wonderful performance; and of Lowell, whose *Fable for Critics* he especially admired. I mentioned Thoreau, and proposed to send his works to Dr. [Mackay], who, being connected with the *Illustrated News*, and otherwise a

writer, might be inclined to draw attention to them. Douglas Jerrold asked why he should not have them too. I hesitated a little, but as he pressed me, and would have an answer, I said that I did not feel quite so sure of his kindly judgment on Thoreau's books; and it so chanced that I used the word 'acid,' for lack of a better, in endeavouring to express my idea of Jerrold's way of looking at men and books. It was not quite what I meant; but, in fact, he often *is* acid, and has written pages and volumes of acidity, though, no doubt, with an honest purpose, and from a manly disgust at the cant and humbug of the world. Jerrold said no more, and I went on talking with Dr. [Mackay]; but, in a minute or two, I became aware that something had gone wrong, and looking at Douglas Jerrold, there was an expression of pain and emotion on his face. By this time a second bottle of Burgundy had been opened (Clos Vougeot, the best the Club could produce, and far richer than Chambertin), and that warm and potent wine may have had something to do with the depth and vivacity of Mr. Jerrold's feelings. But he was, indeed, greatly hurt by that little word 'acid.' 'He knew,' he said, 'that the world considered him a sour, bitter, ill-natured man; but that such a man as I should have the same opinion was almost more than he could bear.' As he spoke, he threw out his arms, sank back in his seat, and I was really a little apprehensive of his actual dissolution into tears. Hereupon I spoke, as was good need, and though, as usual, I have forgotten everything I said, I am quite sure it was to the purpose, and went to this good fellow's heart, as it came warmly from my own. I do remember saying that I felt him to be as genial as the glass of Burgundy which I held in my hand; and I think that touched the very right spot; for he smiled, and

said he was afraid the Burgundy was better than he, and yet he was comforted. Dr. [Mackay] said that he likewise had a reputation for bitterness, and I assured him that I might venture to join myself to the brotherhood of two such men, that I was considered a very ill-natured person by many people in my own country. Douglas Jerrold said he was glad of it.

“ We were now in sweetest harmony, and Jerrold spoke more than it would become me to repeat in praise of my own books, which he said he admired, and he found the man more admirable than the books ! I hope so, certainly.

“ We now went to the Haymarket Theatre, where Douglas Jerrold is on the free list ; and after seeing a ballet by some Spanish dancers, we separated, and betook ourselves to our several homes. I like Douglas Jerrold very much.”¹

In the summer came another stay in Boulogne, broken, apparently, by short visits home. He was there with his wife alone when he sent his daughter the following letter announcing their return.

“ Terminus Hotel, Boulogne s/m, July 11, '56.

“ MY DEAR POLLY,—We shall not be able to leave here before Monday, early in the morning ; being at home, I hope, about one in the day. Your mother has an attack of rheumatism in her ankle ; precisely the same as that she suffered at Brighton. She has not been out of bed since Wednesday ; but I hope the disorder is yielding to remedies. You know she is not, when ill, as bold as Jeanne d’Arc ; but she is in better spirits than yesterday. Were we to endeavour

¹ Nathaniel Hawthorne, *English Note Books*, ii. 6.

to come to-morrow we could not be home until midnight—and this would not be advisable even were your mother strong enough to attempt it, which I can hardly hope. The boat from here on Monday is at a quarter past 6 a.m.

“ I am sorry to hear of the death of the squirrel, and have dropt one tear. As I had no personal acquaintance of *ce petit Monsieur*, I do not think that more can be expected of me. Give Jane my condolence—to her, it is no doubt, a real trouble.

“ I am afraid, my dear Polly, you will be very dull ; unless Mouse becomes more conversational.

“ The weather here would do credit to Manchester in October—dark and drizzling.

Send me a *Lloyd's* from Salis (Saturday's edition), also *Times* and *Saturday Review*. Your mother sends love. God bless you, my dear Polly,

“ Your affectionate Father,

“ DOUGLAS JERROLD.

“ If there be any inquiries say I shall be at home early on Monday afternoon.”

“ Mouse ” was his daughter's pet terrier.

Early in August the family returned to Boulogne, and a holiday was hopefully entered upon—for Charles Dickens was also there with his family, and Jerrold's *Punch* colleague and old friend, Gilbert à Beckett—and Jerrold was in the liveliest spirits. The late Mrs. Garnett (wife of Dr. Richard Garnett) told me that she was in Boulogne at the time with her uncle, Dr. Westland Marston—that they were passing through the market-place when Marston exclaimed, “ Why, there's Douglas Jerrold.”

And there he was, standing by a fruit stall in the act of eating a very juicy peach. As they approached he pointed to the fruit, and then held up a warning finger, saying, "Don't *peach!*" before inviting them to join in the *al fresco* fruit feast. Then, too, there were trips on the sea, which always drew him, and on one occasion a narrow escape from drowning. The story of this escape was graphically narrated at his Club during one of the visits paid to London, and his neighbour at the dinner table duly made a note of it. It was to that neighbour, Willert Beale, that the story was first told :

" 'It was a narrow escape,' he said, whereupon others anxious to hear what had happened, gathered round and the narrator recommenced. In answer to questions eagerly asked, he replied, 'For the sake of old times, I delight, as you know, to be on the sea. One morning last week we were strolling along the Boulogne Pier, when some boatmen, accosting me, suggested a fishing excursion. They declared the wind and tide were favourable, and at this season of the year a school of herring was certain to be met with off Cape Grisnez. I agreed with them. The weather was splendid. The sun shone gloriously, while the lightest, most tepid breeze imaginable rippled the surface of the water. The sky was cloudless. The heat being great on shore the temptation to do as the boatmen suggested was irresistible. I sent my boy William to the house for some wraps, in case of necessity, for my wife and Polly, and to say we should not be home for a few hours. We provisioned the ship for the day from the Pier

Restaurant, and in a short time were under way. The intention of our crew, consisting of a skipper, his man and a youngster, was to let go the net and sail slowly before the wind until such time as we might be tired of the amusement and wish to return. Thus they proposed making a double haul—one out of my pocket, and the other out of the water into their net, and thereby showed their notions of business. I should have remained trawling and dreaming until now had I followed my own inclinations, and was very nearly doing so for good and all, in spite of myself. The breeze, if such a breath of wind as filled the sails can be so called, was strong enough to take us out to sea, a few miles off Cape Grisnez, and there it left us. The net had been thrown overboard, and impeded our progress considerably as it hung heavily in the water from its iron bar athwart the stern. It was not hauled in, and the boat drifted with the tide. The lines were baited for us, and we took lazily enough to deep-sea fishing. Such an occupation on a hot summer day is most enjoyable. It is active employment for mind and body without the slightest exertion except when one has a bite, and then the excitement is intense. The vast expanse of water was like a sheet of glass, upon which the sun poured down its fiercest rays. Fishing boats in the distance looked like so many insects. We saw the Folkestone steamer come out of Boulogne harbour, and could distinctly hear the beat of her paddles. She glided steadily over the shining surface of the sea as though impelled by some mysterious agency. Some birds hovered about, and I threw them pieces of our bait. It was amusing to watch them dive after it. We were idly contemplating the scene around us, and, line in hand, leaning patiently over the gunwale of the boat, when I noticed a strange

alteration in the skipper. He was pale as death. He had but a few moments before come up from the small deck cabin, and was now speaking anxiously to his man. "What's the matter?" I asked. "Has anything gone wrong?" He came close to me, and, in reply, asked me not to scare the ladies. He told me in a whisper it was necessary to haul in the net and to make for shore without delay. The plugging of an old leak had dropped out, and the water was gaining fast upon us. I was much disturbed at what I heard, but did not, I believe, betray any alarm. It was, however, useless to try to conceal our predicament from the rest. The rapid movements of those in the secret soon revealed the fact that danger threatened us. No one exhibited a sign of fear. There was not the slightest chance of reaching shore except by the use of oars, which were at once in readiness. The sea was a dead calm. The net was quickly hauled in. The sails were left unfurled, flapping against the mast, on the remote chance of a puff of wind helping us. The men rowed gallantly, William and I assisting them as well as we could, while Mrs. Jerrold and Polly and the boy were set to bale out the water with such means as were found at hand. As I looked up at the clear blue sky I thought it hard my wife and children should perish so helplessly; for myself it did not matter, but their peril was agonizing to me. Fortunately, they did not realize it, or, at any rate, were so brave as not to heed it. They never ceased in their strenuous efforts, and never murmured. There was no assistance within hail. The boat became heavier as the water rose. This was evident to all. We were slowly but surely sinking, when the skipper suddenly left off rowing and made the boy take his place. He went below, and contrived some way or other to improve matters.

He refused to explain what he had done, and from his manner I am strongly of opinion that he increased our risk for a time. "Pull! pull for your lives!" he said in a grim undertone of voice as he pushed the boy roughly aside, and resumed his place. We did, silently and desperately, each urging the other on with eager look. As the bailing continued the bulk of water seemed to decrease. But our thoughts deceived our eyes. Had the leak become less formidable? No. We were water-logged and foundering, when after two hours' horrible anxiety, during which all hope more than once forsook me, we ran the boat ashore with the greatest difficulty, close under the Cape Grisnez cliffs! "What a deliverance," all exclaimed. Indeed it was! And we fell on our knees to thank God for this great mercy towards us.'

"This description was given by Douglas Jerrold, with all the force and colouring of a theatrical recitation. The scene was vividly brought before us as much by the dramatic power as by the language of the reciter, whose tone of voice and varied emphasis of expression caused us, one and all, to share with him in fancy the period he had so recently experienced in reality."¹

A narrow escape affords in retrospect but an interesting story, and this year's stay in Boulogne was to be far more heavily shadowed. There came an outbreak of diphtheria in Boulogne—one of à Beckett's children caught the disease, and the pleasant holiday was to end suddenly in tragic gloom. A couple of Jerrold's letters to friends in London give the story. To Charles Knight he wrote :

¹ Willert Beale, *Light of Other Days*.

“ 142, Rue Boston, Boulogne-sur-Mer,
 “ August 30 [1856].

“ MY DEAR KNIGHT,—I have been about to write to you to try to persuade you here for a little holiday; and now I should be very sorry to see you, for this place seems plague stricken. Whilst I write poor à Beckett is on his death-bed; *no* hope. I expect to hear every moment of his departure. His boy, a fine youth of fourteen, was seized some ten days ago with putrid sore throat, and yesterday he was *buried*. Dickens has sent all his children away, and leaves himself with Georgy on Thursday.

“ à Beckett, a fortnight since, arrived here from Paris, which he visited for a week only. He found his boy ill, became ill himself, in a day or two took to his bed, and is now— Never did sudden desolation fall more suddenly upon a more united or a more happy family. Poor Mrs. à Beckett! her conduct has been, even for a wife, and that’s saying much, most self-devoted, most heroic. She leaves to-morrow for home, and what a home!

“ We are tolerably well, but shall leave in a few days. The place has now a sepulchral taint. I never knew poor à Beckett looking so strong and hearty as when I met him here. ‘What shadows we are, and what shadows we pursue!’ God bless you all.

“ Truly yours,

“ D. JERROLD.

“ *Sunday morning.*

“ I open the letter to give the last sad news. Poor à Beckett *died* last night at six.”

To John Forster Jerrold wrote a day or so later :

“ *Boulogne.*

“ . . . A little more than a fortnight since I never saw à Beckett look stronger, more hearty. He left, in that terribly hot week, for Paris; and there, I fear, the mischief was done. When he returned he complained of a violent headache; and this was doubtless increased by his anxiety for his boy, then stricken with putrid sore throat. I called and found that à Beckett had been ordered a blister to his neck—determination of blood. The misery of the poor wife and mother between *two* deathbeds cannot be described. . . . Nothing could exceed the tenderness and care of the eldest son—‘ *c’est un ange* ’ said the people at the boarding-house.

“ We had accounts three or four times a day, and strange as it may seem, I felt reassured for à Beckett, when the boy died. He never knew of his boy’s death. Indeed, it was only at rare intervals, and for a brief time, that he had any consciousness. On Friday I had lost all hope; and on Saturday, 6 p.m., all was over. For myself, from what I have gathered from the doctors, I do not believe that his death was produced by any local causes: it was the murderous heat of Paris, with the anxiety for his boy. Never was a family so united, so suddenly and so wholly made desolate. Competence, position, mutual affection, ‘ all that makes the happier man,’ and all now between four boards! We leave next week (there is a charnel taint upon this place, and I never tarry here again), abridging our intended stay by a fortnight. My wife, though made nervous and much agitated by this horror, is, on the whole, much better.”

It fell to Douglas Jerrold to pen a tender tribute to his friend for the pages of *Punch*—à Beckett’s death was the first gap in the ranks

of those who had triumphantly established the "cleanly comic"—and he returned to London with his many happy memories of Boulogne dimmed by tragedy. He came back to Circus Road, and to the consideration of removal to a new home. A fresh house was taken, 11, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory, and thither the family moved during this autumn. The last letter written from Circus Road which I have was to those good friends, the Cowden Clarkes, who were about to take flight to the sunny south of the Mediterranean coast :

"26, *Circus Road, St. John's Wood,*
"October 20, 1856.

"MY DEAR FRIENDS,—I have delayed an answer to your kind letter (for I cannot but see in it the hands and hearts of *both*) in the hope of being able to make my way to Bayswater. Yesterday I had determined, and was barred, and barred, and barred by droppers-in, the Sabbath-breakers ! Lo, I delay no longer. But I only shake hands with you for a time, as it is my resolute determination to spend nine weeks at Nice next autumn with my wife and daughter. I shall give you due notice of the descent that we may avail ourselves of your experience as to '*location*' as those savages the Americans yell in their native war-whoop tongue.

"Therefore, God speed ye safely to your abiding place, where I hope long days of serenest peace may attend ye.

" Believe me, ever truly yours,

" DOUGLAS JERROLD.

" Charles Cowden }
Mary Victoria } Clarke."

“Nine weeks at Nice next autumn”—thus lightly do we make happy resolves about the uncertain future!

Some time during the autumn the Jerrolds removed to 11, Greville Place, and there on the last day of the year the family and a few intimate friends assembled to see the old year out and the new year in. To Douglas Jerrold's eldest son it fell all too soon to describe the scene in first telling the story of his father's life :

“Throughout the evening the host was the merriest of the party, and even tried to dance. His words sparkled from him, and kept us all happy. The last minutes of the old year, however, found the jocund host, with his friends gathered about him, at a large circular supper table, in his study. With his watch in his hand, he rose, very serious ; sharply touched now. There was not a bit of gaiety in that pale face, set in the white wild mane of hair. But you might see a deep emotion, if you knew the speaker, in the twitching of the mouth, and in the eyes that seemed to swell in their endeavour to drink in the sympathy of all around. Very few words were said, but there was a peculiar solemnity in them that hushed the guests, as a master hushes a school. The hope was that 1858, at that board, if they were all spared, should have its birth celebrated. If they were all spared ! If thoughts of death crept icily into the marrow of any there, not to the speaker—that cup brimmed with warm life—did death point.”

CHAPTER XX

THE REFORM CLUB—ILLNESS—THE END

1857

IT was early in 1857 that it was proposed to Douglas Jerrold that he should become a candidate for membership of the Reform Club, the suggestion coming presumably from his friend, Charles Mackay. Jerrold himself certainly felt that his emphatic and independent utterances as a political journalist might well make his election a matter of doubt—for his views were undoubtedly far more Radical than those of mid-Victorian Whiggism. Mackay appears to have suggested that Thackeray's support should be enlisted, but Jerrold, always himself impulsive and spontaneous, seems never to have felt "sure" of the more self-contained and reticent character of his friend, and replied to the suggestion :

"11, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory.

"MY DEAR MACKAY,—Thackeray and I are very good friends, but our friend T. is a man so full of crotchets, that, as a favour, I would hardly ask him to pass me the salt. Therefore, don't write to him. If there be the probability of the least difficulty, 'let us proceed no further in this business.' Perhaps just now the times may be out of joint. *Punch* is going hard at Cobden, Milner Gibson, and the Manchester

folk—all touching the Chinese business. They might, therefore, be unusually hostile. Still, I leave the affair to your discretion, fearing, however, that you have already had too much trouble with it. I *knew* I was a difficult customer.

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

That Mackay wrote to Thackeray, received a cordial response, and communicated it to Jerrold is made evident by the next note :

“11, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory, March 11 [1857].

“MY DEAR MACKAY,—I heartily thank you for the trouble you take in this matter. I was both pleased and rebuked by T.’s letter. I suppose that *I* at least must henceforth say nothing of ‘crotchets.’

“I leave the affair entirely to your discretion. If you should feel *any* doubt, I know you will hold off. For myself, I cannot but suspect that this Chinese warfare both in *Punch* and my own paper may not tend to general conciliation.

“Truly yours,
“D. JERROLD.”

On April 12 he was duly put up for membership—his proposer being Thackeray and his seconder Mackay. When the election came on Thackeray was away in the provinces, delivering his lectures on “the four Georges,” but he was not to be deterred thereby from exercising a friendly office, and he journeyed to London from Leamington on his way to Norwich that he might vote at the Reform.

Continuing his journey to Norwich he mystified Hodder, who was acting as his lecture agent, with the remark, "We've got the little man in," and then went on to explain that Jerrold had been duly elected a member of the Reform Club, though it had been feared "that the 'minnows' of the institution would rather forego the questionable pleasure of having a Triton amongst them." The election took place on May 7, and on the following day Jerrold wrote :

"11, Greville Place, Kilburn Priory.

"MY DEAR MACKAY,—Many hearty thanks for your friendly zeal. The result was unexpectedly communicated to me last night by one who had voted (a stranger), at Russell's rehearsal lecture. I also found on getting home a letter from Bernal Osborne, and this morning the official notification from the secretary. I suppose my next step is to call and pay.

"What day will suit you next week for a *tête-à-tête* dinner? Friday? I must wait for Thackeray's return to have a muster.

"Truly yours obliged,

"D. JERROLD."

Whether the "muster" of the new member and his friends of the Club took place cannot be said; it probably did not, as Thackeray was still away lecturing. "Russell's rehearsal lecture" referred to the inauguration of the late Sir William Howard Russell's lectures on the Crimean campaign. As "the pen of the war" Russell had become the first of war correspon-

dents, and a story is told of Jerrold's "coaching" him in the way of lecturing, which is the more curious, seeing how nervous a man the "coach" was on the platform. It is said that Jerrold, jumping on a table, showed how the lecturer should address his audience. Possibly it was to some such help that Russell referred in a fragment of a note saying, "Thus see how one good turn entails a demand for another. But your kindness to me has been boundless, and believe me that I am sincerely yours always." Jerrold interested himself greatly in Russell's lectures, advising him in the condensation as well as the delivery of them.

This spring found Douglas Jerrold as cheerful and seemingly as well as he had ever been. *Lloyd's* was prospering under his editorship, he had many opportunities of meeting those congenial friends in whom his social soul delighted, he had projects of fresh work before him, and he was looking forward to an autumn holiday in the sunny south of the Mediterranean shore with his good friends, the Cowden Clarkes and the Novellos. In the very prime of life, it might have seemed that he had yet many years of happiness and activity before him, though the letter of the previous August to his sister hinted at knowledge of disease that might at any time prove fatal. In the spring of 1857 it was, however, Mrs. Jerrold who fell ill, and for her sake a visit was paid in April to Brighton, whence Jerrold wrote to his daughter Polly: "The weather



DOUGLAS JERROLD, 1857

(From a photograph by Dr. Hugh W. Diamond, May 1857)

is warm and beautiful, and I hope is doing your mother good. Love to all (Mouse included),” and two days later came the announcement of their return.

Early in May Jerrold gave a sitting to Dr. Hugh Welch Diamond, an enthusiastic student of photography, who took a striking series of portraits. Diamond is credited with having invented the paper or cardboard photograph, and some copies of these portraits taken in May 1857 reflect the greatest credit on him, for they are as fresh as though they had but just come from the photographer’s studio.

On the last day of the month Jerrold had promised to attend a dinner party to be given at Greenwich by W. H. Russell, and had also promised to go earlier on the same day with Charles Dickens to hear Russell rehearse the last lecture of his series at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. The account may best be given in the words which Dickens wrote to his friend’s son :

“ On Sunday, May 31, 1857, I had an appointment to meet him at the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street. We had been advising our friend, Mr. Russell, in the condensation of his lectures on the war in the Crimea, and we had engaged with him to go over the last of the series there at one o’clock that day. Arriving some minutes before the time, I found your father sitting alone in the hall. ‘ There must be some mistake,’ he said : no one else was there ; the place was locked up ; he had tried all the doors ; and he had been waiting there a quarter of an hour by

himself. I sat down by him in a niche on the staircase, and he told me that he had been very unwell for three or four days. A window in his study had been newly painted, and the smell of the paint (he thought it must be that) had filled him with nausea and turned him sick, and he felt quite weak and giddy through not having been able to retain any food. He was a little subdued at first and out of spirits; but we sat there half-an-hour talking, and when we came out together he was quite himself.

“In the shadow I had not observed him closely; but when we got into the sunshine of the streets, I saw that he looked ill. We were both engaged to dine with Mr. Russell at Greenwich, and I thought him so ill then that I advised him not to go, but to let me take him or send him home in a cab. He complained, however, of having turned so weak—we had not strolled as far as Leicester Square—that he was fearful he might faint in the cab, unless I could get him some restorative, and unless he could ‘keep it down.’ I deliberated for a moment whether to turn back to the Athenæum, where I could have got a little brandy for him, or to take him on into Covent Garden for the purpose; meanwhile, he stood leaning against the rails of the enclosure, looking for the moment very ill indeed. Finally, we walked on to Covent Garden, and before we had gone fifty yards he was very much better. On our way Mr. Russell joined us. He was then better still, and walked between us unassisted. I got him a hard biscuit and a little weak cold brandy and water, and begged him by all means to try to eat. He broke up and ate the greater part of the biscuit, and then was much refreshed and comforted by the brandy; he said that he felt the sickness was overcome at last and that he was quite a new man; it would do him good to have a few quiet hours in the

air, and he would go with us to Greenwich. I still tried to dissuade him, but he was by this time bent upon it, and his natural colour had returned, and he was very hopeful and confident.

“ We strolled through the Temple on our way to a boat, and I have a lively recollection of him stamping about Elm Tree Court, with his hat in one hand and the other pushing his hair back, laughing in his heartiest manner at a ridiculous remembrance we had in common, which I had presented in some exaggerated light to divert him. We found our boat and went down the river, and looked at the *Leviathan* [i. e. *The Great Eastern*] which was building, and talked all the way. It was a bright day, and as soon as we reached Greenwich we got an open carriage and went out for a drive about Shooter’s Hill. In the carriage Mr. Russell read us his lecture, and we discussed it with great interest; we planned out the ground of Inkermann on the heath, and your father was very earnest indeed. The subject held us so that we were graver than usual; but he broke out at intervals in the same hilarious way as in the Temple, and he over and over again said to me, with great satisfaction, how happy he was that he had ‘ quite got over that paint ! ’

“ The dinner-party was a large one, and I did not sit near him at table. But he and I arranged before we went in to dinner that he was only to eat of some simple dish that we agreed upon, and was only to drink sherry-and-water. We broke up very early, and before I went away with Mr. Leech, who was to take me to London, I went round to Jerrold, for whom some one else had a seat in a carriage, and put my hand upon his shoulder, asking him how he was. He turned round to show me a glass beside him with a little wine-and-water in it. ‘ I have kept to the

prescription ; it has answered as well as this morning's, my dear old boy ; I have quite got over the paint, and I am perfectly well.' He was really elated by the relief of having recovered, and was as quietly happy as I ever saw him. We exchanged ' God bless you ! ' and shook hands."

They were never to meet again.

From the dinner at Greenwich Jerrold returned to town with Dr. Quain, and though in excellent spirits still complained of the effect of the paint. There were iron steps leading down from the French window of his study to the garden, and to the painting of these he attributed the illness which he felt, as he told Russell, in throat, stomach and head. Though he revived in the company of his friends, it may well be that it was rather by the assertion of will than from any real improvement, for the next day he was in bed, really ill, but not as it appeared enough to cause any anxiety. For the next day or two, though in bed, he kept interest in his work, read the papers, and marked the subjects for treatment by his son, William, who was doing the week's work for *Lloyd's* for him. In the spring-file on his desk were clippings that had no doubt struck him as suggestive of future work—one a paper on "allusive heraldry," the other a summary of the heroic story of Mary Patton of Boston—a story in which it may be that Jerrold saw the germ of a new nautical drama.

Part of his son's account of the closing days must tell of the end :

“ On the Thursday I was sitting at his desk, making a poor substitute for him, when, to my great astonishment, he appeared at the door. He was bent—weak; his face was very white. But he had suddenly got out of bed, and dressed himself, determined to lie upon his study sofa, within sight of the garden. ‘ I shan’t disturb you, my boy,’ he said faintly, as he cast himself upon the couch. His breath came, I could hear, with difficulty. He *did* disturb me. I could only look at him as he lay, with his white hair streaming upon the pillow, and his thin hand upon the head of little Mouse, who had followed him from his bed room, and was lying by his side.

“ I finished my task presently, and he asked me for the heads of the subjects I had treated. And then he started from the sofa, came to the desk, took his chair, and would himself put the copy in an envelope, and direct it to the printer. The effort with which this was done was painful to witness. He even wrote a short note; and then he was coaxed into the drawing-room, as a cooler place than his own study. Some hours afterwards, lying quietly there, he seemed much better. He spoke hopefully—so hopefully, indeed—of his recovery, and of his ability to write his leaders the next week, and he appeared so cheerful, that I presently left him, to return to my own home.”

It was but a brief temporary improvement. On the next day he was worse, and said—calmly and cheerfully, it is recorded—that he felt that his time was come. Further medical help was called in, and the doctors declared that there was still hope, but the patient was not to be persuaded to believe it, though his

family may have taken some comfort. By the Sunday—just a week after the meeting with so many friends at Greenwich—even the most hopeful were compelled to abandon any belief in a possible recovery.

Further to summarize his son's record: Still when his breathing would permit it he talked of things about him, and of death, too, with cheerful calmness. His youngest child, Thomas, never left his bedside, and moved him about with the tenderness of a woman; towards evening, he was seated in an arm-chair before the open window, and the setting sun threw a strong warm glare over the room; his face was bloodless, and his white hair hung wildly, nobly, about it. He was calm, and kissed all tenderly. Little Mouse came with the rest, and sat before him, and when his eye fell upon the little creature he called her faintly. Then, in a sad lingering voice he said, "The sun is setting." He spoke of friends not about him. "Tell the dear boys," he said, referring to his *Punch* associates, "that if ever I've wounded any of them, I've always loved them." Horace Mayhew gently said to him, referring to an estrangement that had existed between him and a relative, "You are friends with H—?" "Yes, yes. God bless him!" When the doctor arrived and, having administered restoratives, asked him how he felt, he answered faintly, "As one who is waiting—and waited for." The doctor suggested that he must not despond, that he

might yet be well again—the blue eyes seemed to borrow a last flash, and to express almost scorn; he saw the falsity spoken in kindness, and repelled it, for he had no fear of death. Then a faintness came upon him again, and he gasped for air, motioning all from the window—“Let me pass—let me pass!” he almost whispered.

He was carried to bed again. The sun set and rose once more, and still he lingered. “Why tease a dying wretch?” “Why torture a dying creature?” he asked when one of the medical men insisted upon administering medicine or tried to afford relief by cupping. Noon of the Monday came, and then, “We saw a dreadful change. We called to the dear ones in the next room, and in wild agony they gathered about the bed. For a moment again his eyes regained their light; he saw all about his death-bed; his head leaned against my breast; he looked up and said, as one hand fell in mine and my brother took the other, ‘This is as it should be.’”

Thus, at half-an-hour after noon on June 8, 1857, at the age of fifty-four, Douglas Jerrold died, at perhaps the very height of the fame which he had successively achieved as dramatist, as social satirist, as an earnest political writer, and as wit. He appeared far older than his years to his contemporaries, partly owing to the fact that he began to “make a name” while he was yet in the twenties of his age, partly owing to his figure

bowed by rheumatism, and to his long hair, grey almost to whiteness. His friends, Thackeray and Dickens, were to pass away six and thirteen years later at the ages of fifty-two and fifty-eight, both in their prime, and both seemingly far older than their years.

It has been seen that Dickens and Jerrold last met at the Russell dinner at Greenwich, and Dickens has recorded the shock with which, travelling up to town from Gadshill on June 9, he heard a fellow-passenger exclaim, opening his newspaper, "Douglas Jerrold is dead."

It is not necessary to recall the things that were said on the loss of "a writer who for epigrammatic brilliancy has never been excelled in the British language," such were summed up in the words which occurred on one of the announcements of Jerrold's death: "By this event English literature has lost its most caustic and epigrammatic writer, London society its brightest wit, and cant of every kind its bitterest foe."

On June 15 the funeral took place at Norwood Cemetery, where a dozen years before had been laid his early friend, Laman Blanchard. "Almost every literary and artistic celebrity" in the London of the time was present among the two thousand people, strangers as well as friends, who gathered to do homage to the dead. The pall-bearers were William Makepeace Thackeray, Charles Dickens, Richard Monckton Milnes, John Forster, Sir

Joseph Paxton, Mark Lemon, Charles Knight, Horace Mayhew, Hepworth Dixon, and Shirley Brooks, and the list of those present comprises many more names still familiar in the mouths of men.

Douglas Jerrold died intestate. He had not "saved money" as Thackeray expressed the hope that he would, though strongly imbued with a sense of independence and the desire to leave those dependent upon him free from care, as he emphatically said in his letter to Dickens of October 1846. It is not easy—especially it was not easy in those days—for a man living as he phrased it from pen to mouth, to put by any large amount. Both Dickens and Thackeray in being enabled to leave substantial fortunes owed more perhaps to the popularity of their readings than to that of their writings. Jerrold did not leave his family penniless, as was unwarrantably stated at the time. Besides the life policy, which existed for the paying off of the old debt contracted by the failure of the newspaper of ten years before, there appears to have been a further policy payable to the widow, and the rights in some of his plays and other works still remained with the family; it was even stated in a Liverpool paper that Mrs. Jerrold and her daughter were left with an income of £600 a year; but this was unquestionably a ridiculous exaggeration.

A friend wrote of Jerrold at the time of his death:

“ His fault as a man—if it be a fault—was a too great tenderness of heart. He never could say ‘ No.’ His purse—when he had a purse—was at every man’s service, as was also his time, his pen, and his influence in the world. If he possessed a shilling somebody would get sixpence of it from him. He had a lending look, of which many took advantage. . . . A generosity which knew no limit—not even the limit at his banker’s—let him into trials from which a colder man would have readily escaped. To give all that he possessed to relieve a brother from immediate trouble was nothing; he willingly mortgaged his future. And yet this man was accused of ill-nature ! ”

Thus it was that, though necessity did not demand charity, a number of friends and admirers of the writer decided to raise a fund “ In remembrance of Douglas Jerrold.” There were dramatic performances, lectures and readings—perhaps the most noteworthy being Dickens’s reading of his *Christmas Carol* at St. Martin’s Hall on June 30, and Thackeray’s lecture on *Week-Day Preachers*¹ at the same place three weeks later. It is not necessary to follow the story of these performances. A sum of £2000 was left when all expenses were paid, and this was invested by the trustees for the benefit of Mrs. Douglas Jerrold and her unmarried daughter. Mrs. Jerrold died on May 6, 1859, at the age of fifty-five. Some years later there was a Chancery case to decide whether the money was or was not absolutely the property

¹ Entitled *Charity and Humour* in his works.

of the survivor. It was adjudged to be hers absolutely, and that the final disposition of it might best carry out the intention of those who raised the money, Miss Jerrold executed a deed by which on her death it went to the founding of a scholarship in memory of her father. In accordance with that deed, when she died on March 30, 1910, the money passed to Christ Church College, Oxford, for the founding of a "Douglas Jerrold Scholarship in English Literature."

LIST OF DOUGLAS JERROLD'S PLAYS

The names following the titles indicate the publishers of separate editions; "not printed" indicates that no edition has been traced.

1821

More Frightened than Hurt. Duncombe; Lacy; French; Dicks.

The Chieftain's Oath; or, The Rival Clans. Not printed.

The Gipsy of Derncleugh. Duncombe.

1823

The Smoked Miser; or, The Benefit of Hanging. Duncombe; Lacy; French; Dicks.

The Island; or, Christian and His Comrades. Not printed.

1824

The Seven Ages, a Dramatic Sketch. Printed, but not discoverable.

Bampfylde Moore Carew. (? Duncombe).

1825

The Living Skeleton. Not printed.

London Characters. Not printed.

1826

Popular Felons. Not printed.

Paul Pry, a Comedy. Lacy (two forms); Dicks; Loft's "Illustrated British Drama."

1828

- The Statue Lover ; or, Music in Marble.* Duncombe.
The Tower of Lochlain ; or, The Idiot Son. Duncombe; Lacy.
Descart the Buccaneer. Lacy; Dicks.
Wives by Advertisement. Lacy; Dicks.
Ambrose Gwinett, a Seaside Story. Davidson; Lacy; Dicks.
Two Eyes between Two. Duncombe; Dicks.
Fifteen Years of a Drunkard's Life. Duncombe; Dicks.

1829

- John Overy, the Miser of Southwark Ferry.* Davidson; Lacy; Dicks.
Law and Lions. Duncombe; Dicks.
Black-Eyed Susan ; or, All in the Downs. Collected Writings; Duncombe; Lacy; French; Dicks.
Vidocq, the French Police Spy. Duncombe.
The Flying Dutchman. Not printed.
The Lonely Man of Study. Not printed. *Shiraz*
Thomas à Becket. Richardson; Cumberland; Dicks.
The Witchfinder. Not printed.

1830

- Sally in Our Alley.* Cumberland; French; Dicks.
The Mutiny at the Nore. Davidson; Cumberland; Lacy; French; Dicks.
Gervase Skinner. Not printed.
The Press-Gang ; or, Archibald of the Wreck. Not printed.
The Devil's Ducat ; or, the Gift of Mammon. Cumberland; French; Dicks.

1831

- Martha Willis ; or, the Maid Servant.* Lacy ; Dicks.
 + *Paul Braintree, the Poacher.* Not printed.
 - *The Lady Killer.* Not printed.
The Bride of Ludgate. Cumberland ; Davidson ;
 Dicks.

1832

- The Rent Day.* Collected Writings ; Chapple ;
 Duncombe ; Lacy ; Dicks.
The Golden Calf. Richardson ; Cumberland ; Dicks.
The Factory Girl. Not printed.

1833

- Nell Gwynne ; or, the Prologue.* Collected Writings ;
 Duncombe ; Lacy ; Dicks.
 + *Jack Dolphin.* Not printed.
The Housekeeper. Collected Writings ; Duncombe ;
 Lacy ; Dicks.
Swamp Hall. Not printed.

1834

- The Wedding Gown.* Collected Writings ; Miller ;
 Duncombe ; Dicks.
Beau Nash, the King of Bath. Wilkes ; Duncombe ;
 Dicks.

1835

- Hearts and Diamonds.* Not printed.
The Schoolfellow. Collected Writings ; Duncombe ;
 Lacy ; French ; Dicks.
The Hazard of the Die. Miller ; Duncombe ; Dicks.
The Man's an Ass. Not printed. The MS. is in the
 Forster Library, South Kensington Museum.
Doves in a Cage. Collected Writings ; Dicks.

1836

The Painter of Ghent. Collected Writings; Duncombe; Lacy; Dicks.

The Man for the Ladies. Dicks.

The Bill-sticker. Not printed; but still available in MS. in 1866, according to the Dramatic Authors' Society's list of plays by members.

» *An Old House in the City.* Not printed. *This is good title for B.C.*

The Perils of Pippins. Duncombe; Dicks.

1837

The Gallant Showman; or, Mr. Peppercorn at Home.
Not printed.

1838

The Mother. Not printed.

1839

The Spendthrift. This has never been acted. A copy of the MS. is in the Forster Library at South Kensington.

1841

The White Milliner. Duncombe; Lacy; Dicks.

1842

The Prisoner of War. Collected Writings; How & Parsons; Duncombe; Lacy; Dicks.

Bubbles of the Day. Collected Writings; How & Parsons; *Punch* Office; Dicks.

Gertrude's Cherries; or, Waterloo in 1835. Berger; Lacy; Dicks.

1845

Time Works Wonders. Collected Writings; *Punch* Office; Lacy; Dicks.

It will soon be printed

1850

The Catspaw. Collected Writings; *Punch* Office.

1851

Retired from Business. Collected Writings; *Punch* Office.

1853

St. Cupid ; or, Dorothy's Fortune. Collected Writings; Bradbury & Evans.

1854

A Heart of Gold. Bradbury & Evans.

There are no clues as to the dates of the following, none of which has been printed :

Mammon.

Bajazet Gag ; or, the Manager in Search of a Star.

Rival Tobacconists.

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